June 16, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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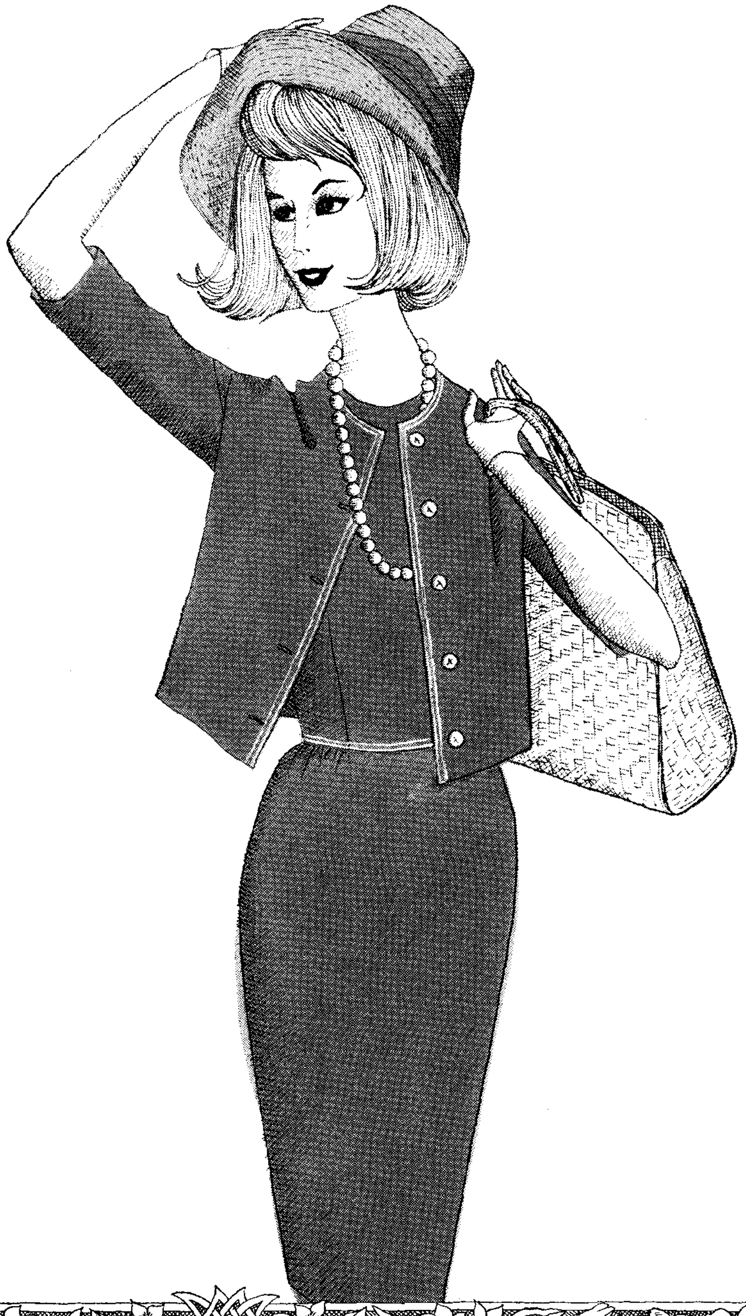

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PLAYHOUSE
THEATRE
AL FAGGY

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 17.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **mary, mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—A dreary account of the efforts of a Roman pizza-parlor proprietor to stave off bankruptcy when a powerful restaurant chain opens up a place next door. The play marks the Broadway début of the eminent basso Cesare Siepi, who never had to go through anything like this at the Met. A. J. Russell wrote the book. Ronny Graham and Milton Schaefer wrote the lyrics and music, and the cast is large but ineffectual. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show that was written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of the life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A soporific, concocted by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and numbering Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, Carol Lawrence, and Sydney Chaplin in its cast. The music, which isn't memorable, was composed by Jule Styne, and the sets, which are lively, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 7.) . . . **the sound of music:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Fiorello!," with Sorrell Booke, Art Lund, and Dody Goodman, is the last in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and

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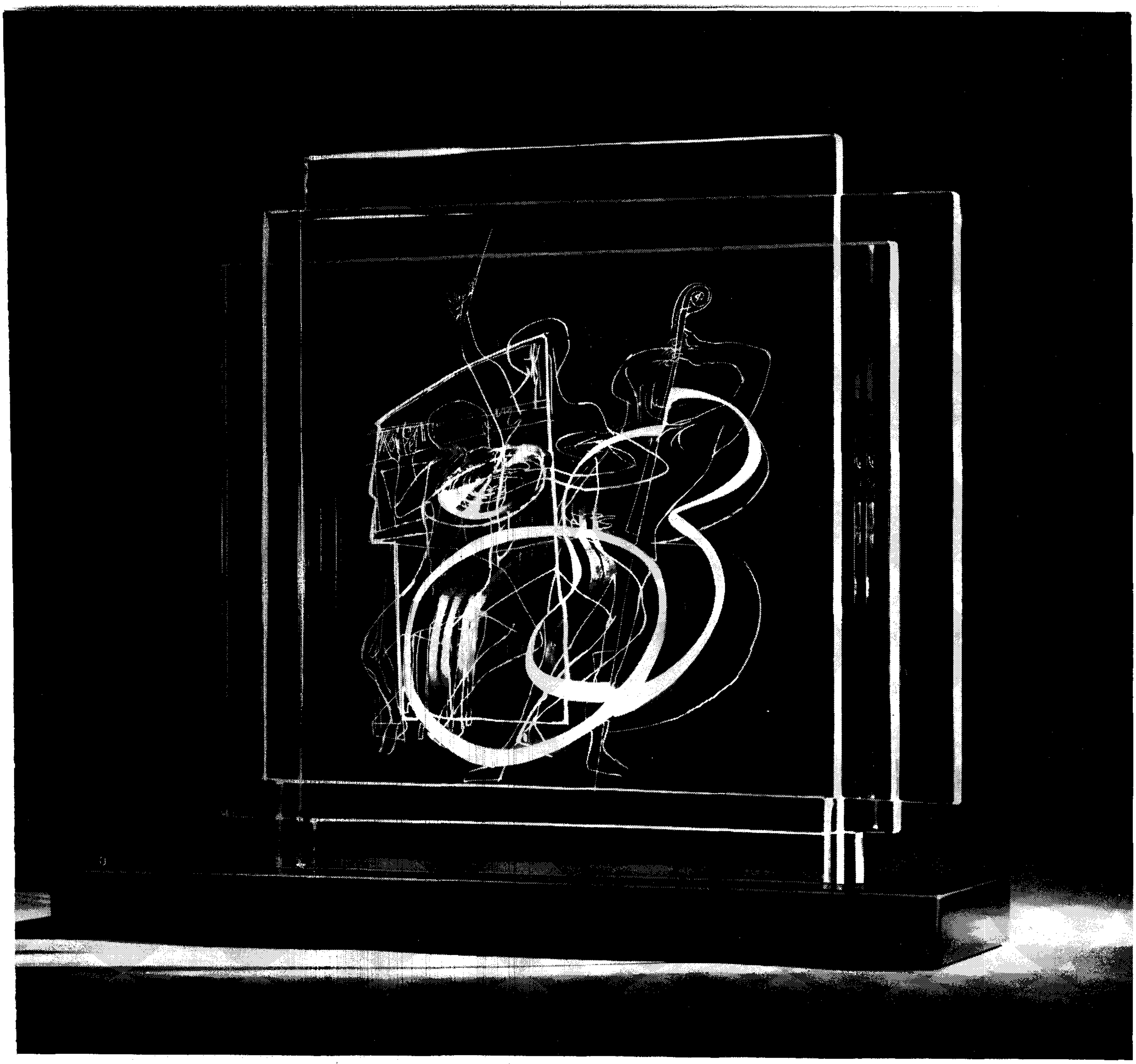

Jazz

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Barbara Baxley, and Lou Antonio in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cat's Pajamas—A revue put on by two fellows, Richard Libertini and MacIntyre Dixon, who for some reason call themselves the Stewed Prunes. Sylvia Lord sings in it. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Moves on Wednesday, June 20, to the Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St., AL 4-5076. Tuesdays, except June 19, through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and satisfactorily performed, from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as the young Dedalus. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, Clayton Corzatte gives a fine performance as a young medical student who tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Mark Lenard, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. An admirable production by David Ross, and a most rewarding evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

Carmen Amaya—With her company, in programs of flamenco dance and music. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. Friday through Sunday, June 15-17, at 9 and 11. For tickets, call GR 5-5120.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—"The Merchant of Venice," with George C. Scott and Nan Martin, will be the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe in its new amphitheatre. Free performances start on Tuesday, June 19, and will run through Saturday, July 14. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Some people just can't seem to break themselves of the habit. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music for anyone who happens to get restless. Closed Sundays.

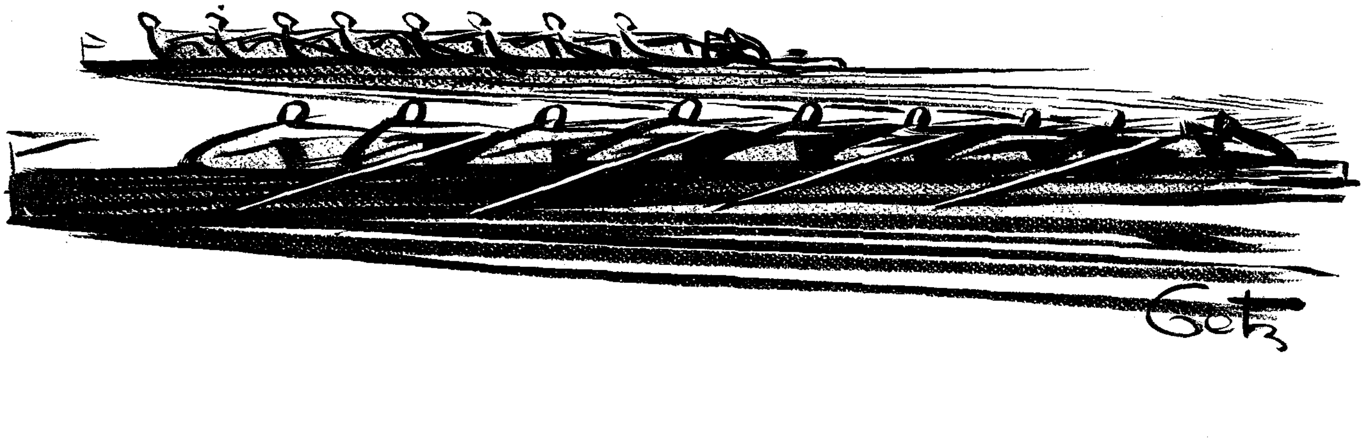
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Saturday, June 16, is season's end for the Cotillion Room and its inhabitants—Patricia Bright, a merry parodist; Harrison and Fisher, disrespectful paraphrasers of ballroom dance teams; and the dance bands of Stanley Melba and Phil Wayne. The floor show occurs at dinner and supper. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, now the domicile of Stanley Worth's minuscule group of dance musicians, becomes (on Tuesday, June 19) the summer residence of Renato Rossini, his Mediterranean guitar, and the aforesaid Phil Wayne outfit.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there is Eartha Kitt, who was never in better snap-the-whip voice. She's a creature of many moods (from wistful waif to millionaire's moll), and she deserves to be humored in every one of them. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' maneuvers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Love-letter piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every afternoon but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's band, which does its dance tunes Manhattan style, has been installed in the Grill, possibly on the theory that a lot of New Yorkers will be coming to town this summer. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A summer place high up in the mountains, where everything is cool as cucumbers and right as rain (which is not permitted in this well-run climate). Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The feudal Riviera castle called the Columns permits a trio to lilt for the diners (no dancing) from six to nine-thirty. No activity of any kind on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the phrases of our favorite ballads in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

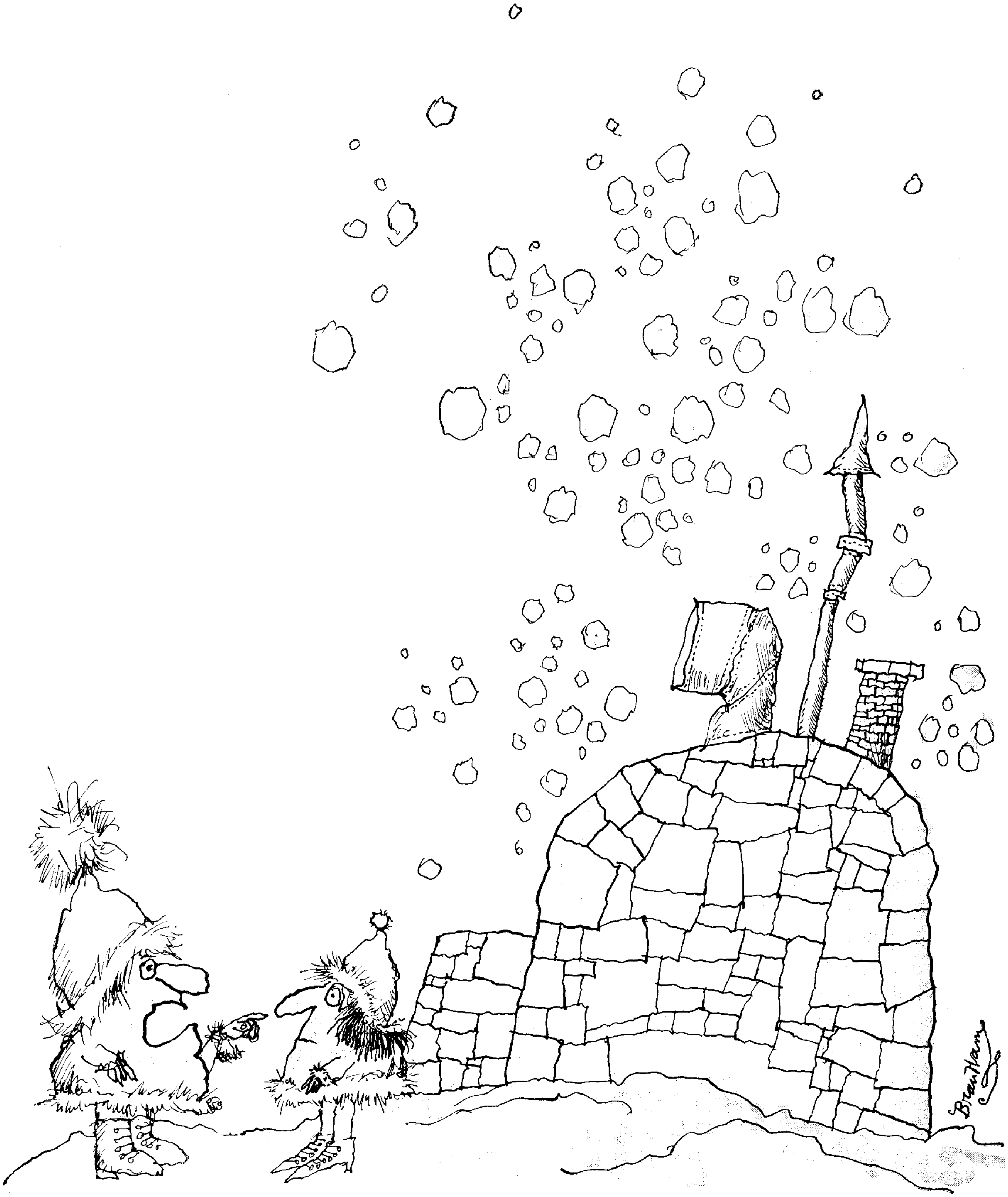
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent and Roger Steele's orchestra sounds just plain *norteamericano*), and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano between five and twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us sitting shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg plays piano after eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, is providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the table cloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian sector, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A lot of water has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the dining-room tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORF-KELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed all evening by a chef who believes that calories are the way to a man's heart and by (from six to ten) a zither man. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The point of view can be summed up like this: Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Rome. Through the plaza wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by two accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The welcome renaissance of this parlor is now furthered by Will Jordan, whose antic word pictures are framed in lunatic fringe; by Nichelle Nichols, a singer who can make listening a pleasure; and by Tom O'Horgan, a mighty harpist whose accompaniment is his own tenor, partly in the grand troubadour tradition and partly in sheer merriment. Tiger Haynes and his mad accomplices bring along music from quite another sphere. Miss Nichols and the Messrs. Jordan and O'Horgan finish up on Sunday, June 17. On Tuesday, June 19, the arrivals will be Isobel Robins, a cherub full to the brim with bantering ballads, and Don Adams, a trip-hammer wit. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred not only by the singers (one being Lili France) but by the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by George Feyer's pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a thicket of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A very small package, and a new one, whose purpose is to nourish the inner customer while piano and guitar whisper at each other. Once in a while, Rita Dimitri, who gave up musical comedy to become a homebody, runs a duster casually across a stack of songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Décor of the even-in-your-wildest-dreams kind is the major amusement of this cubbyhole bar, though there's also piano of sorts from nine-thirty to one every evening but Monday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A Far West greenroom and grill that's the setting (after



"I don't care if it is summer. No wife of mine will be seen in public—sans stockings!"

Do stop blubbering, they can hear you as far as Fairbanks. You must learn to cope with constructive criticism, Harriet. It's gauche—gauche, d'you hear—to go bare-legged in summer. Especially *this* summer, with all those ravishing new tints in Du Pont Nylon. Imagine—the Aurora Borealis, right on your very own legs! Come, let's rub noses and make up. But remember—

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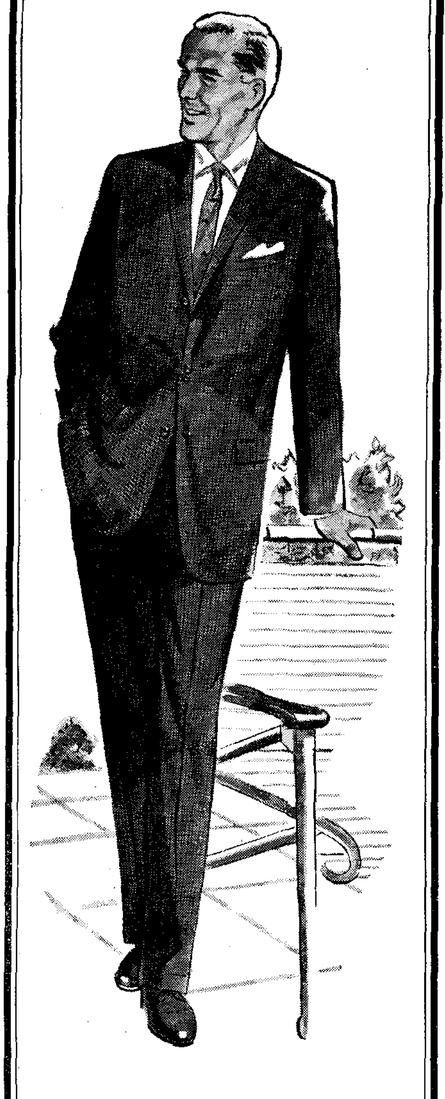

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ten) for Cal Bostic's rumpus piano and song and for Andy Hamon's rather soulful piano and song. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. Some of them—the Wallenda aerial ballerinas—float in midair; the rest are all down-to-earth. This approximation of Polynesia is also peopled by Arlene Dahl, a Hollywood girl who's gone on the road with one of those what-am-I-doing-here acts, and by the customary first-rate tumbling act, the Tonelys. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mort Sahl has resumed his out-loud readings from the newspapers of the world, mostly between the lines. Among his companions are George Shearing's quintet (contemporary music frappé) and Nancy Wilson (songs). Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The flip side of folk music, done to perfection by Peter, Paul, and Mary, who are as beguiling in appearance as they are in performance. Also on display is the completely silent Reneaux, a show of hands that mysteriously fill with doves, olive branches, and whatnot. Otis Clements runs a well-stocked piano in between. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the convivial soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy and abiding jollity until dawn's early light. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the ardent participants in his trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them sharp as needles; their brisk aides are Rex Robbins, William Bogert, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. Carl Norman and Sam Pottle are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A smaller Monk revue that happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl gazelle named Freddie Weber; the fantasy is the work of a new dryad named Carol Morley. The efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): In the bar, there is piano by Pat Belmont from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time. The theatre itself is on holiday. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Angel Mancheno, a proud little lighter-than-air missile, is the premier danseur of the crack regiment of Latins now in residence, and with good reason. They will decamp on Tuesday, June 19; a night later, the Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Español takes over. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carol Sloane's commendable approach to a song is to stun it with a flash-of-lightning phrase or two and then restore it to a brand-new way of life. The trio of Oscar Peterson, whose powerful piano seems sometimes to be played by rote, and the threesome of Bill Rubenstein are also on hand. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progress with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Dukes of Dixieland (folksy) and Sol Yaged's quintet (fury) are clamoring for attention. Guests work this street on Sundays. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Cannonball Adderley's quintet is settling old and new scores by giving them a sound thrashing. Olatunji and his drums are likewise more than barely audible. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Tubby Hayes' quartet may well represent the best of current British jazz. Sunday, June 17, is their last meeting. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): A bonus distribution is being handled by the wonderfully loose-jointed part singing of Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks (whose new girl voice is named simply Yolande) and by the quartet of Ornette Coleman, whose music is a mingling of battle royal and royal nonesuch. A whole new cast arrives on Tuesday, June 19. There are, for those behind in their nightwork, extra sessions Sundays from four to seven. Mondays are for visiting musicians. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, are graduation days for the present class of nostalgists. *Cum laudes* go to Sidney de Paris, Cutty Cutshall, Jo Jones, Zutty Singleton, and Red Richards. The academy resumes in the fall. Dancing. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's sextet, which is the West Indies in glorious Technicolor and insistent rhythm, plus the nocturnal cries of Chris Connor, who considers every lyric a set of bar bells. Mondays, when all others take their ease, are assigned to passing-through jazz groups. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A small gin mill on the Floss, where Roland Kirk rules a quartet. Tuesday is its night off. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention-hall state of affairs. Jonah Jones' rampant quartet and Harold Quinn's more pensive trio do their best to offset this situation. On Monday, June 18, Ray Bryant's close-coupled triad of modernists takes over from the Quinns. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If a straight espresso-and-folk diet is compulsory, this will do. Its principal offering now is young Mike Settle (whose day off is Tuesday), a kind of Edwardian Oklahoman who sings with honesty, clarity, and what can be described only as charm.

ART

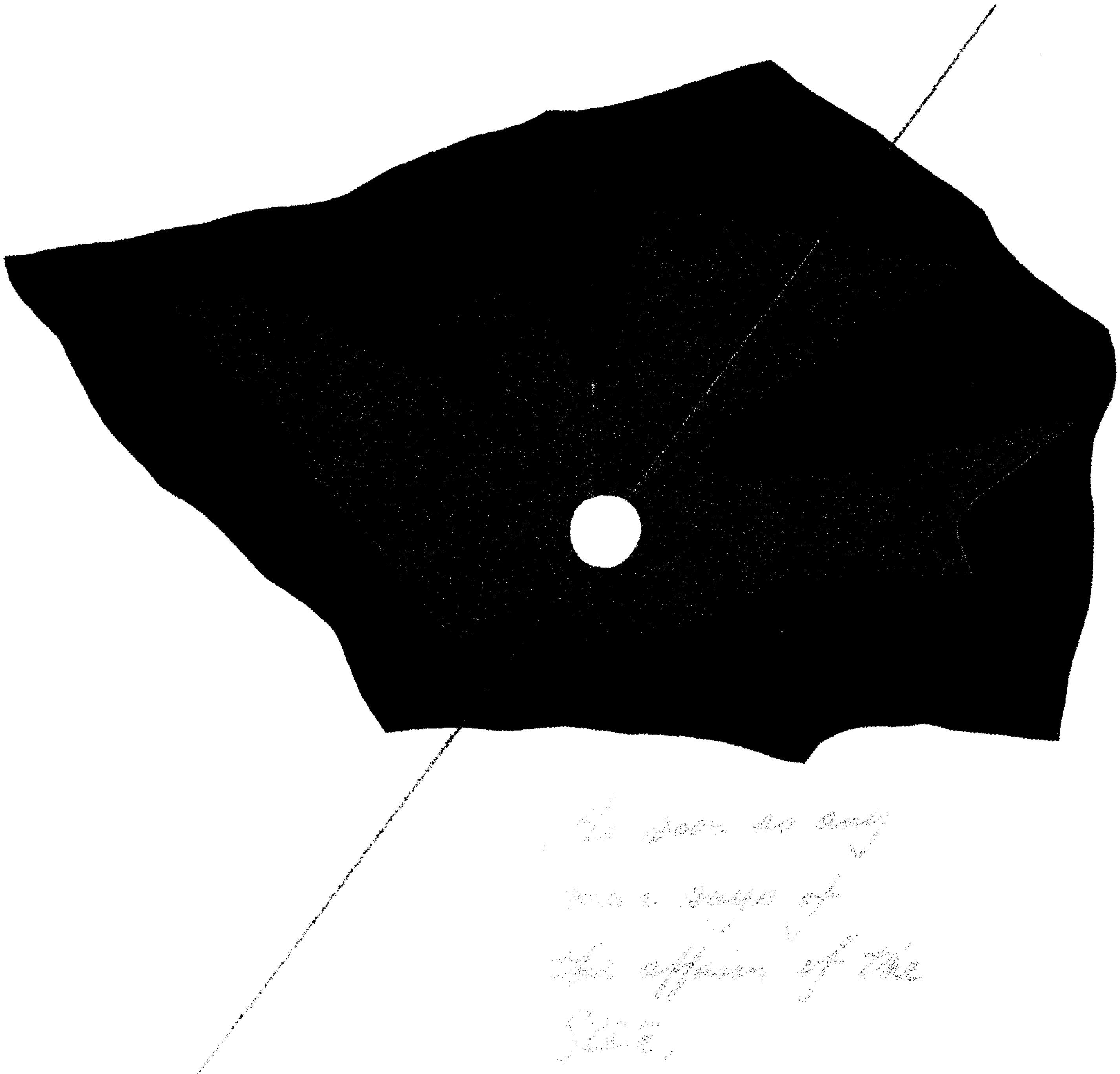
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through June 29. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JULIO DE DIEGO—Paintings on the theme of "The Armada;" through June 29. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

FRANK ELISCU—Bronze sculptures; through Saturday, June 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract paintings and collages;



ARTIST: ALEXEY BRODOVITCH ©CCA 1962

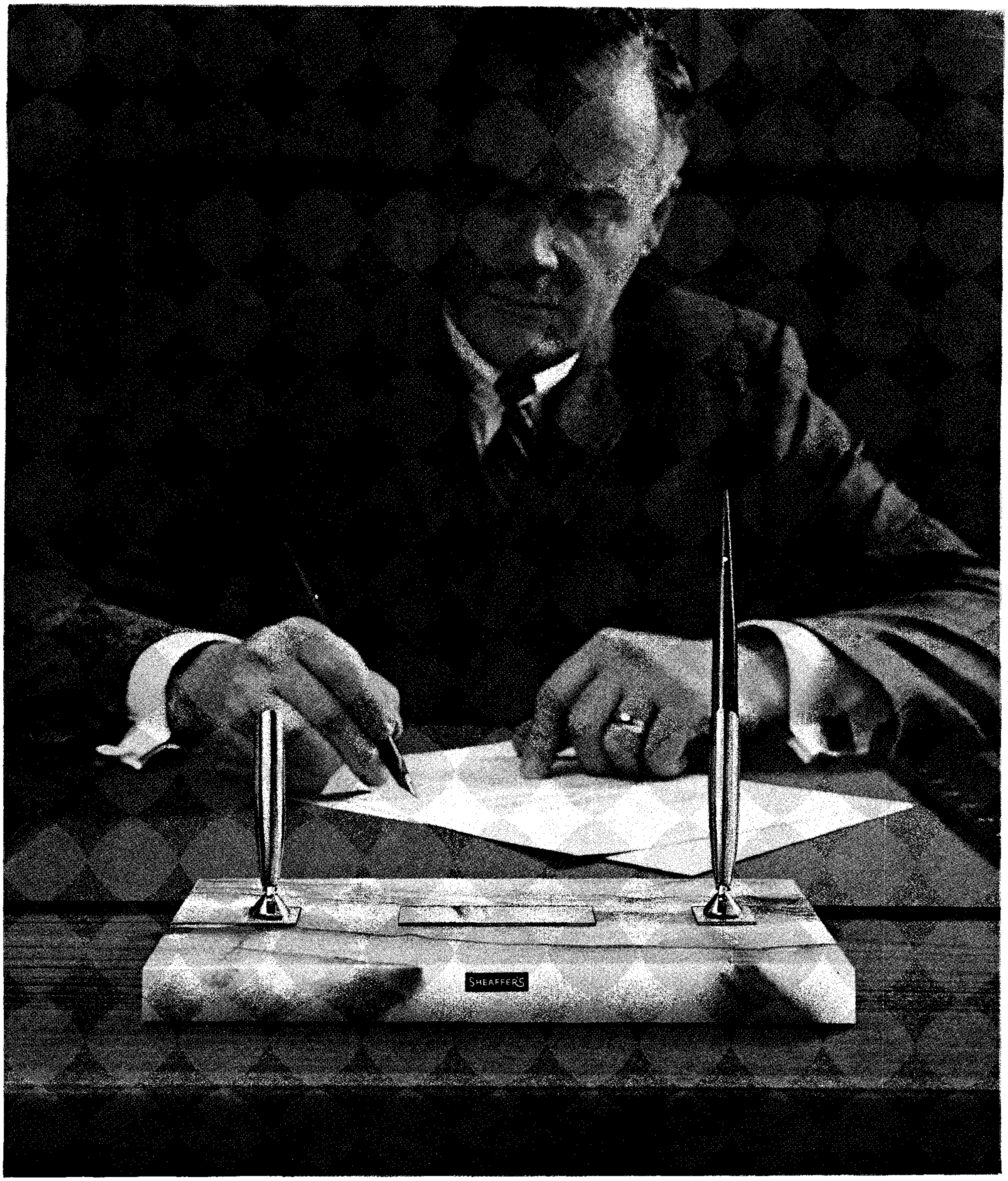
As soon as any
man says of
the affairs of the
State,

"What does it
matter to me?"

the State
may be
given up for
lost.

(the social contract, 1762)

ROUSSEAU on the citizen and the state GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN . . . one of a series **Container Corporation of America** CCA



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through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee—Water colors and drawings; through Saturday, June 23. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William Pachner—Expressionist drawings, temperas, and collages; through Saturday, June 16. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Rudolf Ray—Abstractions; through Friday, June 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Louis Schanker—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 23. (Dewey, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Charles Schucker—Non-objective paintings; through June 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Benjamin West (1738-1820)—Historical paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Sculptures—Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings, by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Drawings and Prints—At the **bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Cranach, and others; through Saturday, June 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Drawings by Lee Bontecou, Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Moscowitz, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, and Jack Tworkov; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: "American Prints, 1775-1962," made up of works by about a hundred and fifty artists, including Winslow Homer, John Sloan, and Reginald Marsh; through Saturday, June 16.... **the drawing shop**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: "The Non-Dissenters, David through Puvis de Chavannes," a showing of nineteenth-century French drawings; through June 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 10.) ... **este**, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "The Eighth Annual Exhibition of Master Drawings from Five Centuries." Among the European and American artists are Tiepolo, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Frederic Taubes. Through June 30.... **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Tom Hardy, John Koch, and Andrée Ruellan are three of the participants in a display of contemporary drawings; through Friday, June 22. (Closed Saturdays.)... **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: A summer show of drawings and water colors by (for example) Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, and Rico Lebrun; through July 20.... **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nineteenth-century French drawings, by Renoir, Degas, and Gauguin, for instance; through June 30. ... **smolin**, 19 E. 71st St.: Prints, drawings, and water colors of the thirties, by George Constant, Boris Aronson, Carl Holty, and others; through Wednesday, July 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **de nagy**, 149 E. 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and reliefs by such gallery artists as Jane Wilson, Peter Forakis, and Ilse Getz; through Saturday, June 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The figure is the theme of the spring group show, and the painters and sculptors include Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through Friday, June 15.... **graham**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alfred Jensen, Albert Kotin, George Ortman, and seven others in a show of paintings called "Multiples;" through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... **kornblee**, 8 E. 79th St.: Figures by Charles Cajori, Robert Goodnough, Marcia Marcus, and others; through Friday, June 22. (Closed mornings.)... **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through July 6. (Closed Saturdays.)... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors, by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi

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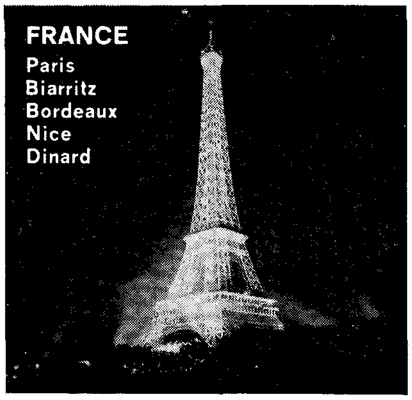

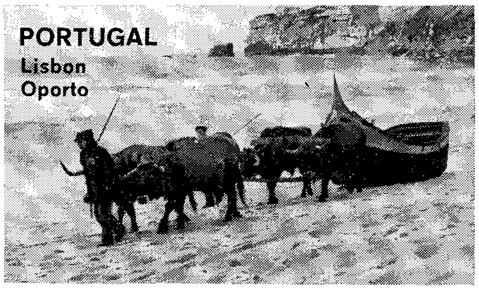

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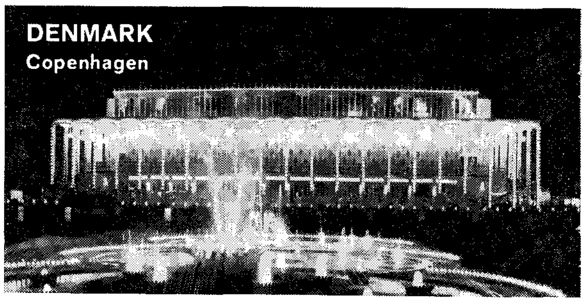

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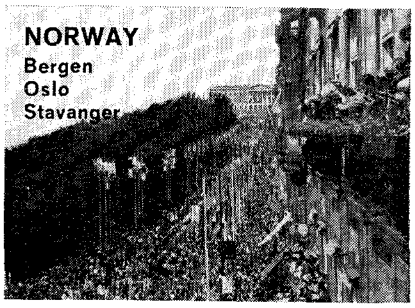

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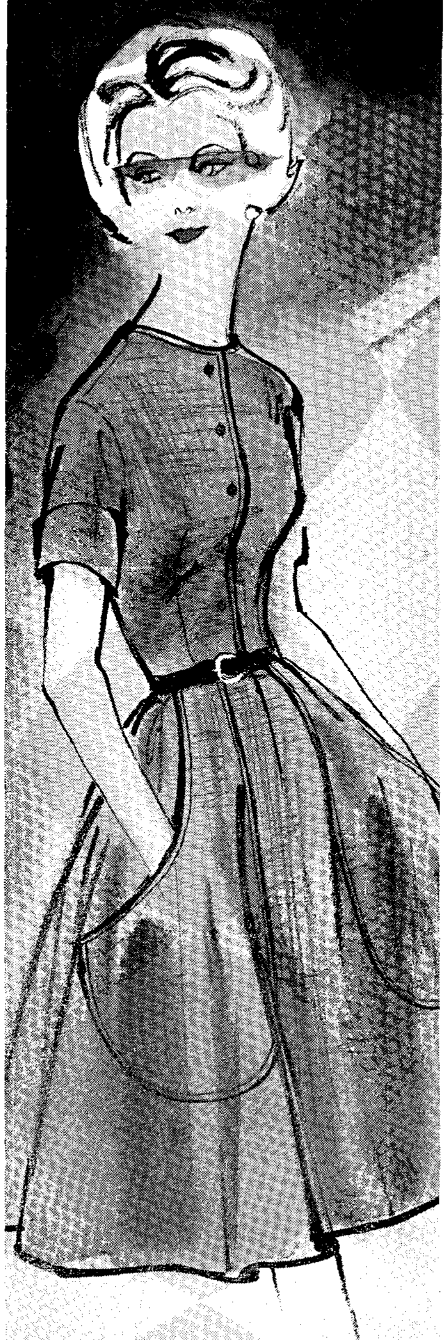

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lucioni, to mention a few; through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Jason Berger, Carmen Cicero, and Morris Brose; through Saturday, June 16. . . . WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with predominantly American works by gallery artists and guests, including Kurt Seligmann, Charles E. Martin, and Edward Renouf; through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: Portraits (paintings and sculptures) by Leland Bell, Gandy Brodie, Mary Frank, and others; through June 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Sculptures, drawings, water colors, and prints of three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), by William Blake, Antoine-Louis Barye, Jack Levine, and so forth; through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilian Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 10. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Modern masters (painters and sculptors), including Rouault, Utrillo, and Calder; through Friday, June 15. . . . THIBAUT, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro, Bernard Perlin, Henry Henghes, and other painters and sculptors; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the FINDLAY, 11 E. 57th St.: Contemporaries of the School of Paris (including Renoir, Vuillard, and Segonzac) in a showing of landscapes, flowers, and still-lifes; through June 23. . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and others, most of whom live in Paris; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LOEB, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such Paris artists as Dufour, Lanskoy, and da Silva; through Saturday, June 16. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, June 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A new gallery devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Spanish-American Colonial sculptures, paintings, furniture, and fabrics (from Mexico and Peru). (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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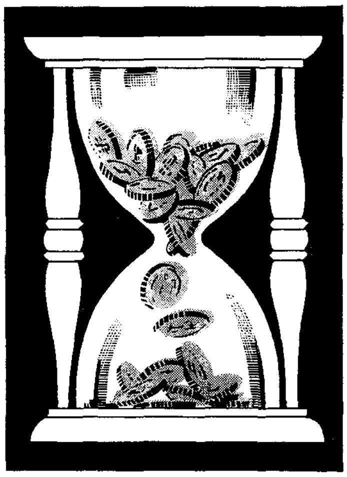

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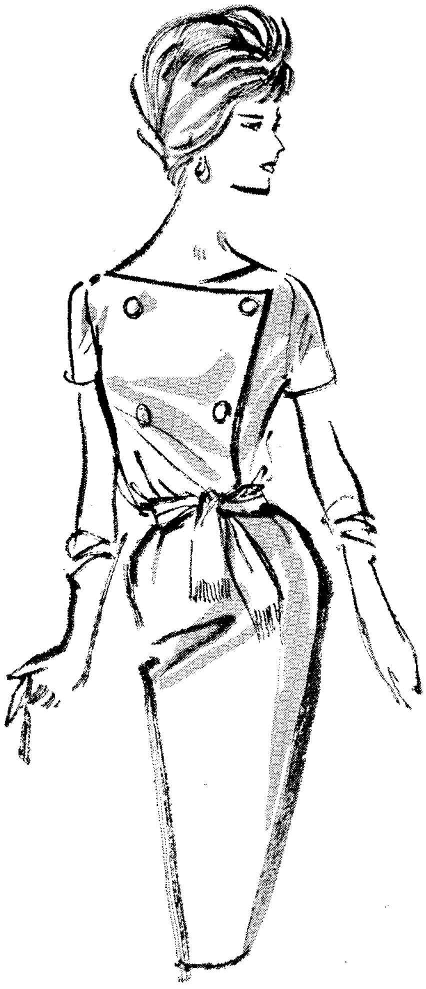

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.: Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, scores, and books by, among others, Lukas Foss, William Faulkner, and Frank O'Connor. Also paintings, sculptures, and architecture by Isamu Noguchi, Charles Sheeler, Nicolai Cikovsky, Walter Gropius, and others. Through Sunday, June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century drawings, by Goya, Constable, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens," an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth and consisting of autograph manuscripts, first editions, autograph letters, and original drawings for Dickens' book illustrations; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by John Marin, Alexander Calder, Balcomb Greene, and others are being shown in a dual offering—"The First Five Years of Gifts by the Friends of the Whitney Museum" and "Recent Acquisitions by the Museum;" through Sunday, June 17. . . . ¶ A one-quarter-scale model for a children's sculpture playground called "Sculpture Continuum: Playground Group," made up of abstract forms in wood designed by Oliver O'Connor Barrett; through June 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

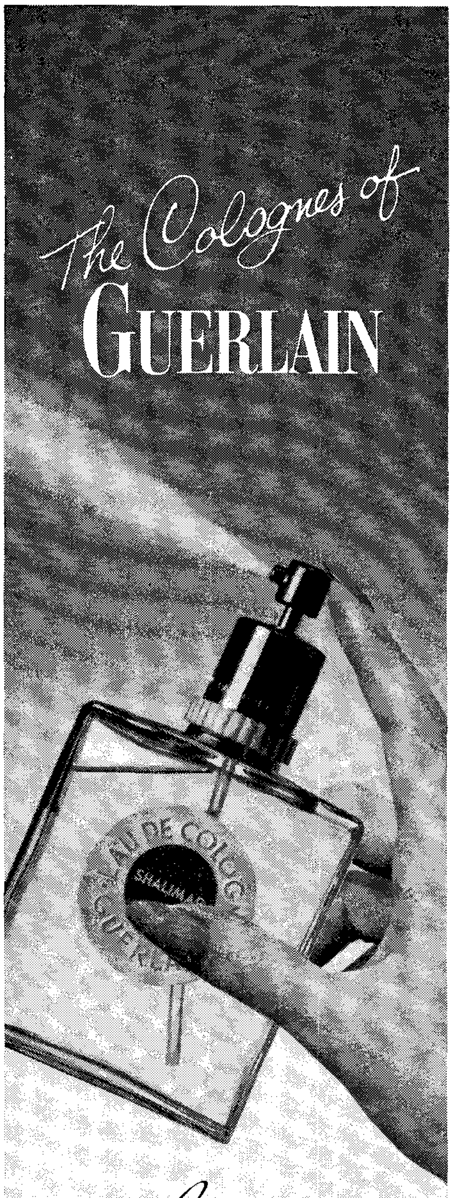
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

Casals Festival—At Carnegie Hall, the Casals Festival Orchestra and members of the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. Thursday, June 21, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider and Robert Shaw directing, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: Pablo Casals directing the New York première of his oratorio "El Pesebre" ("The Manger"), with Adele Addison, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Paulino Saharrea, tenor; and William Warfield, bass.

Goldman Band—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert Wednesday, June 20. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Richard Korn conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of symphonic music. The first in a series of four free concerts. (Thursday,



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June 21, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz Concert—The Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, June 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At the Polo Grounds—Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, June 15, at 8; Saturday, June 16, at 2; and Sunday, June 17, at 2 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. Milwaukee, Monday, June 18, at 8; Tuesday, June 19, at 2; and Wednesday, June 20, at 1:30 (doubleheader). ... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday, June 22, at 8, and Saturday, June 23, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, June 16: Paolo Rosi vs. Carlos Hernandez, lightweights, 10 rounds. ... ¶ Saturday, June 23: Joey Archer vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 16; varsity race at 7:15.)... ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake. Syracuse. Saturday, June 16.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, June 12-16.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17.)

Polo—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: A match for the benefit of the American Field Service's Exchange Student Program. Sunday, June 17, at 3:30... **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 30. The National Stallion (for fillies), Monday, June 18; the Bowling Green Handicap, Wednesday, June 20; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48.) ... **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 16.

Soccer—International Soccer League: Palermo vs. Reutlingen and Dundee vs. America. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, June 16, at 2.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Saturday, June 23, at 10.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. Saturday, June 16, through Sunday, June 24.)... ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 23.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 16.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Marianne Moore reading from her own works. (New School Courtyard, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, June 17, at 8:30.)

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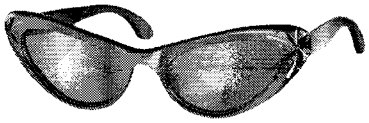

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's richly upholstered and exceptionally well-acted adaptation of the famous novel. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

All Fall Down—A strenuous family free-for-all in Cleveland, where life can be as gloomy and funny as anywhere else. Splendid acting by Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and even Warren Beatty. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; *June 17-19.)*

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—Too many bombs bump the world out of orbit and head it into the sun. Do we survive? A good question, ingeniously posed in this English import. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 19, tentative.)

The Devil's Eye—The great Ingmar Bergman here pokes rather stilted fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 16.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this handsome picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni heads a cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 20, tentative.)

The Five Day Lover—*L'amour* takes lots of time and energy, but if you are young and in Paris, how could you possibly be better employed? A very comic and sometimes infinitesimally sad picture, starring Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, and François Périer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June *19, tentative.)*

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—A *funny-sad and occasionally* petrifying French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. Marvellously directed by François Truffaut, *and starring* Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through June 20.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Hilarious samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lover Come Back—A very funny comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and several other attractive people. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 19, tentative.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, owing in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Miracle Worker—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted with passion and purpose by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

No Love for Johnnie—A flawed but continuously exciting English picture, in which Peter Finch shows how to succeed in politics by double-crossing everyone, even himself. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through June 19, tentative.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to superb direction by Tony Richardson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A wartime French melodrama full of derring-do but also oddly and convincingly concerned with such ordinary, crucial matters as enemies' meeting and becoming friends. Starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière and directed by the formidable André Cayatte. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting June 20, tentative.)

Viridiana—The Spanish director Luis Buñuel gives a shattering account of how evil flows out of good. His camera has a Gothic gusto, and the picture is sometimes literally hair-raising, as well as always beautiful. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 20, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedy—"The Immigrant," a one-reeler from the silent past. (New Yorker, *B'way at 88th,* TR *4-9189; starting June 19.)*

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 15-18.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. *(Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St.,* at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 19.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 18.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 14.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 14. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 15-18.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR *4-3210; June 14.)*

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 15-18.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 19, tentative.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting June 19.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 15-18.)

Two-Way Stretch (1961)—An unserious study of British penology. Peter Sellers is the chief jailbird. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 20, tentative.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through June 16: "The Criminal Code" (1931), with Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes. . . . ¶ June 17-19: "The Crowd Roars" (1932), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ Starting June 20: "Fig Leaves" (1926), with George O'Brien and Olive Borden. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 18: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
From June 19: "The Sky Above—the Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"That Touch of Mink," Cary Grant, Doris Day.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
June 14: "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.
From June 15: "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lolita," Sue Lyon, James Mason.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 20: "The Horse Soldiers," revival, John Wayne, William Holden; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 20 (tentative): **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through June 18: "We're No Angels," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray; and "The Body Snatcher," revival, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.
From June 19: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 17 (tentative): "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
June 18-19 (tentative): "Goliath and the Dragon," revival, Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Goliath and the Barbarians," revival, Steve Reeves.
From June 20 (tentative): "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

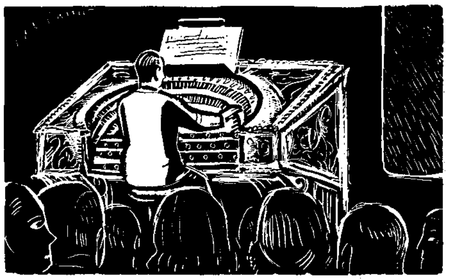
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 19 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.
From June 20 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French); and **TWO-WAY STRETCH**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lolita," Sue Lyon, James Mason.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 16: "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
June 17-19: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
From June 20: "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.



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17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 17: "I Like Money," Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray.
From June 18: "Stowaway in the Sky," a French film, narrated by Jack Lemmon.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
LOVER COME BACK.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Valiant," John Mills.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 18: "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
June 19: "Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers, revival; and "Aïda" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.
From June 20: "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 19: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
From June 20: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 14: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
June 15-18: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** and **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (both in French and both revivals).
From June 19: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 16: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish); and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.
June 17-19: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
From June 20: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum; and "Bridge to the Sun," Carroll Baker, James Shigeta.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 19 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK**; and **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**
From June 20 (tentative): **LA DOLCE WTA** (in Italian).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 19: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
From June 20: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 19 (tentative): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**
From June 20 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French); and **TWO-WAY STRETCH**, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 20: **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE MARK; and **TWO WOMEN**, revival.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Summerskin" (in Spanish).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Shadows Grow Longer," Barbara Rutting, Luise Ullrich.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 19: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
From June 20: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 18: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Anna Christie," revival, Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.
From June 19: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 19: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.
From June 20: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 14: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival.
June 15-18: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
From June 19: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 19 (tentative): "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
From June 20 (tentative): "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 19 (tentative): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE.**
From June 20 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).

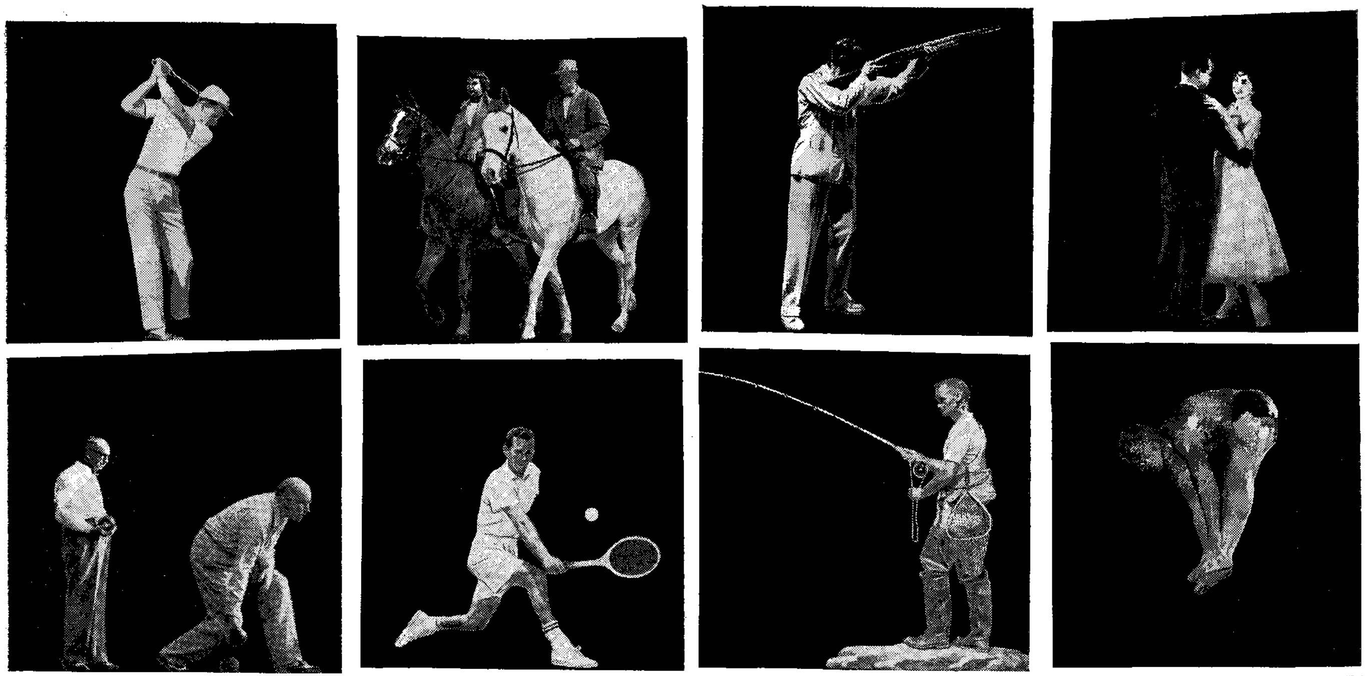
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through June 19: "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
From June 20: "The Tartars," Orson Welles, Victor Mature; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

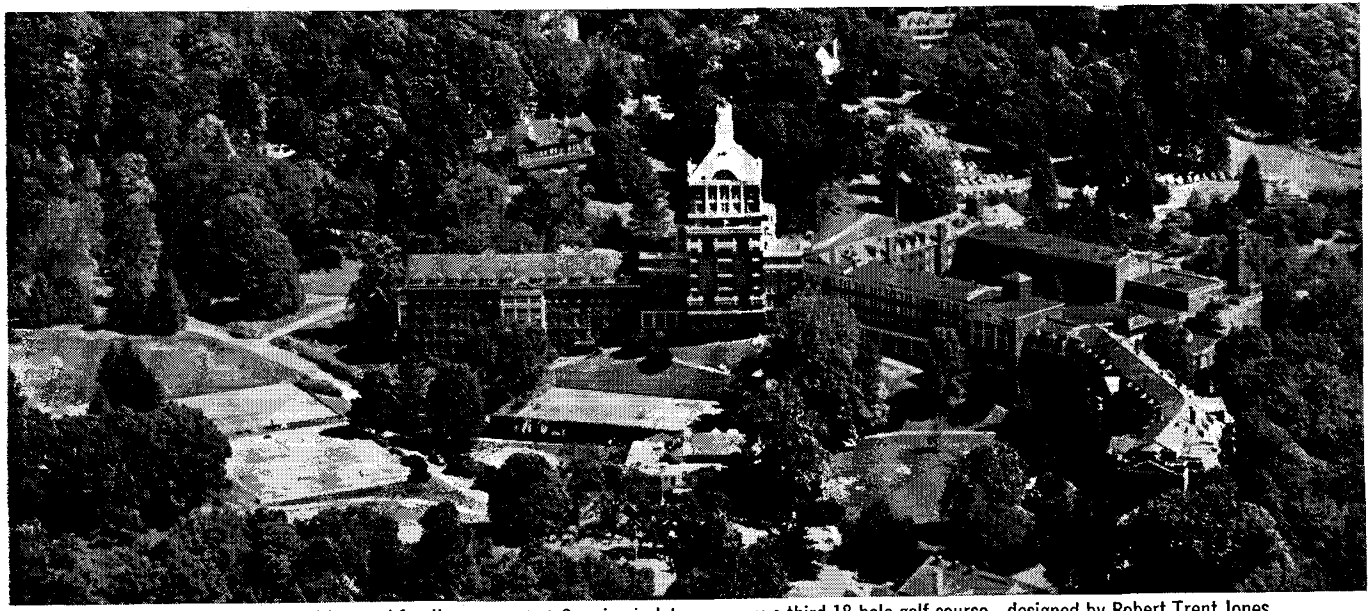
NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through June 17 (tentative): "Merrill's Marauders," Jeff Chandler; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.
June 18-19 (tentative): "Goliath and the Dragon," revival, Mark Forest, Broderick Crawford; and "Goliath and the Barbarians," revival, Steve Reeves.
From June 20 (tentative): "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin; and "Bachelor Flat," Terry-Thomas, Tuesday Weld.

THE

HOMESTEAD

HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*





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Elizabeth Arden
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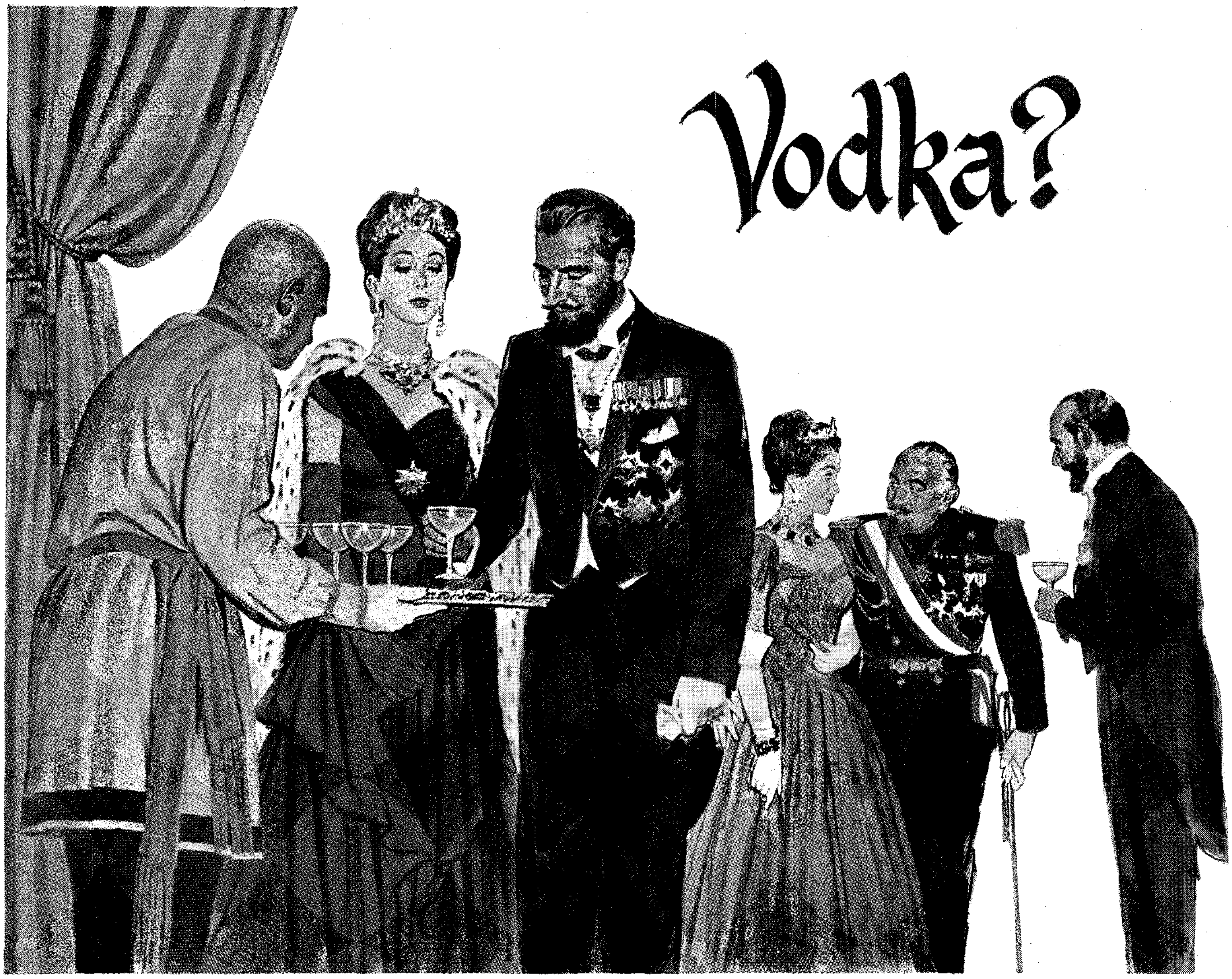

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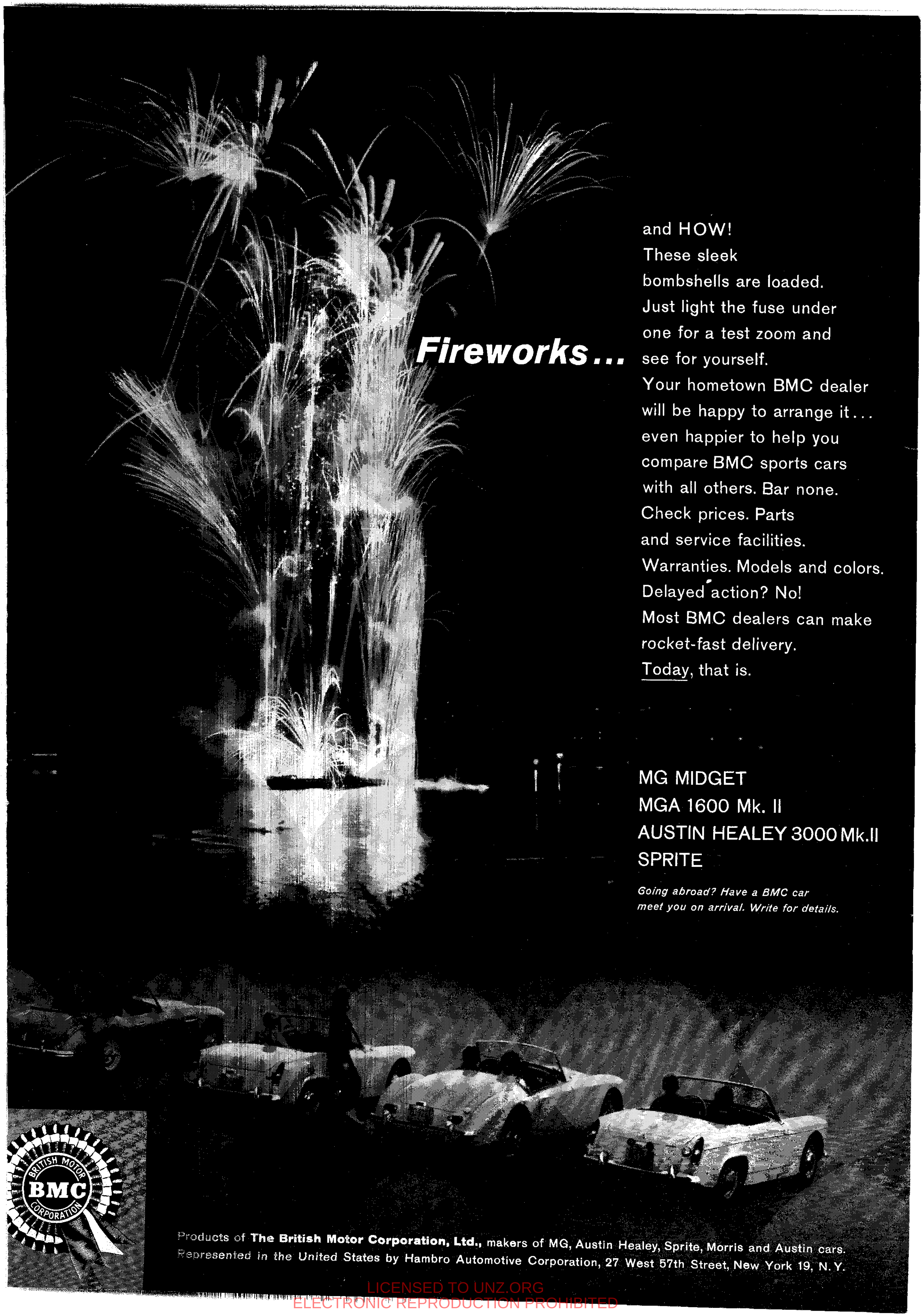

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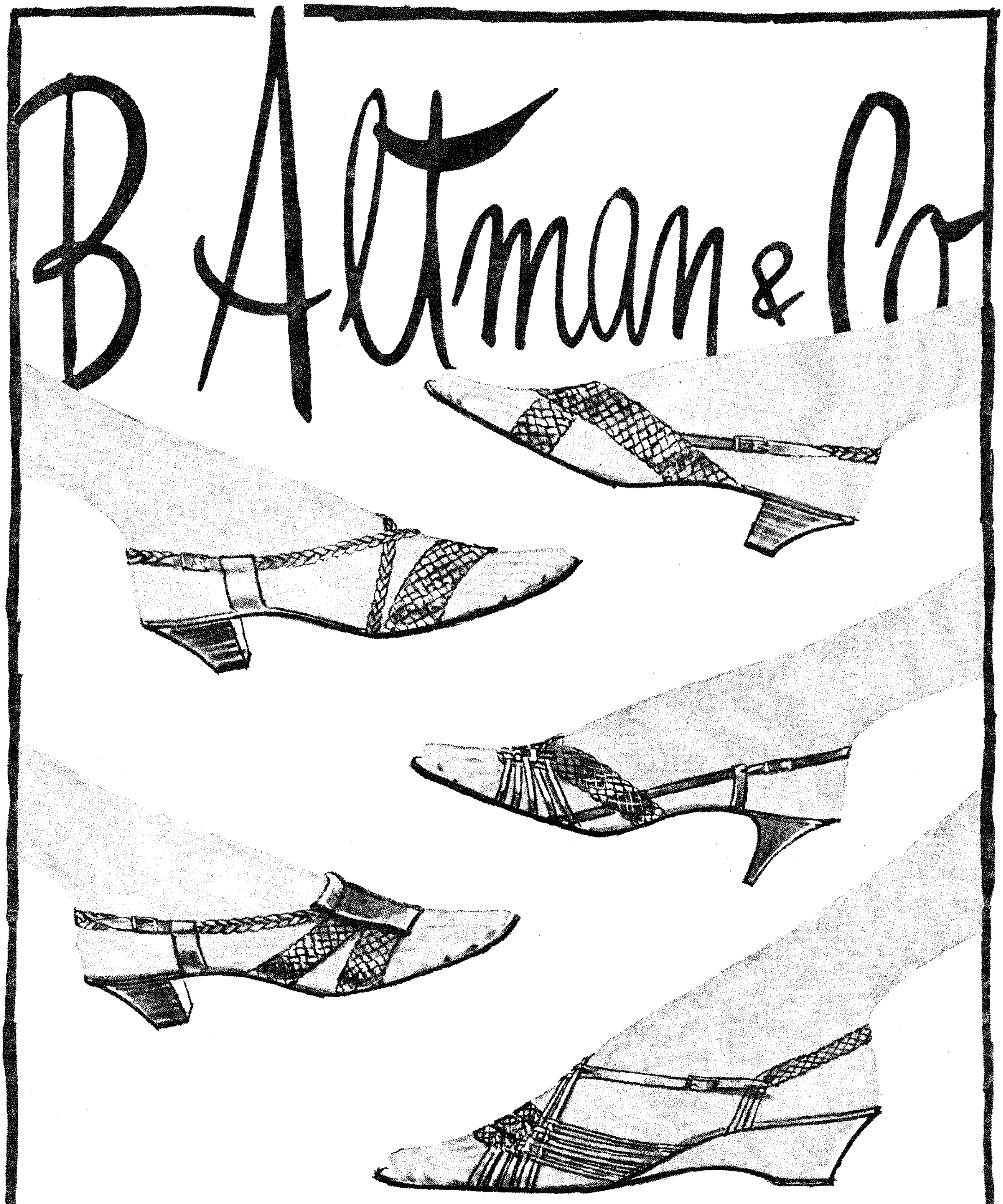

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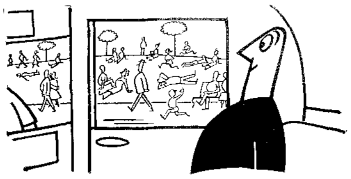
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

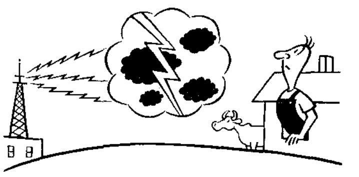
Notes and Comment

WE happened to be driven through Central Park early on the afternoon of Memorial Day, and the experience left us much moved. We wonder why. We wonder why the sight of many people—*many* people—lying and standing and strolling on acres of grass should be so exhilarating a sight, so paradisiacal, in fact, a vision. The statistics of population growth are depressing enough, and the contemplation of the sheer numbers of souls who either have died or will die invariably produces in us a shudder of mortality. Yet the actual animal presence of so many fellow-mortals in the dappled sunlight of that holiday was far from oppressive; on the contrary, it was uplifting. While remaining apparently stationary on the back seat of the car, we secretly ascended through layer after layer of joy, finally bursting forth, at about the level of Ninety-eighth Street, onto an ultimate plane of confidence, where Heaven existed without being altered by a single atom from the visible, palpable, undeniable scene. It is a difficult sensation to describe, and maybe we are foolish to try. Mystics have a quaint way of unveiling the obvious. Certainly nothing, for those few mystical miles of ours, was supernatural; a spooning couple prone beneath a maple, a child crying over a collapsed popsicle, a venerable old bum asleep on a bench, a set of mustached Puerto Rican adolescents playing catch with a Frisbee, an artificial pond with a single toy boat adrift in its center, a squirrel alertly poised, a fat man in rimless spectacles patting an enormous handerchief against his pink brow, a priest who had removed his black coat, a baby carriage sitting on its shadow in a pond of bright grass—these glints of life flashed by, repeated, with subtle variations, on a broad ground of alternate sun and shade. Maybe it was that the whirring of the automobile traffic of which we were a part imposed on the unreeling panorama a magic silence and wordlessness. Or maybe it was the sheer abundance of it, the gay abandon with which a city can strew a park with humanity; there is something invincible in a grazing herd. Maybe it was just the new fact of summer. Suddenly the exquisite but almost too precious *pointillisme* of spring trees was washed away in a flood of leaf that crowded the space between the earth and the sky with rivers of green. The climatic tension and subterranean anguish of the vernal season were past; we could relax into the long months of heat and sullen growth and unthinking proliferation and lazy baseball games (and stalled motors and teen-age violence and ubiquitously murmuring radios). Whatever the cause, we did feel, on the Memorial Day just past, that it was good to live, and that to remember was not necessarily futile or melancholy.



Weatherman

ON December 29, 1960, after nearly fifty years in the Whitehall Building, at Battery Place, the New York Weather Bureau, which comes under the Civil Service aegis of the United States Department of Commerce, moved to the R.C.A. Building, in Rockefeller Center. We've just been to its new, or relatively new, quarters, whither we repaired for a meteorological chat with its new, or relatively new, chief, Charles G. Knudsen, who assumed office in February, 1961. A husky, clean-shaven, determined-looking man of forty-seven, Irish on the spindle side of his family and Norwegian on the spear side, who was born and reared in Queens (his father was a Long Island Rail Road maintenance man for forty years) and is now the husband of a high-school English teacher and the father of three—one girl, two boys—in Scotch Plains, New Jersey, he graduated from, and subsequently taught mathematics and physics at, St. John's University, took an M.A. at Columbia, and during the war served as a weather officer in the Navy in the Pacific, ending up as a commander. After several years spent briefing international plane crews as a United States Weather Bureau forecaster at LaGuardia and Idlewild Airports, he was recalled by the Navy during the Korean conflict to teach meteorology at Monterey, California. In 1956, he became the principal assistant to Ernest J. Christie, whom he succeeded in his present post. "A very diversified job," he said. "We take observations, record, report, and forecast. We gather teletype information for newspapers and radio and TV stations, and we run a marine section that coördinates radio data from ships at sea and issues forecasts for the inland and immediate shore waters from Cape May to Block Island. There are a thousand or more ships a month in this harbor. I have a staff of thirty-two. We give special agricultural advice to northern New Jersey and Long Island, and we send out warnings of hurricanes, severe thunderstorms, heavy snowstorms, tornadoes, high winds, and floods. We can alert the Connecticut rivermen at night about flash floods, and we can get a twenty-four-hour fix on hurricanes. All in all, we cover an area of more than sixty thousand square miles, with a population of over twenty-five million. Locally, we keep posted on



temperature, dew point, wind direction and velocity, duration of sunshine, and amount and rate of precipitation through our Central Park observatory, in Belvedere Tower, where there have been wind machines since 1869. We've answered questions ranging from 'What is the average rainfall in India?,' from an engineering firm designing a dam there, to one about temperatures in the Midwest, from an advertising firm concerned with the best timing of a sales campaign for a new product. Schoolchildren visit our office in droves. The fact that the R.C.A. Building has a flat roof is a great advantage for our cumbersome gear, such as the twenty-foot radar dome we've installed up there. And the fact that it's the highest building around—seventy stories—is another boon; down at the Battery, we were confronted with higher buildings on our northern and eastern exposures."

"What do you think of New York's climate?" we asked.

"Major-citywise and coastal-citywise, it's pretty good," Mr. Knudsen said. "Its hottest day on record was July 9, 1936—up to a hundred and six degrees. The coldest was February 9, 1934—down to fifteen below in Central Park. In the nineteenth century, hundred-degree readings were rare, probably because thermometers were affected by greater quantities of trees and foliage."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: While draught beer is available at the men's bar of the Yale Club, only bottled beer can be had in the Club's Tap Room.

Tour

WE went up to the Botanical Garden to inspect its Rose Garden, now in full flower for the twentieth year, and found ourself whisked, conversationally, from the neighborhood of the Bronx River Parkway, which bounds the roses on the east, to Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, and India.

"Plants are my vocation and radio-controlled model airplanes and boats are my avocation," Mr. Louis P. Politi, the Garden's chief horticulturist, said when we met him in his office, adjoining the propagating houses opposite the Lorillard Snuff Mill. "I make them with miniature radio receivers that are activated by a land-based transmitter. I fly the planes several evenings a week in Van Cortlandt Park. A group of us meet in Brown's Hobby Center, on Broadway, nearby, where we talk about missiles and so forth, and then we go out to fly our planes. We call ourselves the Squadron Escarole. It's a very mixed bunch—a restaurant owner, a milkman, a pathologist, a dentist, several pilots—with the common denominator that they're all kids who never grew up, like me."

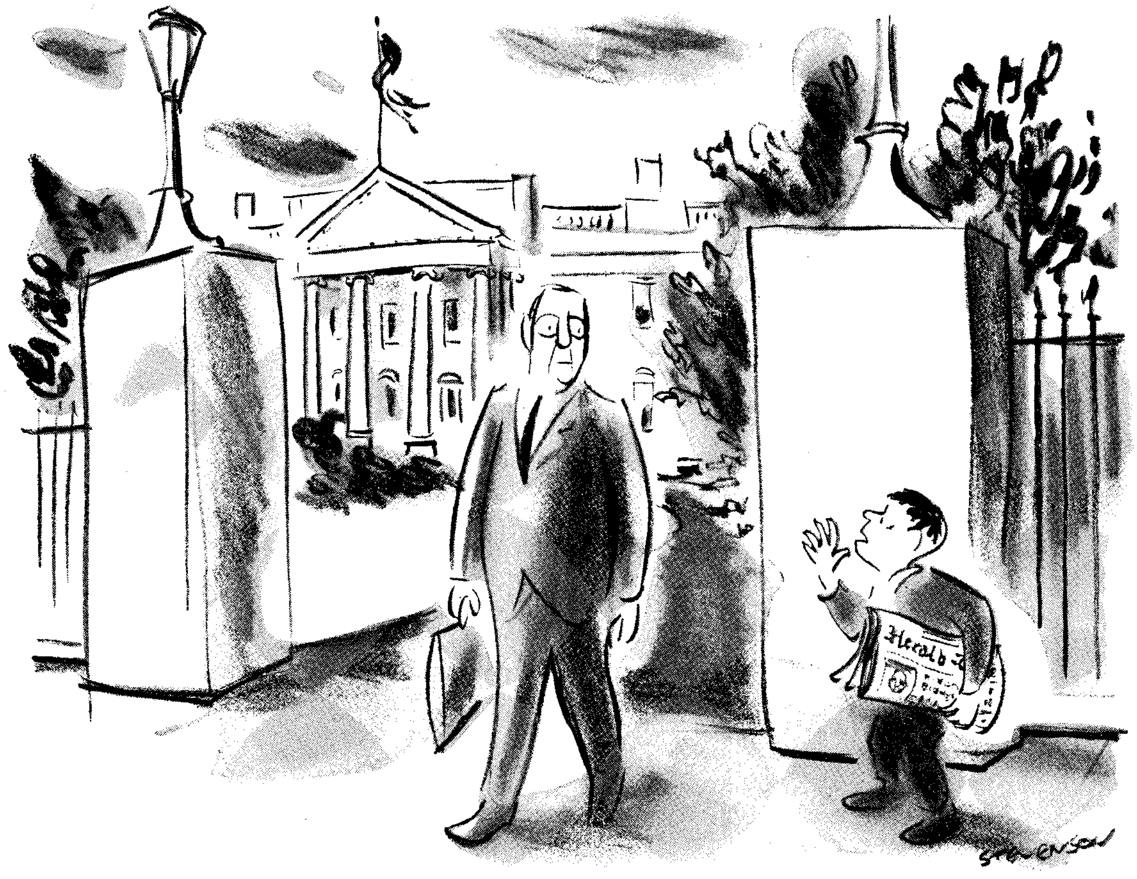
We mentioned the Rose Show, and Mr. Politi, who was wearing a purple corduroy coat and smoking a costly cigar, drove us over to it—seven thousand specimens of practically every rosaceous hue known.

"The plantings cover twenty-nine thousand square feet," he said. "Rosarians come from far afield to see them. There's a fantastic number of new varieties every year. Roses come and go, you know; the changeover is rapid. Growers introduce new kinds to whet customers' appetites—like automobile manufacturers and cookbook publishers."

He drove us on to the Administration Building, where Mr. Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's assistant director in charge of horticulture, advised us that he had just returned from conducting a thirty-six-day, twenty-six-hundred-dollar Gardens Around the World Tour of forty-nine people.

"Jet planes practically all the way," he said. "Run by the Lindblad Travel Agency, in New York. We flew from Los Angeles to Honolulu and then to Tokyo, whose parks and gardens, I regret to say, are full of litter. I saw what I first thought were water lilies in the pools, but they turned out to be beer cans and Lily cups! Signs on the grass said what was translated to me as 'Please Love the Grass,' but my goodness!" He characterized Ito and Kyoto as being in much better shape, horticulturally speaking. "Japanese gardens emphasize form rather than color," he said. "Stems, trunks, moss, water, rocks, and so on. Their stones have significance. There's a stone to view the setting sun from and a stone to view the moon from."

Mr. Everett went on to tell us that a new species of camellia had just been found in Hong Kong, where his group spent several days. "A new camellia—imagine, in a little place like that, only four hundred square miles!" he said. "In Bangkok, even the poor grow flowers and plants in front of their wa-



"Psst!"

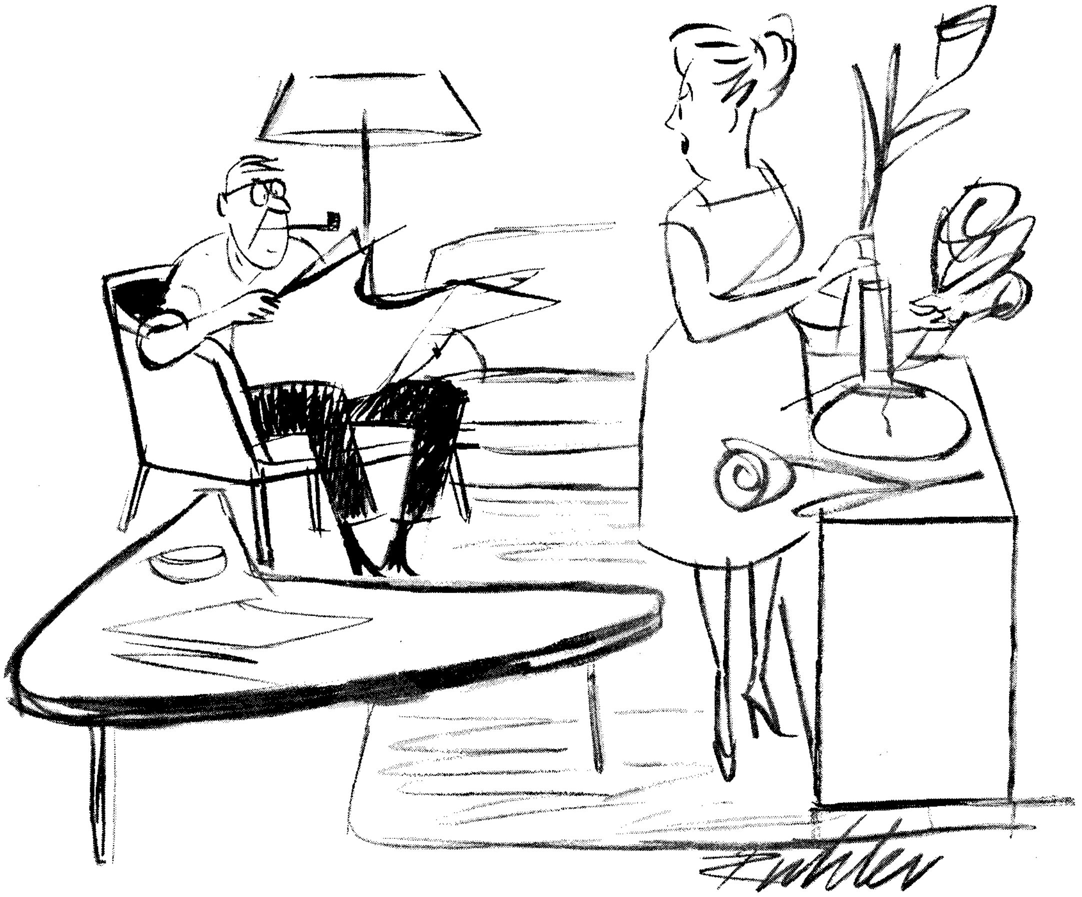
ter-highway huts. In Kashmir, we visited three gardens built by the Great Moguls. Marvellous stonework, with magnificent mountains in the background. The Great Moguls were great gardeners.”

He took us farther along his road. “A lovely, lovely vale, the Vale of Kashmir, with an abundance of poppies,” he said, “but you aren’t allowed to take pictures of the women there. I tried to sneak a couple, but no soap. *Platanus orientalis* abounds in Kashmir; a crossing of this with *Platanus occidentalis*, our sycamore, has produced the London plane, which is full of hybrid vigor.”

Mr. Everett additionally pronounced the Taj Mahal lovely. “I made history by not going inside,” he said. “I don’t like mausoleums. The Taj’s garden is full of beautiful tropical material. A man was cutting its lawn with a mower drawn by a bullock. Just like Biblical times—the bullock, I mean.”

Mr. Everett turned to Mr. Politi. “There’s a very tough maidenhair fern in Hong Kong,” he said. “Like plastic—not delicate, like our maidenhair. I think it might make a wonderful house plant.”

Mr. Politi nodded, and lit another cigar.



“Oh, Bertrand Russell! What does he know?”

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SIGN observed on the windshield of a gleaming white sports car parked near Washington Square: “Forced to Sell Due to Severe Losses in the Market.”

On Brecht on Brecht

THE CHARACTERS: *George Tabori—A reedy, thoughtful writer with an untidy mustache who arranged and translated most of the material for the Off Broadway show “Brecht on Brecht,” which has a five-month run behind it and unlimited possibilities ahead.*

Bob Currie—The production stage manager. A young man from Peoria, Illinois, who is paid $112.50 a week, which is the Off Broadway minimum pay for actors. He came to New York from Peoria one year ago.

The cast of “Brecht on Brecht”—Dane Clark, a handsome movie star; Anne Jackson, who is red-haired, lively, and the wife of the actor Eli Wallach; Lotte Lenya, widow of Kurt Weill, who was a close collaborator of Bertolt Brecht’s; Viveca Lindfors, Tabori’s wife, a beautiful and moody woman; George Voskovec, a hard-working actor who talks little offstage; Michael Wager, a boyish-looking actor who talks a lot offstage.

THE TIME: *Late spring, 1962. A very warm evening.*

THE PLACE: *The Theatre de Lys, on Christopher Street.*

SCENE 1: *The Alleyway.*

(*The alleyway leading backstage is cluttered with garbage cans, ladders, planks, and assorted machinery. Currie stands at an open door, the side exit of the two-hundred-and-ninety-nine-seat theatre. Tabori enters through another door, leading backstage and to the dressing room above.*)

TABORI: I’ve got to run across the street to get the actors some candy.

CURRIE: Fruit slices? From the Lilac Candy Shoppe?

TABORI: Life Savers. From Ethel’s Delicatessen. And some coffee.

CURRIE: You know, that Ethel is a curious combination. Very nice and motherly, but efficient. Did you ever notice how she worries about all of us? She worries about the way Dane eats chocolate-covered jelly rolls. She says they’re bad for his diet, but she can’t resist selling them to him.

TABORI: Candy helps calm the actors. With no separate dressing rooms up there, it’s a tremendous strain. One big, long room with a curtain separating the ladies from the gentlemen. It’s like a Brechtian bordello. (*He runs across Christopher Street, returns on the double, and goes upstairs. Lotte Lenya walks in from the street.*)

LENYA: I usually am not so late. (*She hurries upstairs, passing Tabori on his way down.*)

CURRIE: She’s a good sport about the democratic billing for the show. Everything about this show is done democratically.

TABORI: There’s something very *jeune fille* about Lotte. She runs like a sixteen-year-old girl.

CURRIE: She’s the main Brechtian artist in the country.

TABORI: As an artist, she’s tremendous. Extraordinary. There is a discipline in Brechtian tone, in Brechtian style. Lotte knows exactly how to do it. Theories are fine, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Lotte knows Brecht’s kind of controlled emotion. She knows how to project a statement he makes in a song. Lotte knows how to sing in direct address to the audience. There is a cult about Brecht. Eric Bentley is the Pope—the first man to write extensively in this country about Brecht and his work—and there are Martin Esslin and various other Cardinals. They are all very scholarly, but I wouldn't want to write an essay on Brecht myself. The point is that Brecht wrote more about the theatre than any other dramatist. If he wanted to say something about props, he would write a poem about them. He was never pompous or solemn. He always gave the theatre superb and gracious treatment. He deserves the same.

Currie: They're taking places, Mr. Tabori, if you want to look through the peephole.

Tabori (*moving over to a peephole in the back curtain*): All this has been quite an education for the actors, of course. They all get a percentage of the receipts, in addition to the minimum pay; that brings them each about three hundred dollars a week, which is unusually high for Off Broadway. I try to keep a kind of coöperative thing going here. Everything we decide we decide by democratic vote. Difficult, but worth it. Brecht always used to look through a hole at the audience. He wanted to know why people in the audience should always look so miserable. (*He watches the show through the peephole for a while, then wanders back to the alleyway.*) The essential method by which Brecht worked was to dig up contradictions within each of his characters, many of whom are simultaneously rogues and heroes. In his work, Brecht always enjoys what he's doing. He has very little despair. His major works were written after he left Hitler's Germany. He never seemed to stop functioning. It's interesting how differently people react to exile. I was lucky. Some people were famous and middle-aged when they ran from Hitler. I was only eighteen.

Currie: Where were you born, Mr. Tabori?

Tabori: Budapest. In 1914. I am exposing you to a mumbling torrent of unconsidered trifles. But, as Brecht says in "The Caucasion Chalk Circle," "There you stand, asking me a question, and there is nothing more seductive than a question." When people ask me how I am, I tell them. I have been infected by Brecht's celebrated greed for life and work. This is the Age of the Twaddle. The art of conversation is not dead, unfortunately; only it has lost the quality of dialogue. The best way of discussing Brecht is making neat, Chinese-type statements in a cool, neat room. Brecht's grave in Berlin, close to Hegel's, is apparently unmarked. But he once wished for the following epitaph: "Here lies B.B. He was angry, clean, and matter-of-fact."

Currie: I've been trying to get a vacation schedule worked out for the actors, Mr. Tabori. They keep talking about it, democratically. But I still don't know who's going away or when. Or who will be the replacements.

Tabori: So many good actors are eager to play in the show. I'd never make moral judgments about people in the theatre; they are all victims. Our theatre is like a jungle. Brecht said that the function of the playmaker is "to entertain the children of the Age of Science, *in* a gay, bright, and sensuous fashion," and that "true scientists do not have to protest their love of inquiry, the true rebels do not have to spout their rage at injustice."

Currie: Intermission, Mr. Tabori.

Scene 2: *The Dressing Room.*

(*A long, narrow room, one side of which has a mirrored wall over a continuous stretch of white-formica-covered table, cluttered with individual heaps of makeup equipment, personal effects, newspapers, magazines, books, Life Savers, fruit slices, and a gigantic bottle of aspirin tablets. Along the opposite wall are a coin-box telephone, in the ladies' section, and two cots, one for each sex. Michael Wager lies on the cot in the men's section, Viveca Lindfors on the other cot. The others sit ranged along the dressing table. Tabori is pacing back and forth.*)

Dane Clark: There is a dearth of air in this dressing room.

Lotte Lenya: This is theatre to me. On Broadway, the actors have individual dressing rooms. So what happens? Each dressing room becomes a little suburban home, and the maid comes and puts up curtains and the pictures of the children. Here I like it.

Michael Wager: This is the most luxurious dressing room Off Broadway.

George Voskovec: We are a little bit like wild animals confined in one cage. We are on top of each other.

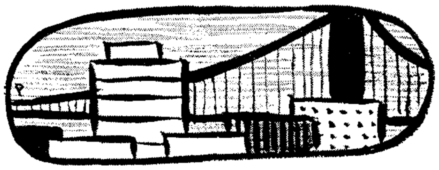
Viveca Lindfors: We are all dispensable here. Brecht is the personality, and we are dispensable. When are we taking our vacations?

Michael Wager: How is the audience tonight?

Voskovec: Good.

Anne Jackson: Terrible.

Clark: The late Saturday-night show—the ten-thirty one—is the toughest show of the week. That's when they've all had dinner, and it's sleepy time down South.



Wager: Last night, I had a visitor from the audience. My nature counsellor from camp thirty years ago. Camp Keeyumah, on Lake Champlain. Imagine! Being visited by your nature counsellor after thirty years!

Lindfors: This show gets a high type of audience.

Clark: In the beginning, we got aficionados. Now we get very young people.

Lenya: Half the audience understands us, the other half comes because Brecht is this year's playwright to know.

Clark: There's a tremendous lost audience in this city.

Lenya: Don't think the Berlin audience wasn't made by snobs, too, in 1928. Brecht now is like a new toy. "Threepenny Opera" was done here in 1933, "Mother" in 1935, and "Galileo" in 1947, and nobody came.

Wager: I am so hungry. I would like to eat a Pepeburger, with hamburger, cheese, onion, lettuce, tomato, pickle, and potato chips.

Clark: You and Lotte, the way you two eat! You've got the constitution of a horse.

Lenya: You have a nervous stomach from too many chocolate-covered jelly rolls.

Jackson: What every actor needs is a moment of silence.

Wager: Annie, you didn't bring me anything to eat tonight.

Jackson: Last night, I brought you a huge veal-and-sliced-onion-and-tomato sandwich from my friend Vivian Nathan's house. I am a well-known actress, and for you I marched through the streets carrying this veal sandwich wrapped in tinfoil. Now, will you please show your gratitude by switching your vacation time, so that I can take my month with Eli before he goes to England to make a movie?

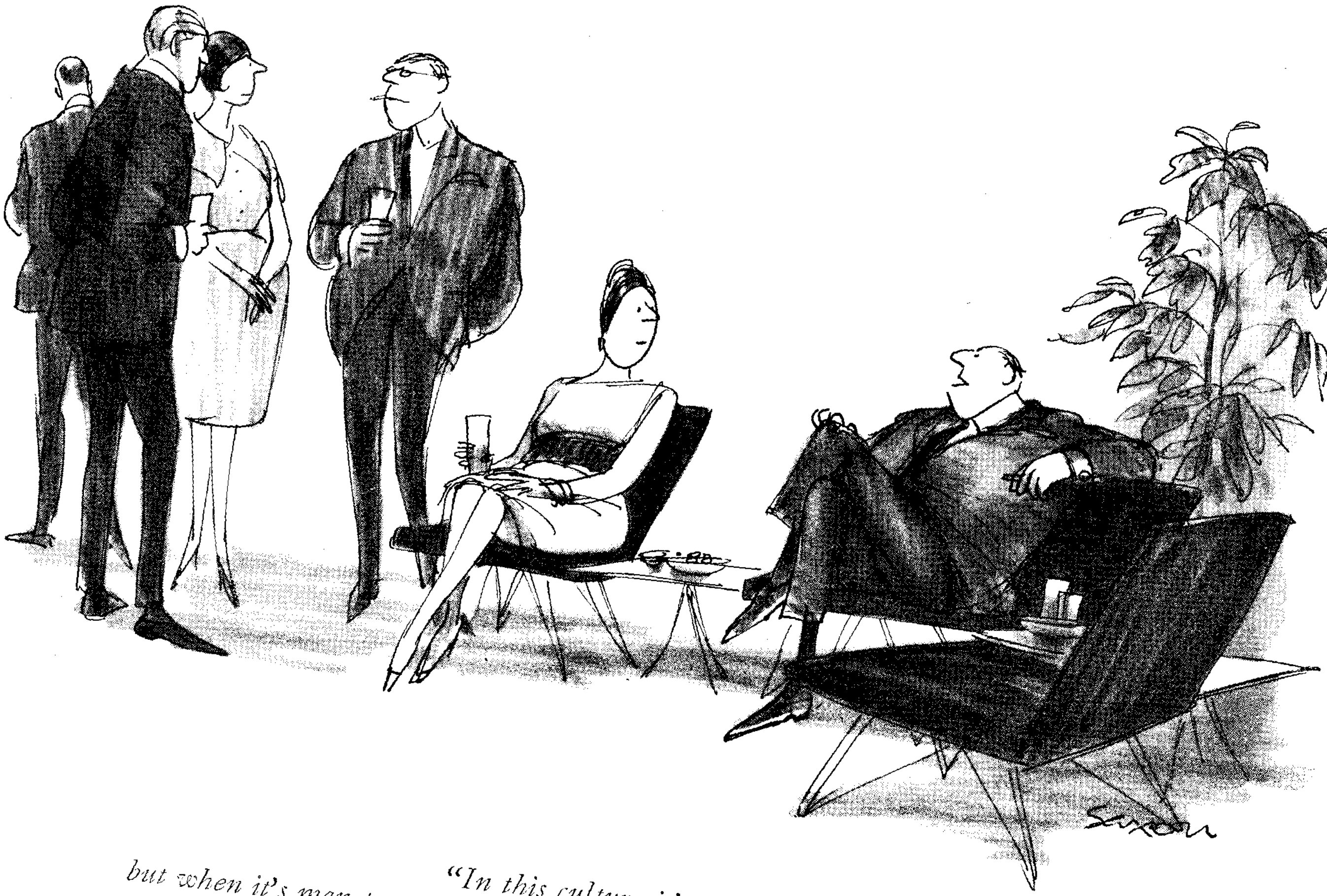
Wager: My daughter is going to Israel in June to visit my father and mother, and I want to go with her.

Lindfors: Annie, if I go with George to Fire Island this month, will you do my Jewish-wife scene?

Jackson: Does that mean I won't get my vacation with Eli? Do you think that is right? Do you think that is fair? Do you think that is just?

Wager: My father, Meyer Weisgal, who is in Israel, should take precedence over everything else, because he co-produced "The Eternal Road" here, in 1937.

Jackson: How can we decide? With six actors, six administrators?



"In this culture it's hard to take a person's measure, but when it's man-to-man, out there in the bush, you know where you stand."

• •

Lindfors: We talk and come to a mature decision.

Clark: Equality doesn't work. Democracy here doesn't work. (*The telephone rings. Anne Jackson answers it.*)

Jackson: Oh, Eli! I heard about a wonderful house in the country. On top of a hill. I immediately saw myself, Eli, running in a dotted-Swiss dress. . . .

Tabori: I want to add some new material to the show. Some poems I just translated. They will make the show even better. Actually, it was Brecht who said, "Nothing is easier than to change a play; nothing is more difficult than to improve it."

Lindfors: You're fortified in this show by language and ideas. You feel as though you're giving important evidence.

Jackson (*into telephone*): Yes, Eli, darling, I'll try to get them to take the vote on vacations tonight. (*She hangs up. Voskovec has been reading a Czech-language magazine. He looks up blankly for a moment and then returns to his reading. Dane Clark nods at him.*)

Clark: You're always reading fifteen things at once. What are you reading now?

Voskovec (*apologetically*): Sort of a commemorative article. And an interview with my old partner Jan Werich, in Prague. In connection with the thirty-fifth anniversary of the first play he and I did together there—"The Vest Pocket Review."

Wager: Lotte has vast knowledge that we don't have. She's fifty-seven and just coming into her own now.

Lindfors: She's a very special woman. Whatever she tells you, you pay attention. One day, she said to me, "Don't lose your intensity." Another time, she said, "As an actress, you go out and do your best, but remember, it's not *all* important."

Lenya: I signed a contract in 1959 to write my autobiography. All I have written so far is "I am born." When you write an autobiography, it must be not only a hundred per cent true but it must be three hundred per cent true. Otherwise, it is just a made-up thing.

Jackson: There is one thing that troubles me, Lotte, about the poem where Brecht lists all the good things.

Lenya: Yes. "The first look through the window in the morning, an old book lost and found, enthusiastic faces, the snow, the change of seasons, newspapers, dogs, debating, taking a shower or a swim, old music . . . comfortable shoes, to write, to plan, to travel, to sing, to be friendly."

Jackson: Yes, and it seems to me that he left out one very important thing.

Lenya: To be friendly is harder than to make love. When you say "to be friendly," you cover everything. To

Free Ride

A WOMAN we know was about to board a Madison Avenue bus the other day when her unbelieving eyes spied a neatly attired, attaché-case-carrying gentleman standing on the vehicle's rear bumper. Our friend, a lady of civic responsibility, told the driver, who immediately leaned out the window and ordered the non-paying passenger to leave his precarious perch.

"But I always ride this way," explained the man, holding his position. "It's uncrowded, and I really don't mind the dirt at all."

"I don't give a damn what it is!" the driver boomed. "Get the hell off of there!"

"All right, all right," the man said, stepping down to the pavement. "But I'll just do the same thing with the next bus that comes along."

And, according to our informant, who disembarked to watch, he did.

NOBODY'S FOOL

(A CHARACTER OR TWO OVERLOOKED IN MISS KATHERINE ANNE PORTER'S SHIPLOAD)

“THE characters are all at sea,” Mrs. Haverstick was explaining to them with her usual bitter charm, “and the reader is given the most vivid possible experience of being there with them. Yes, that will be the scheme of the book. I see that more clearly with each chapter that I finish.”

Herr Gottschalk, seated beside her at the Captain's table, wondered only when she would finish the book. In one pocket of his coat was a radiogram from the publishing firm for which he worked, reading, “If you don't get it this time don't bother to come back,” in the other a small phial of pills whose bitter taste was ever on his tongue, either in memory or anticipation.

He watched her pale hand—what exquisite hands she had, how many men in times past must have been struck by them—gesturing over her plate, then over his, as her description of the grand plan of the novel broadened out; it waved like a sea frond under his nose, mesmerizing him till his eyes crossed. He aspired to be her editor, therefore he sighed carefully, but the belt around his fat middle creaked like a ship's timber. What a symbolism! For ten years he had pursued her from one tropical paradise to another, each paradise a worse hell than the last, driven by the rumor that she was again at work on the book, lashed by the bitter dream that it might at last be his. He often saw himself as an Ahab on the track of a legendary whale. “There are times when I hate it,” she said. As if he didn't!

“Our author, then,” the Captain broke in. He sat with his napkin tucked under his pink gills, his fists on the arms of his chair, as though he were going to punch them all in the nose for having come. He had heard for ten days from their lips nothing but names like Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, and Weltschmerz—he knew the last was not the name of a writer but of some German dish, perhaps a good deal like sauerbraten. He did not want to hear any more about the characters in the book, for the time being, but he wished to give the beautiful English lady her head so that Herr Gottschalk would not start one of his lectures on the inherent goodness of man. “Our author then has mixed feelings about the human race?”

“Oh, yes. We cannot forever loathe. We must swing back occasionally to simple dislike. In this way a balance is kept.”

Mrs. Haverstick's reply was designed not so much to answer the Captain, who was in any case a swine and in no need of conversion, as to torture Herr Gottschalk a little. Whom she now considered with a lazy malice, leaning slightly away from him in her chair. “Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. Eh, Herr Gottschalk?” she teased in her rather bitterly musical voice. Gottschalk was seized with the wish to rap her knuckles with the butt of his knife, but instead squeezed over them the juice of half a lemon intended, in point of actual fact, for his sole. That would teach her to deny the inherent nobility of man, his action seemed to say.

Almost instantly there writhed across his lips the apologetic smile for which he was in fact more famous than for such independent deeds. Mrs. Haverstick remained smilingly quiet; her tawny eyes, so like bees darting this way and that, took on a momentarily sated look. He had met her standards, for the time being.

Yet revolt was not entirely gone out of him. “I'm nobody's fool,” he muttered, forlornly.

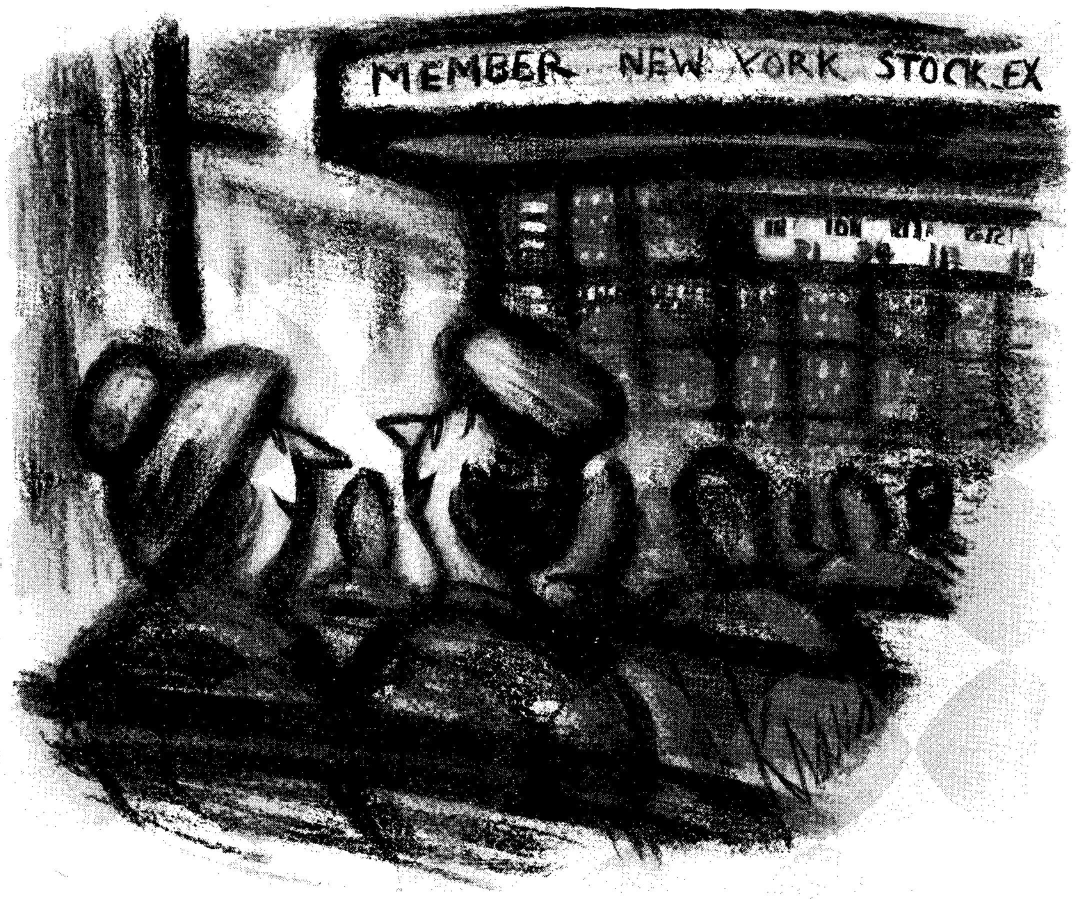
“You should find someone,” Frau Hindendorf spoke up. She had finished gobbling her fish and was now ready to catch up on the conversation in a more intelligent fashion while she waited for dessert. She wore a plain blue linen dress and white beads, and on her arm an amorous bruise. “We all need someone to belong to in this world. To . . .”

THE ship's saloon was filling up rapidly after dinner, and as Herr Gottschalk rounded the doorway into it his nostrils encountered the bitter smell of individuals. He hoped to find Mrs. Haverstick alone at a table. When he did his heart sank. “May I . . . ?” he began apprehensively.

“Of course. Please sit down.”

Seated across from her, he felt a familiar dew gather on his brow. She seemed, herself, now, prepared to put him at his ease. She drew from her bag a bottle of Cointreau, unscrewed the cap, and began to pour the contents over her bare arms. She let it trickle along her wrists to her elbows, rubbing it gently, pleasurably into her skin, at the same time inhaling its fumes with a lost air, her eyes voluptuously closed. Was she inviting him into the ornate privacy of her life, if you could call it privacy? But it was the book he wanted, he reminded himself sternly, the prize for which he had given up a decade of even the simple pleasures, let alone the exotic. Yet she was a woman and he a man, so that chase also had something of the bitter duplicity of love—about which no one knew more than this woman. He tried to affect a lover's nonchalance as he pressed the bell for the waiter. God, the energy that went into indifference!

The waiter came to take their orders. “Have you any cologne?” she asked. Herr Gottschalk became now quite terrified. He heard to his relief the waiter say no, with gratitude saw him go off with their orders


MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EX

"Every time I get ready to dump it, it stages a brave little rally."

• •

for highballs—and return in two minutes with no further words spoken at their table. Herr Gottschalk raised his highball and with a flustered "*Adiós*," which was what the South Americans seemed to be saying all the time, drank it down as though it were a glass of water, he was quite parched.

Now he would make the pitch. It was all very well for the damned unwritten book to be a legend in her lifetime, but his was drawing to a close. Down the arches of how many years had he not followed her, not like the Hound of Heaven any more than a Captain Ahab, to be sure, but rather like some tireless meek mongrel trotting at her heels? The end of the book receded eternally before you like the horizon, and while she might be only forty-five and could wait ten more years, making it twenty in all, he was fifty-eight and could not.

Mrs. Haverstick, who did not miss a trick even with her eyes closed, had seen the flush go up his face and misunderstood his emotion. Seeing through people sometimes made her miss what was inside them, but that was the price one paid for the gift of penetration. She thought he was still smarting under the incident at dinner. Men never know when to quarrel, she thought: how to spare, against a hungrier day, the still uneaten portions of the heart.

"There is something I must say tonight," Herr Gottschalk began, his voice gaining an unexpected octave in pitch. She saw him fidget in his pocket. He was nudging the cap off his own little bottle with a thumb, so as to have in readiness one of the tablets which had so often saved his life and might be called upon to perform the same role tonight. "You are getting off at Port-au-Prince, they say, to finish another chapter."

"I hope to finish another chapter there," she said, kneading the aromatic liquid into her wrists, working it well down into the crevices of her fingers. "A page or two a day is all I can manage. Sometimes not that. It's slow going."

"Of course. It is so rich. How far through it are you?"

"Oh, a third. Perhaps a little less. Why?"

He cleared his throat hoarsely and, reaching between his thighs with his free hand, hitched his chair an inch closer to the table. "I am too old to make advances to beautiful ladies, but I am still fortunately in a position to give them." The dog's smile writhed across his face again as he joked. "I am in a position to offer you a check for ten thousand dollars for what you have of the manuscript."

She stopped kneading her hands and dropped them on the table, resting the undersides of her wrists against its edge. She looked at him quite blankly. "What manuscript?"

"The—the Book."

"You seem to be under some misconception, Herr Gottschalk," she said. "This is not a book I am writing. It is a book I am reading."

Herr Gottschalk sat like something molded out of cheese, staring at the table as if into a pool of sharks. His head went forward, slowly, like that of a man descending willingly into whatever it was transfixed his gaze, not falling helplessly.

"I'm a slow reader, and the book is long. And a masterpiece. One is sometimes discouraged, but one knows that what's there is worth staying with." She seemed to have forgotten Herr Gottschalk, and began to speak as though she were talking to another woman with whom she was gossiping about a third. "She's a genius, of course, and genius always has the right to bore us now and then, for the sake of what's up ahead. And why does characterization for a woman so often consist in having someone's number? Let me tell you about . . ."

His fingers relinquished the bottle in his pocket. It was the great, really quite blissful Letting Go that he had always dreamed it would be. Even before his head struck the table he had the sensation of sinking leagues through peaceful waters already far below the ship, into cool fathoms where he could rest forever among waving fronds and the great tides already tolling in his ears like a dim, delicious, distant bell. . . .

Mrs. Haverstick saw his head come to a stop among the litter of glasses, ashtrays, and spilled nuts on the tabletop. Rising, she reached across him and rang for the waiter.

"Clear these things away," she said in her most pleasant manner.

—PETER DE VRIES

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Tonight the beauties who vied in the talent competition will model gowns and swimsuits for the six judges and vice-versa.—*Middletown (Conn.) Press.*

Now we're getting somewhere.

THE PICNIC

IT was like Nettie, Clem thought, to wear a dress like that to a picnic and to spill something on it. His wife, May, was wearing shorts and a plaid shirt, and here was Nettie in a dress that showed her white arms and shoulders—and, as she bent over the wine stain, her bosom; a dress with a green design of grapes and vine leaves. He could tell, too, that she had been to the hairdresser yesterday, or even this morning before setting out to visit them. She hadn't changed at all. Unrealistic, that was the word for Nettie.... But the word, suggesting laughter and extravagance, unexpectedly gave him pleasure. Feeling as though Nettie herself had cheated him of his judgment, he turned away from her and glanced down the hillside to where May was playing catch with Ivor, their youngest boy.

If May had left them alone deliberately, as he assumed she had—and he honored that generosity in her—she was mistaken in thinking they had anything to say to one another. They had been sitting for some minutes in complete silence, Nettie repacking the remains of the lunch into the picnic basket or, since the accident with the wine, fiddling with her dress. But what could two people talk about after ten years (for it must be getting on to that)? Nettie, though quite chatty throughout lunch, certainly hadn't said much since. Perhaps she expected him to mention all that business; it would fit in with her sentimental ideas. Naturally, he had no intention of doing anything of the kind—why bring up something that happened at least ten years ago and made all three of them miserable enough, God knows, at the time? Yes, that would be Nettie all over, wanting to be told that he had often thought about her, had never forgotten her, never would—although whole months passed sometimes when Nettie never entered his head, and he was sure it must be the same way for her; at least, he presumed so. Even then, he would remember her only because someone else—May, perhaps—spoke of her.

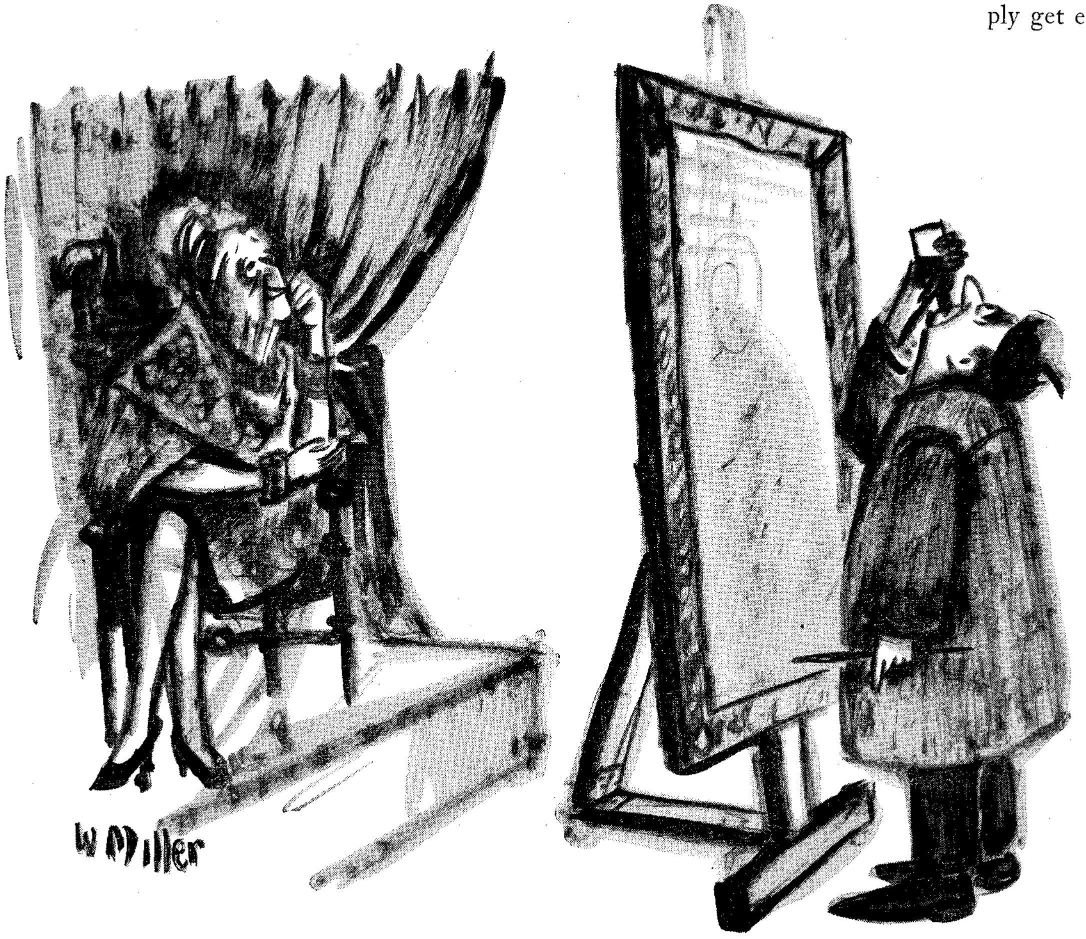
In fact, it was because someone else brought her to his attention that the thing had come about in the first place. He had not, in the beginning, thought her attractive—a young cousin of May's who came to the house for weekends in the summer. He had scarcely noticed her until a casual visitor, the wife of one of his partners, spoke about her. A beautiful woman, she had called her—the phrase struck him all the more because he or May would have said, at most, a pretty girl. And Nettie, that day, had been dressed in a crumpled yellow cotton, he remembered—not at her best at all. Later, he had reflected that his whole life had been jeopardized because someone thoughtlessly said, "She is beautiful."

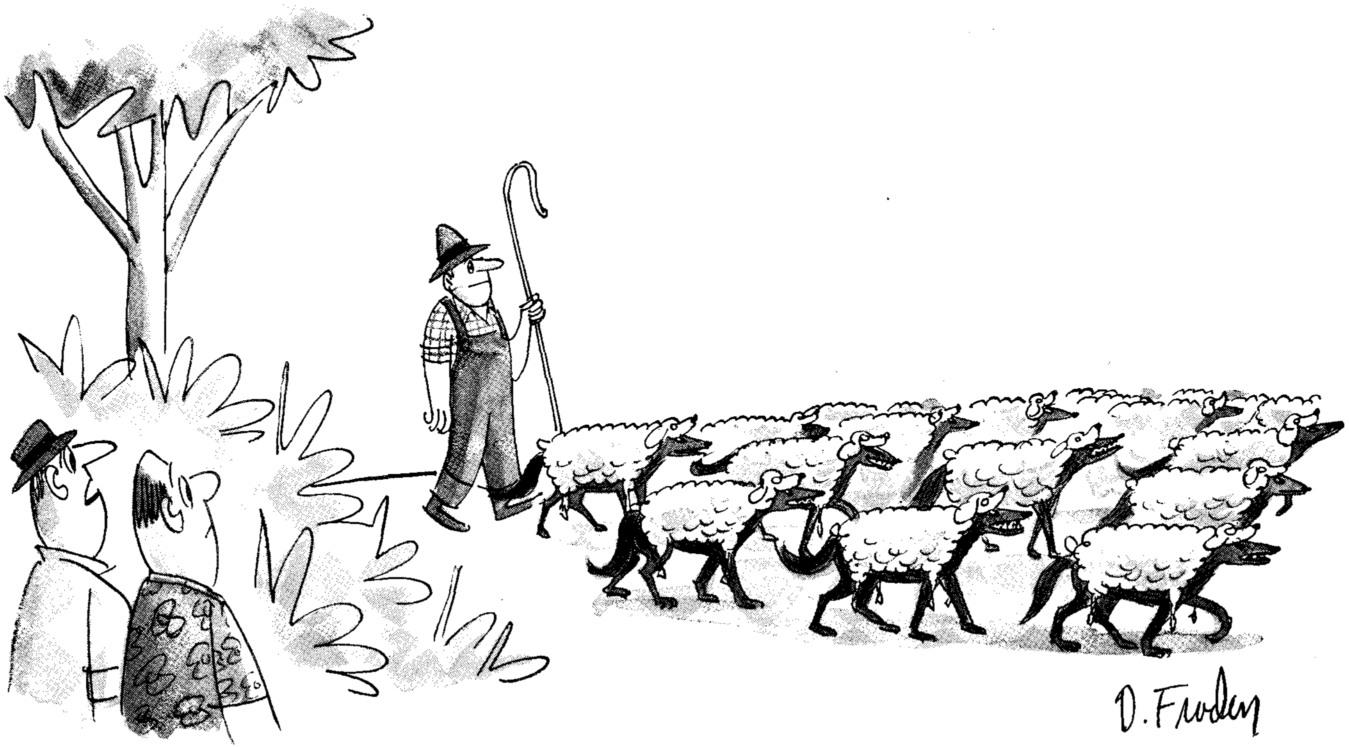
Now Nettie looked up at him, drawing her hair away from her face with the back of her hand. Still they did not speak, and to make the silence more natural by seeming at his ease Clem stretched on his elbow among the ferns. Nettie released the loop of hair and poured a little water from a thermos onto the mark on her dress. Her earrings swung; her dress shifted along one shoulder. Her head lowered intently—he supposed that she had become shortsighted and refused to wear glasses.

He could hardly recall how it had developed, what had first been said between them, whether either of them resisted the idea. His memories of Nettie were like a pile of snapshots never arranged according to date. He could see her quite clearly, though, sitting in a garden chair, and in a car, and, of all things, riding a bicycle; and facing him across a table—in a restaurant, he thought—looking profoundly sad and enjoying herself hugely.

If, he told himself, I were to say now that I've thought of her (just because it would please her—and they would probably never meet again), she might simply get emotional. Not having thought of it all for years, she might seize the opportunity to have a good cry. Or perhaps she doesn't really want to discuss the past; perhaps she's as uncomfortable as I.... All the same, she looked quite composed. He might almost have said a little satirical, as though she found his life quite dull and could rejoice that, after all, she had not shared it. (He saw himself, for an instant, with what he imagined to be her eyes. What a pity she had come just now—he had worked hard last winter, and he thought it had told on him.)

It was true, of course, that he had responsibilities, couldn't be rushing about the world pleasing himself, as she could. But no man, he assured himself irritably, could be entirely satisfied with what had happened to him. There must always be the things one had chosen not to do. One couldn't explore every





"You can be sure that guy's up to no good."

• •

possibility—one didn't have a thousand years. In the end, what was important? One's experience, one's ideas, what one read; some taste, understanding. He had his three sons, his work, his friends, this house. There was Matt, his eldest boy, who was so promising. (Then he recalled that during lunch today he had spoken sharply to Matt over something or other, and Nettie had laughed. She had made a flippant remark about impatience; that he hadn't changed at all, was that it? Some such silly, proprietary thing—which he had answered, briefly, with dignity. He knew himself to be extremely patient.)

Yes, Nettie could be quite tiresome, he remembered—almost with relief, having feared, for a moment, his own sentimentality. She made excessive demands on people; her talk was full of exaggerations. She had no sense of proportion, none whatever—and wasn't that exactly the thing one looked for in a woman? And she took a positive pride in condoning certain kinds of conduct, because they demonstrated weaknesses similar to her own. She was not fastidious, as May was.

That was it, of course. He had in his marriage the thing they would never have managed together, Nettie and he—a sort of perseverance, a persistent understanding. Where would Nettie have found strength for the unremitting concessions of daily life? She was precipitated from delight to lamentation without logical sequence, as though life were too short; she must cram everything in and perhaps sort it out later. (He rather imagined, from the look of things, that the sorting process had been postponed indefinitely.) For her, all experience was dramatic, every love eternal. Whereas he could only look on a love affair, now, as a displacement, not just of his habits—though that, too—but of his intelligence. Of the mind itself. Being in love was, like pain, an indignity, a reducing thing. So nearly did it seem in retrospect a form of insanity, the odd thing to him was that it should be considered normal.

Not that it wasn't exciting in its own way, Nettie's ardor, her very irresponsibility. It was what had fascinated him at the time, no doubt. And she was easily amused—though that was one of her drawbacks; she laughed at men, and naturally they felt it. Even when she had been, so to speak, in love with him, he had sometimes felt she had laughed at him, too.

In all events, his marriage had survived Nettie's attractions, whatever they were. It was not easy, of course. In contrast to Nettie, May assumed too many burdens. Where Nettie was impetuous and inconsiderate, May was scrupulous and methodical. He was often concerned about May. She worried, almost with passion (he surprised himself with the word), over human untidiness, civic affairs, the international situation. He was willing to bet that the international situation never crossed Nettie's mind. May had a horror of disorder—"Let's get organized," she would say, faced with a picnic, a dinner party; faced with life itself. If his marriage lacked romance, which would scarcely be astonishing after twenty years, it was more securely established on respect and affection. There were times, he knew, when May still needed him intensely, but their relations were so carefully balanced that he was finding it more and more difficult to detect the moment of appeal.

He felt a sudden hatred for Nettie, and for this silence of hers that prejudiced one's affections and one's principles. She tried—he could feel it; it was to salve her own pride—to make him consider himself fettered, diminished, a shore from which the wave of life receded. And what had *she* achieved, after all, that she should question the purpose of his existence? He didn't know much about her life these past few years—which alone showed there couldn't be much to learn. A brief, impossible marriage, a lot of trips, and some flighty jobs. What did she have to show for all this time—without children, no longer young, sitting there preoccupied with a stain on her dress? She couldn't suggest that he was to blame for the turn her life had taken—she wasn't all *that* unjust. She had suffered at the time, no doubt, but it was so long ago. They couldn't begin now to accuse or vindicate one another. That was why it was much better not to open

BY CANOE THROUGH THE FIR FOREST

Into the slain tons of needles,
On something like time and dark knowledge
That cannot be told, we are riding
Over white stones, forward through fir trees,
Following whatever the river
Through the clasping of roots follows deeply.

As we go inward, more trunks
Climb from the edge of the water
And turn on the banks and stand growing.
The nerves, in the patches of tree-light
On the ripples, can feel no death,
But shake like the wings of angels

With light hard pressed to keep up,
Though it is in place on each feather.
Heavy woods in one movement around us
Flow back along either side,
Bringing in more essential curves;
Small stones in their thousands turn corners

Under water and bear us on
Through the glittering, surfacing wingbeats
Cast from above. As we pass over,
As we pass through each hover of gold,
We lift up our blades from the water,
And the blades of our shoulders,

Our rowing muscles, our wings,
Are still and tremble, undying,
Drifting deeper into the forest.
Each light comes into our life
Past the man in front's changed hair,
Then along the wing-balancing floor,

And then onto me and one eye,
And into my mouth for an instant.
The stones beneath us grow rounder
As I taste the fretted light fall
Through living needles to be here
Like a word I can feed on forever,

Or believe like a vision I have
Or want to conceive out of greenness.
While the world fades, it is *becoming*.
As trees shut away all seeing,
In my mouth I mix it with sunlight.
Here, in the dark, it is *being*.

—JAMES DICKEY

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the subject at all, actually. He glanced severely at her, restraining her recriminations. But she had lost her mocking, judicial air. She was still looking down, though less attentively. Her hands were folded over her knee.

Well, she *was* beautiful; he would have noticed it even if it had never been pointed out to him. . . . All at once he wanted to say "I have often thought of you" (for it was true, he realized now; he thought of her every day). Abruptly, he looked away. At the foot of the hill, May had stopped playing with the children and was sitting on a rock. It is my own decision, he reminded himself, that Nettie isn't mine, that I haven't seen her in all these years. And the knowledge, though not completely gratifying, gave him a sense of integrity and self-denial, so that when he looked at her again it was without desire, and he told himself, I have grown.

HE has aged, Nettie thought. Just now, looking into his face—which was, curiously, more familiar to her than anyone else's—she had found nothing to stir her. One might say that he was faded, as one would say it of a woman. He would soon be fifty. He had a fretful, touchy air about him. During lunch, when she had laughed at his impatience, he had replied primly (here in her mind she pulled a long, solemn, comic face), "I have my faults, I suppose, like everyone else." And like everyone else, she noted, he was willing to admit the general probability so long as no specific instance was brought to his attention. He made little announcements about himself, too, protesting his tolerance, his sincerity. "I am a sensitive person," he had declared, absolutely out of the blue (something, anyway, that no truly sensitive person would say). He was so cautious—anyone would think he had a thousand years to live and didn't need to invite experience. And while, of course, any marriage must involve compromise (and who, indeed, would know that better than she?), that was no reason for Clem and May to behave toward one another like a couple of . . . civil servants.

She could acknowledge his intelligence. And he had always been a very competent person. Wrecked on a desert island, for instance (one of her favorite criteria), he would have known what to do. But life demanded more, after all, than the ability to build a fire without matches, or recognize the breadfruit tree on sight. And one could hardly choose to be wrecked simply in order to have an opportunity for demonstrating such accomplishments.

Strange that he should have aged like this in so short a time—it would be precisely eight years in June since they parted. It was still a thing she couldn't bring herself to think of, the sort of thing people had in mind when they said, not quite laughing, that they wouldn't want their youth over again. Oddly enough, it was the beginning, not the end, that didn't bear thinking about. One weekend, they had stopped at a bar, in the country, on the way to this house. It was summer, and their drinks came with long plastic sticks in them. Clem had picked up one of the sticks and traced the outline of her fingers, lying flat on the Formica tabletop. They had not said anything at all, then, but she had known simply because he did that. Even now, the thought of his drawing that ridiculous plastic stick around her fingers was inexpressibly touching.

Naturally, she didn't imagine poor old Clem had planned an affair in advance, but even at the time she had felt he was ready for something of the kind—that she was the first person he happened to notice. For the fact was that they were not really suited to one another, which he would have discovered if he had ever tried to understand her properly. He had no idea of what she was like, none whatever. To this day, she was sure, he thought her trivial, almost frivolous. (And she was actually an acutely sensitive person.) No wonder they found nothing to say to one another now.

It *was* a strain, however, their being alone like this. And how like May to have arranged it this way, how ostentatiously forbearing. Magnanimous, Clem would have called it (solemn again), but May had a way, Nettie felt, of being magnanimous, as it were, at one's expense. Still, what did it matter? Since they had invited her, after she had run into May in a shop one afternoon, she could hardly have refused to come. In an hour or two it would be over; she need never come again.

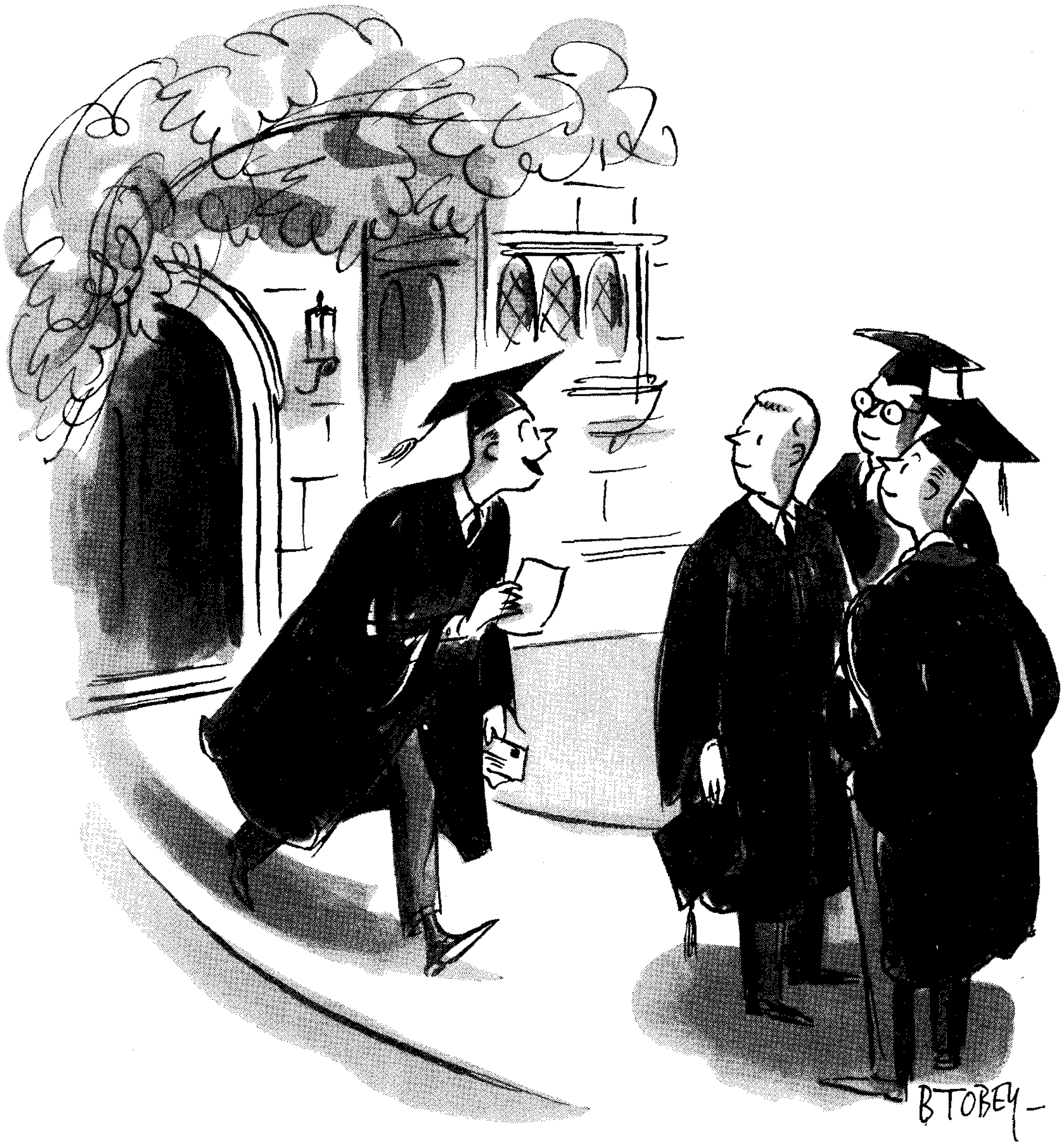
It did matter. It wouldn't be over, really. Her life was associated with Clem's, however little he might mean to her now, and she must always be different because she had known him. She wasn't saying that he was responsible for the pattern of her life—she wasn't that unjust. It was, rather, that he cropped up, uninvited, in her thoughts almost every day. She found herself wondering over and over again what he would think of things that happened to her, or wanting to tell him a story that would amuse him. And surely that is the sense, she thought, in which one might say that love is eternal. She was pleased when people spoke well of him in her hearing—and yet resentful, because she had no part, now, in his good qualities. And when she heard small accusations against him, she wondered whether she should contest them. But, for all she knew, they might be justified. That was the trouble with experience; it taught you that most people were capable of anything, so that loyalty was never quite on firm ground—or, rather, became a matter of pardoning offenses instead of denying their existence.

She sympathized with his attitude. It was tempting to confine oneself to what one could cope with. And one couldn't cope with love. (In her experience, at any rate, it had always got out of hand.) But, after all, it was the only state in which one could consider oneself normal; which engaged all one's capacities, rather than just those developed by necessity—or shipwreck. One never realized how much was lacking until one fell in love again, because love—like pain, actually—couldn't be properly remembered or conveyed.

How sad it was. Looking into his face just now, finding nothing of interest, she had been so pierced by sadness that tears filled her eyes and she had to bend over the stain on her dress to hide her face. It was absurd that they should face each other this way—antagonistically, in silence—simply because they had once been so close. She would have done anything for him. Even though she no longer cared for him, saw his weakness quite clearly, still she would do anything for him. She cared for him, now, less than for any man she knew, and yet she would have done anything. . . . It *was* a pity about her dress, though—wine was absolutely the worst thing; it would never come out.

UPRIGHT on her rock, May gave a short, exhausted sigh. She closed her eyes for a moment, to clear them, and Ivor called out to her that she must watch him, watch the game. She looked back at him without smiling. On either side, her palms were pressed hard against the stone.

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD



"Hey, fellows! I got the corporation of my choice."

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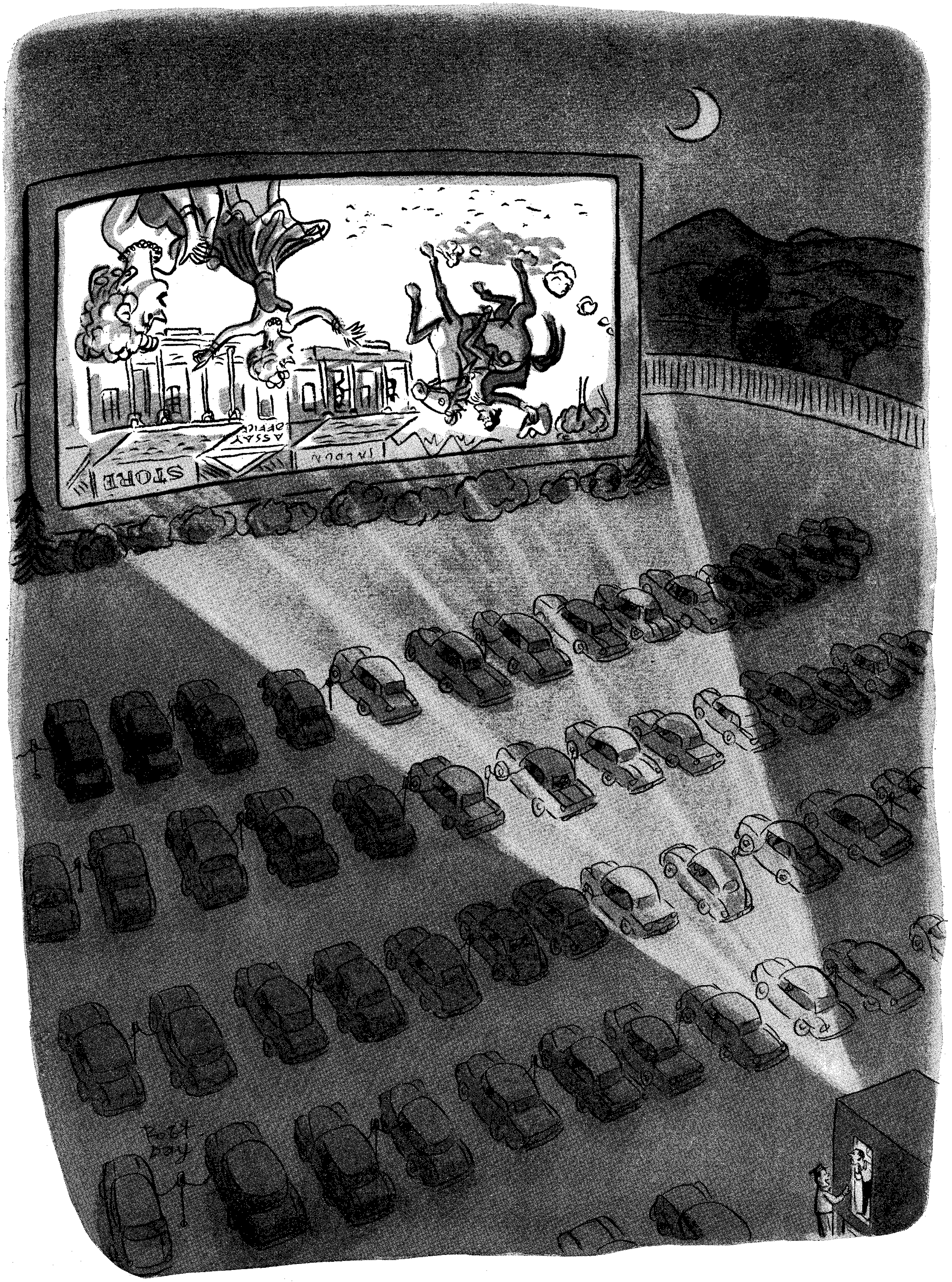
REP. LEO O'BRIEN (D., N.Y.): "Might I add, then—and I'm not trying to be facetious—the discovery of America was primarily the result of government expenditure; if I recollect, I think Queen Elizabeth hocked her jewels."—*Hearings on space-communications-satellite bills before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.*

No, no, no. Disraeli had been winning at cards.


STORE
ASSAY OFFICE
SALOON
Tobey

"O.K., pay me. Ten minutes and nobody's said a word."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SILENT SPRING—I

THERE was once a town in the heart of America where all life seemed to be in harmony with its surroundings. The town lay in the midst of a checkerboard of prosperous farms, with fields of grain and hillsides of orchards, where white clouds of bloom drifted above the green land. In autumn, oak and maple and birch set up a blaze of color that flamed and flickered across a backdrop of pines. Then foxes barked in the hills and deer crossed the fields, half hidden in the mists of the mornings. Along the roads, laurel, viburnum, and alder, great ferns and wild flowers delighted the traveller's eye through much of the year. Even in winter, the roadsides were places of beauty, where countless birds came to feed on the berries and on the seed heads of the dried weeds rising above the snow. The countryside was, in fact, famous for the abundance and variety of its bird life, and when the flood of migrants was pouring through in spring and fall, people came from great distances to observe them. Other people came to fish streams, which flowed clear and cold out of the hills and contained shady pools where trout lay. So it had been from the days, many years ago, when the first settlers raised their houses, sank their wells, and built their barns.

Then, one spring, a strange blight crept over the area, and everything began to change. Some evil spell had settled on the community; mysterious maladies swept the flocks of chickens, and the cattle and sheep sickened and died. Everywhere was the shadow of death. The farmers told of much illness among their families. In the town, the doctors were becoming more and more puzzled by new kinds of sickness that had appeared among their patients. There had been several sudden and unexplained deaths, not only among the adults but also among the children, who would be stricken while they were at play, and would die within a few hours. And there was a strange stillness. The birds, for example—where had they gone? Many people, baffled and disturbed, spoke of them. The feeding stations in the back yards were deserted. The few birds to be seen anywhere were moribund; they trembled violently and could not fly. It was a spring without voices. In the mornings, which had once throbbed with the dawn chorus of robins, catbirds, doves, jays, and wrens, and scores of other bird voices, there was now no sound; only silence lay over the fields and woods and marshes. On the farms, the hens brooded but no chicks hatched. The farmers complained that they were unable to raise any pigs; the litters were small, and the young survived only a few days. The apple trees were coming into bloom, but no bees droned among the blossoms, so there was no pollination and there would be no fruit. The roadsides were lined with brown and withered vegetation, and were silent, too, deserted by all living things. Even the streams were lifeless. Anglers no longer visited them, for all the fish had died. In the gutters under the eaves, and between the shingles of the roofs, a few patches of white granular powder could be seen; some weeks earlier this powder had been dropped, like snow, upon the roofs and the lawns, the fields and the streams. No witchcraft, no enemy action had snuffed out life in this stricken world. The people had done it themselves.

This town does not actually exist; I know of no community that has experienced all the misfortunes I describe. Yet every one of them has actually happened somewhere in the world, and many communities have already suffered a substantial number of them. A grim spectre has crept upon us almost unnoticed, and soon my imaginary town may have thousands of real counterparts. What is silencing the voices of spring in countless towns in America? I shall make an attempt to explain.

THE history of life on earth is a history of the interaction of living things and their surroundings. To an overwhelming extent, the physical form and the habits of the earth's vegetation and its animal life have been molded and directed by the environment. Over the whole span of earthly time, the opposite effect, in which life modifies its surroundings, has been relatively slight. It is only within the moment of time represented by the twentieth century that one species—man—has acquired significant power to alter the nature of his world, and it is only within the past twenty-five years that this power has achieved such magnitude that it endangers the whole earth and its life. The most alarming of all man's assaults upon the environment is the contamination of the air, earth, rivers, and seas with dangerous, and even lethal, materials. This pollution has rapidly become almost universal, and it is for the most part irrecoverable; the chain of evil it initiates, not only in the world that must support life but in living tissues, is for the most part irreversible. It is widely known that radiation has done much to change the very nature of the world, the very nature of its life; strontium 90, released into the air through nuclear explosions, comes to earth in rain or drifts down as fallout, lodges in soil, enters into the grass or corn or wheat grown there, and, in time, takes up its abode in the bones of a human being, there to remain until his death. It is less well known that many man-made chemicals act in much the same way as radiation; they lie long in the soil, and enter into living organisms, passing from one to another. Or they may travel mysteriously by underground streams, emerging to combine, through the alchemy of air and sunlight, into new forms, which kill vegetation, sicken cattle, and work unknown harm on those who drink from once pure wells. As Albert Schweitzer has said, "Man can hardly even recognize the devils of his own creation." It took hundreds of millions of years to produce the life that now inhabits the earth—aeons of time, in which that developing and evolving and diversifying life reached a state of adjustment to its surroundings. To be sure, the environment, rigorously shaping and directing the life it supported, contained hostile elements. Certain rocks gave out dangerous radiation; even within the light of the sun, from which all life draws its energy, there were short-wave radiations with power to injure. But given time—time not in years but in millennia—life adjusted, and a balance was reached. Time was the essential ingredient. Now, in the modern world, there is no time. The speed with which new hazards are created reflects the impetuous and heedless pace of man, rather than the deliberate pace of nature. Radiation is no longer merely the background radiation of rocks, the bombardment of cosmic rays, the ultraviolet of the sun, which existed before there was any life on earth; radiation is now also the unnatural creation of man's tamper-

"I'm not interested in making more money, young man! I am making more money!"

• •

ing with the atom. The chemicals to which life is asked to make its adjustment are no longer merely the calcium and silica and copper and the rest of the minerals washed out of the rocks and carried in rivers to the sea; they are also the synthetic creations of man's inventive mind, brewed in his laboratories and having no counterparts in nature. To adjust to these chemicals would require time on the scale that is nature's; it would require not merely the years of a man's life but the life of generations. And even this would be futile, for the new chemicals come in an endless stream; almost five hundred annually find their way into actual use in the United States alone. The figure is staggering and its implications are not easily grasped: five hundred new chemicals to which the bodies of men and all other living things are required somehow to adapt each year—chemicals totally outside the limits of biological experience.

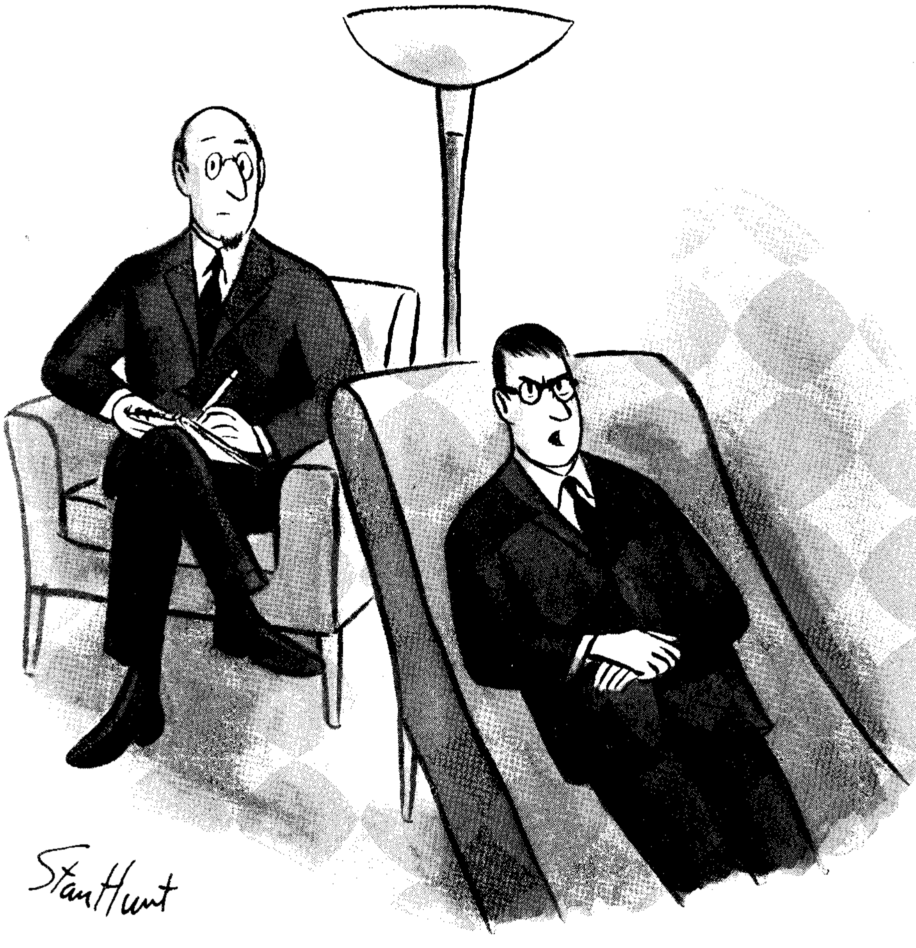
Among the new chemicals are many that are used in man's war against nature. In the past decade and a half, some six hundred basic chemicals have been created for the purpose of killing insects, weeds, rodents, and other organisms described in the modern vernacular as "pests." In the form of sprays, dusts, and aerosols, these basic chemicals are offered for sale under several thousand different brand names—a highly bewildering array of poisons, confusing even to the chemist, which have the power to kill every insect, the "good" as well as the "bad," to still the song of birds and to stop the leaping of fish in the streams, to coat the leaves with poison and to linger on in soil. It may prove to be impossible to lay down such a barrage of dangerous poisons on the surface of the earth without making it unfit for all life. Indeed, the term "biocide" would be more appropriate than "insecticide"—all the more appropriate because the whole process of spraying poisons on the earth seems to have been caught up in an endless spiral. Since the late nineteen-forties, when DDT began to be used widely, a process of escalation has been going on in which ever more toxic chemicals must be found. This has happened because insects, in a triumphant vindication of Darwin's principle of the survival of the fittest, have consistently evolved superraces immune to the particular insecticide used, and hence a deadlier one has always had to be developed—and then a deadlier one than that. It has happened also that destructive insects often undergo a "flareback," or resurgence, after spraying, in numbers greater than before. The chemical war is never won, and all life is caught in its cross fire.

Along with the possibility of the extinction of mankind by nuclear war, a central problem of our age is the contamination of man's total environment with substances of incredible potential for harm—substances that accumulate in the tissues of plants and animals, and even penetrate the germ cells, to shatter or alter the very material of heredity, upon which the shape of the future depends. Some would-be architects of our future look toward a time when we will be able to alter the human germ plasm by design. But we may easily be altering it now by inadvertence, for many chemicals, like radiation, bring about gene mutations. It is ironic to think that man may determine his own future by something so seemingly trivial as the choice of his insect spray. The results, of course, will not be apparent for decades or centuries. All this has been risked—for what? Future historians may well be amazed by our distorted sense of proportion. How could intelligent beings seek to control a few unwanted species of weeds and insects by a method that brought the threat of disease and death even to their own kind?

The problem whose attempted solution has touched off such a train of disaster is an accompaniment of our modern way of life. Long before the age of man, insects inhabited the earth—a group of extraordinarily varied and adaptable beings. Since man's advent, a small percentage of the more than half a million species of insects have come into conflict with human welfare, principally in two ways—as competitors for the food supply and as carriers of human disease. Disease-carrying insects become important where human beings are crowded together, especially when sanitation is poor, as in times of natural disaster or war, or in situations of extreme poverty and deprivation. As for insects that compete with man for food, they become important with the intensification of agriculture—the devotion of immense acreages to the production of a single crop. Such a system sets the stage for explosive increases in specific insect populations. Single-crop farming does not take advantage of the principles by which nature works; it is agriculture as an engineer might conceive it to be. Nature has introduced great variety into the landscape, but man has displayed a passion for simplifying it. Thus he undoes the built-in checks and balances by which nature holds the various species within bounds. One important natural check is a limit on the amount of suitable habitat for each species. Obviously, an insect that lives on wheat can build up its population to much higher levels on a farm devoted solely to wheat than on a farm where wheat is intermingled with crops to which the insect is not adapted. In all such circumstances, insect control of some sort is necessary and proper. But in the case of both types of insect—the disease-carrying and the crop-consuming—it is a sobering fact that massive chemical control has had only limited success, and even threatens to worsen the very conditions it is intended to curb.

Another aspect of the insect problem is one that must be viewed against a background of geological and human history—the spreading of thousands of different kinds of organisms from their native homes into new territories. This worldwide migration has been studied and graphically described by the British ecologist Charles Elton in his recent book "The Ecology of Invasions by Animals and Plants." During the Cretaceous period, some hundred million years ago, flooding seas created many islands within continents, and living things found themselves confined in what Elton calls "colossal separate nature reserves." There, isolated from others of their kind, they developed large numbers of new species. When some of the land masses were joined again, about fifteen million years ago, these species began to move out into new territories—a movement that not only is still in progress but is now receiving considerable assistance from man. The importation of plants is the primary agent in the modern spread of species, for animals have almost invariably gone along with the plants—quarantine being a comparatively recent and never completely effective innovation. The United States government itself has imported approximately two hundred thousand species or varieties of plants from all over the world. Nearly half of the hundred and eighty-odd major insect enemies of plants in the United States are accidental imports from abroad, and most of them have come as hitchhikers on plants. In new territory, out of reach of the natural enemies that kept down its numbers in its native land, an invading plant or animal is able to increase its numbers enormously. Realistically speaking, it would seem that insect invasions, both those occurring naturally and those dependent on human assistance, are likely to continue indefinitely. We are faced, according to Dr. Elton, "with a life-and-death need not just to find new technological means of suppressing this plant or that animal" but to acquire the basic knowledge of animal populations and their relations to their surroundings that will "promote an even balance and damp down the explosive power of outbreaks and new invasions." Much of the necessary knowledge is now available, but we do not use it. Have we fallen into a mesmerized state that makes us accept as inevitable that which is inferior or detrimental, as though we had lost the will or the vision to demand that which is good? Such thinking, in the words of the American ecologist Paul Shepard, "idealizes life with only its head out of water, inches above the limits of toleration of the corruption of its own environment," and he goes on to ask, "Why should we tolerate a diet of weak poisons, a home in insipid surroundings, a circle of acquaintances who are not quite our enemies, the noise of motors with just enough relief to prevent insanity? Who would want to live in a world which is just not quite fatal?"

Yet such a world is pressed upon us. For the first time in history, virtually every human being is subjected to contact with dangerous chemicals from birth to death. In the less than two decades of their use, DDT and other synthetic pesticides have been thoroughly distributed over all but a few corners of the world. They have been recovered from many of the major river systems, and even from the streams of ground water flowing unseen through the earth. They have been found in soil to which they were applied a dozen years before. They have lodged in the bodies of fish, birds, reptiles, and domestic and wild animals to the point where it is now almost impossible for scientists carrying on animal experiments to obtain subjects free from such contamination. They have been found in fish in remote mountain lakes, in earthworms burrowing in soil, in the eggs of birds, and in man himself. These chemicals are now stored



"Up vistaed hopes I sped; and shot, precipitated adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears . . ."

TO MYSELF, AFTER FORTY YEARS

Terence, if I could return
My drear tideway to your bright burn,
If we could meet where I once strayed,
The betrayer and the betrayed,
If we could win back in time's defiance,
Would you be afraid of me, ten-year-old Terence?

No, you would not fear.
You would love, trust,
Cherish, admire
This tedious dust.

For, oh, we were all brimming once
With the sun-sparkled dew.
One heart could have loved this hulk—
The ignorant heart of you.

—T. H. WHITE

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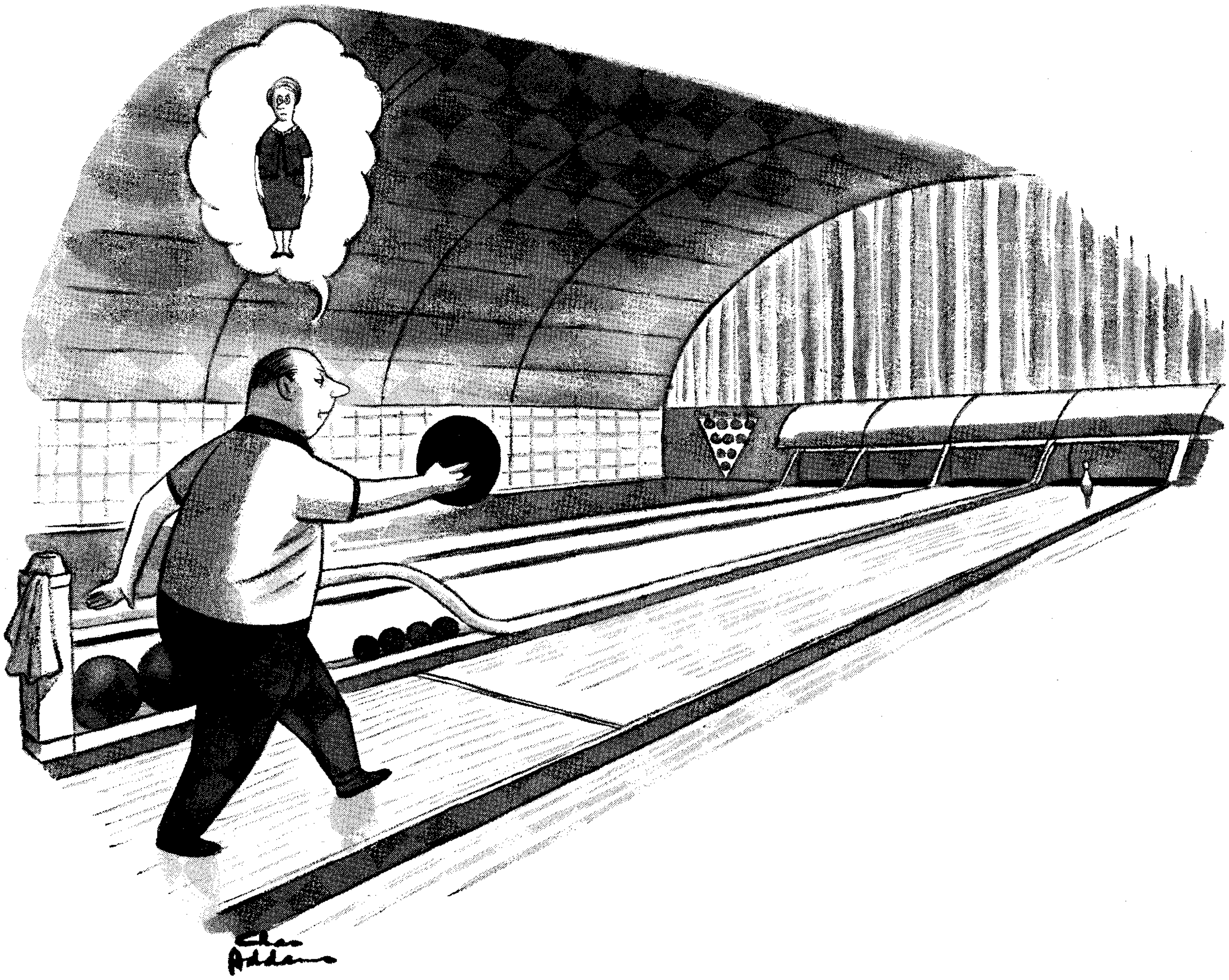
in the bodies of the vast majority of human beings, regardless of their age. They occur in mother's milk, and probably in the tissues of the unborn child.

All this has come about because of the prodigious growth of an industry for the production of synthetic chemicals with insecticidal properties. This industry is a child of the Second World War. In the course of developing agents of chemical warfare, some of the chemicals created in the laboratory were found to be lethal to insects. The discovery did not come by chance; insects were widely used to test chemicals as agents of death for man. In being man-made—by the ingenious laboratory manipulation of molecules, involving the substitution of atoms or the alteration of their arrangement—the new insecticides differ sharply from the simpler ones of prewar days. These were derived from naturally occurring minerals and plant products: compounds of arsenic, copper, lead, manganese, zinc, and other minerals; pyrethrum, from the dried flowers of chrysanthemums; nicotine sulphate, from some of the relatives of tobacco; and rotenone, from leguminous plants of the East Indies. What sets the new synthetic insecticides apart is their enormous biological potency. They can enter into the most vital processes of the body and change them in sinister and often deadly ways. Yet new chemicals are added to the list each year, and new uses are devised for them. Production of synthetic pesticides in the United States soared from 124,259,000 pounds in 1947 to 637,666,000 pounds in 1960—more than a fivefold increase. In 1960, the wholesale value of these products was well over a quarter of a billion dollars. But in the plans and hopes of the industry this enormous production is only a beginning. A *Who's Who* of pesticides, therefore, is of concern to us all. If we are going to live so intimately with these chemicals—eating and drinking them, taking them into the very marrow of our bones—we had better know something about their power.

The *Who's Who* would certainly include some of the pesticides that were used before the Second World War. Chief among these is arsenic, which is still the basic ingredient of a variety of weed and insect killers. Arsenic is a mineral occurring widely in association with the ores of various metals, and, in very small amounts, in volcanoes, in the sea, and in spring water. Its relations to man are varied and historic. Since many of its compounds are tasteless, it has been a favorite agent of homicide from long before the time of the Borgias. It was also the first recognized elementary carcinogen (or cancer-causing substance), being identified in chimney soot and linked to cancer nearly two centuries ago by an English physician. Epidemics of chronic arsenical poisoning involving whole populations over long periods are on record. Arsenic-contaminated environments have also caused sickness and death among horses, cows, goats, pigs, deer, fishes, and bees, but arsenical sprays and dusts are still widely applied. In the arsenic-sprayed cotton country of the southern United States, beekeeping as an industry has nearly died out. Farmers using arsenic dusts over long periods have been afflicted with chronic poisoning; livestock have been poisoned by crop sprays or weed killers containing arsenic. "It is scarcely possible . . . to handle arsenicals with more utter disregard of the general health than that which has been practiced in our country in recent years," Dr. W. C. Hueper, of the National Cancer Institute, an authority on environmental cancer, has said. "Anyone who has watched the dusters and sprayers of arsenical insecticides at work must have been impressed by the almost supreme carelessness with which these poisonous substances are dispensed."

The vast majority of modern insecticides fall into one of two large groups of chemicals. One group, represented by DDT, consists of the chlorinated hydrocarbons. The other consists of the organic phosphates, and is represented by the reasonably familiar malathion and parathion. All have one thing in common: they are built on a basis of carbon atoms, which are also the indispensable building blocks of life, and thus both groups are classed as "organic." Carbon is an element whose atoms have an almost infinite capacity for uniting with each other in chains and rings and various other configurations, and for becoming linked with atoms of other substances. Indeed, the incredible diversity of living creatures, from bacteria to whales, is due in large measure to this capacity of carbon. The complex protein molecule has the carbon atom as its basis, as have molecules of fat, carbohydrates, enzymes, and vitamins. So, too, have enormous numbers of nonliving things, for carbon is not necessarily a symbol of life. Some organic compounds are combinations of carbon and hydrogen. The simplest of these is methane, or marsh gas, which is formed in nature by the bacterial decomposition of organic matter under water. Mixed with air in certain proportions, it becomes the dreaded firedamp of coal mines. The structure of methane is beautifully simple—one carbon atom to which four hydrogen atoms have become attached. Chemists have discovered that it is possible to detach one or all of the hydrogen atoms and substitute other elements. For example, take away three hydrogen atoms and substitute chlorine atoms, and we have the anesthetic chloroform. Substitute chlorine



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atoms for all of the hydrogen atoms, and the result is carbon tetrachloride, the familiar cleaning fluid. These changes rung upon the basic molecule of methane illustrate in the simplest possible terms what a chlorinated hydrocarbon is. They give little hint of the complexity of the chemical world of the hydrocarbons, or of the manipulations by which the organic chemist creates his infinitely varied materials. For instead of the methane molecule, with its single carbon atom, he may work with hydrocarbon molecules consisting of many carbon atoms, arranged in rings or chains, and with side chains or branches, any of which may hold to themselves with chemical bonds not merely atoms of hydrogen or chlorine but also a wide variety of chemical groups. By seemingly slight changes, the whole character of the substance is transformed.

DDT (short for dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane) was first synthesized by a German chemist in 1874, but its properties as an insecticide were not discovered until 1939. Almost immediately thereafter, it was hailed as a means of stamping out insect-borne disease and winning the farmers' war against crop destroyers overnight, and, in due course, the chemist who had discovered its ability to kill insects, Paul Müller, of Switzerland, won the Nobel Prize. DDT is now so universally used that in most minds it has taken on the harmless aspect of the familiar. Perhaps the myth of the harmlessness of DDT rests on the fact that one of its first uses was the wartime dusting of many thousands of soldiers, refugees, and prisoners, to combat lice. It is widely believed that since so many people came into extremely intimate contact with DDT and suffered no immediate ill effects, the chemical must certainly be an innocent one. This understandable misconception arises from the fact that—unlike other chlorinated hydrocarbons—DDT *in powder form* is not readily absorbed through the skin. It does penetrate readily when it is dissolved in oil, as it usually is. If it is swallowed, it is absorbed slowly through the digestive tract; it may also be absorbed through the lungs. Once DDT, which, like all the chlorinated hydrocarbons, is soluble in fat, has entered the body, it is stored largely in organs rich in fatty substances, such as the adrenals, the testes, and the thyroid, and relatively large amounts are also deposited in the liver, the kidneys, and the fat of the large, protective mesentery, the tissue that enfolds the intestines and attaches them to the body wall. This storage of DDT begins with the smallest conceivable intake, and the fatty storage depots act as biological magnifiers, so that an intake of as little as one-tenth of one part per million in the diet results in the storage of from ten to fifteen parts per million—a hundredfold increase, or more. These terms of reference, so commonplace to the chemist or the pharmacologist, are unfamiliar to most of us. One part in a million sounds like a very small amount—and so it is. But some substances are so potent that a minute quantity can bring about vast changes in the body. For example, as little as three parts of DDT per million has been found to inhibit an oxidative enzyme in the heart muscle of experimental animals. In other experiments, only five parts of DDT per million brought about necrosis, or disintegration, of the cells of the liver; only 2.5 parts of the closely related insecticides dieldrin and chlordane have the same effect. This is really not surprising. In the normal chemistry of the human body, too, there is just such a disparity between cause and effect. For example, a quantity of iodine as small as two ten-thousandths of a gram can spell the difference between health and disease. Because these small amounts of pesticides are cumulatively stored and, in general, are built up at a rate higher than that at which they are excreted, the threat of chronic poisoning and of degenerative changes of the liver and other organs is a real one.

Scientists are not sure how much DDT can be stored in the human body. Some believe that there is a ceiling beyond which absorption and storage cease. Others do not. For practical purposes, it is not particularly important which view is right. Storage in human beings has been well investigated, and we know roughly how much the average person is storing. According to various studies, individuals with no known exposure except the inevitable dietary one store from 5.3 parts per million to 7.4 parts per million; agricultural workers about 17.1 parts per million; and workers in insecticide plants as high as 648 parts per million. Potentially harmful amounts undoubtedly vary from individual to individual, and, in any case, harmful results may not occur for years. The chemists' ingenuity in devising insecticides long ago outstripped the biologists' knowledge of the way these poisons affect the living organism.

"Don't you 'Comrade' me!"

One of the most significant features of DDT and related chemicals is the way they are passed on from one organism to another through all the links of the food chains. Fields of alfalfa, say, are dusted with DDT; meal is later prepared from the alfalfa and fed to hens; the hens lay eggs that contain DDT. Or the hay, containing residues of from seven to eight parts per million, may be fed to cows. The DDT will turn up in the milk in the amount of about three parts per million, but in butter made from this milk the concentration may run to sixty-five parts per million. During the process of transfer, what started out as a very small amount of DDT may end as a heavy concentration. The poison may be passed on from mother to offspring. The presence of insecticide residues in human milk has been established by Food and Drug Administration scientists. This is probably not the breast-fed infant's first exposure, however; there is good reason to believe that he starts receiving toxic chemicals while he is still in the womb. In experimental animals, the chlorinated-hydrocarbon insecticides freely cross the barrier of the placenta, the traditional protective shield between the embryo and harmful substances in the mother's body. While the quantities so received by human infants would normally be small, they would not be unimportant, because children are more susceptible to poisoning than adults.

Chlordane, another chlorinated hydrocarbon, has all the unpleasant attributes of DDT,

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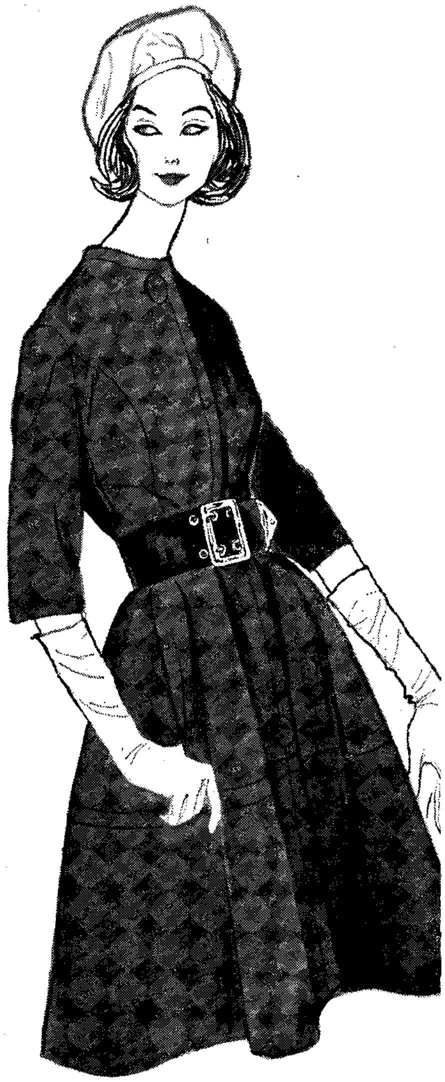

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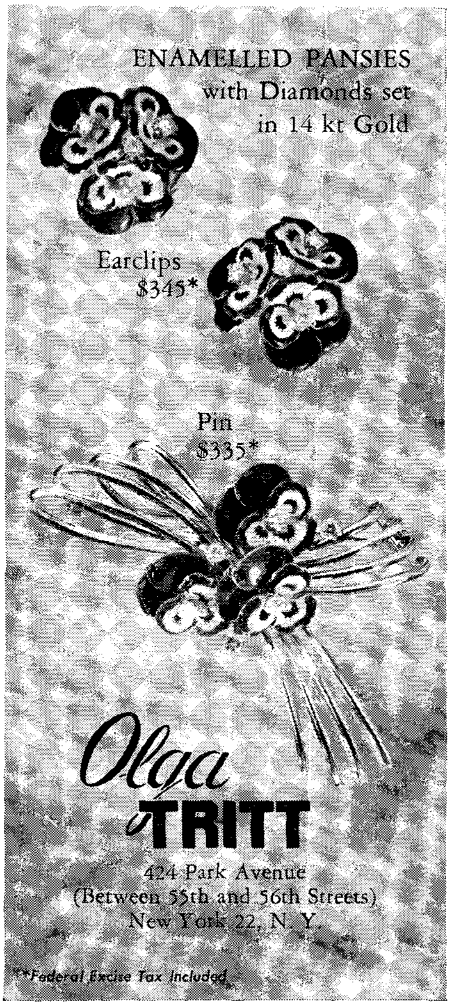
plus a few that are peculiarly its own. Its residues are long persistent in soil, on foodstuffs, and on surfaces to which it may be applied, yet it is also quite volatile, and poisoning by inhalation is a definite risk to anyone handling it or exposed to it. Chlordane takes advantage of all available portals in entering the body. A diet containing such a small amount of chlordane as 2.5 parts per million may eventually lead to storage of seventy-five parts per million in the fat. In 1950, Dr. Arnold J. Lehman, who is the chief pharmacologist of the Food and Drug Administration, described chlordane as "one of the most toxic of insecticides," adding, "Anyone handling it could be poisoned." To judge by the carefree liberality with which dusts for treating suburban lawns are laced with chlordane, this warning has not been taken to heart. If a suburbanite handling one of them is not instantly stricken, this does not mean he has escaped harm; the toxins may sleep long in his body, to become manifest months or years later in an obscure disorder that is almost impossible to trace to its origins. However, death may sometimes strike quickly. One man who accidentally spilled a twenty-five-per-cent solution of chlordane on his skin developed symptoms of poisoning within forty minutes and died before medical help could be obtained.

Heptachlor, one of the constituents of chlordane, is marketed as a separate formulation. It has a particularly high capacity for storage in fat. If the diet contains as little as a tenth of one part per million, there will be measurable amounts of heptachlor in the body. It also has the curious ability to undergo change into a chemically distinct substance known as heptachlor epoxide. It does this in soil and in the tissues of both plants and animals. Laboratory tests on quail show that the epoxide is from two to four times as toxic as the original chemical.

As long ago as the mid-nineteen-thirties, a special group of hydrocarbons, the chlorinated naphthalenes, had been found to cause hepatitis and a rare and almost invariably fatal disease known as yellow atrophy of the liver in persons subjected to occupational exposure. These chemicals have led to illness and death of workers in electrical industries (where they are used in insulation), and more recently, in agriculture, they have been considered a cause of a mysterious and usually fatal disease of cattle. It is not surprising that three of the insecticides that belong to this group are among the most violently poisonous of



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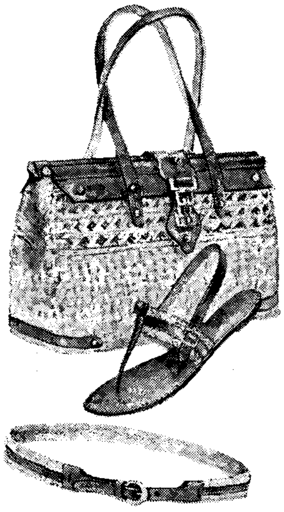

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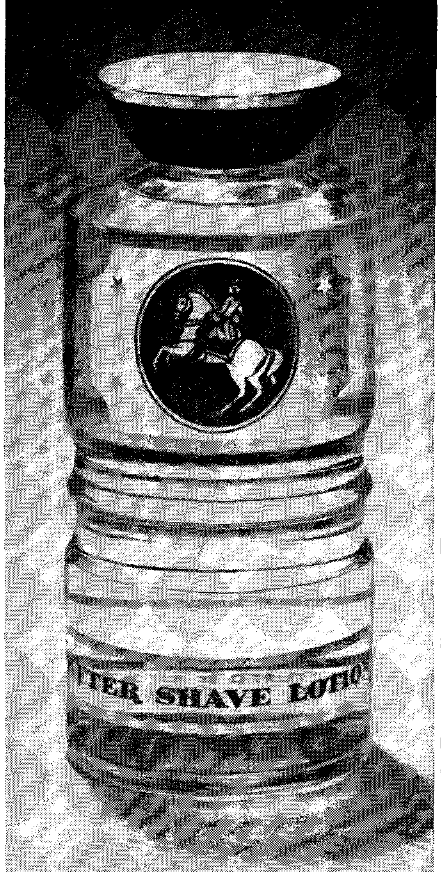

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all the hydrocarbons. These are dieldrin, aldrin, and endrin.

Dieldrin, named for a German chemist, Otto Diels, is about five times as toxic as DDT when it enters the body through the mouth and forty times as toxic when it is absorbed through the skin in solution. It is notorious for striking quickly at the nervous system, sending the victim into convulsions. Because the insecticidal action of dieldrin is particularly potent, and because its residues persist for a long period, it is one of the most widely used insecticides today. There are vast gaps in our knowledge of how dieldrin is stored and distributed in the body, and of the extent to which it is excreted, but there are indications of long storage in the human body, where deposits may lie dormant like a slumbering volcano, only to flare up in periods of physiological stress, when the body draws upon its fat reserves. Much of what we do know has been learned through hard experience in the anti-malarial campaigns carried out by the World Health Organization. As the malaria mosquitoes have become resistant to DDT, dieldrin has been substituted in malaria-control work, and, as this has happened, cases of poisoning have appeared among the spraymen. A study published in 1959 reported that the seizures were severe; from half to all of the men affected—the proportion varied in different programs—went into convulsions, and several died. Some were still subject to convulsions as long as four months after the last exposure.

Aldrin is a still more mysterious substance, for although it exists as a separate entity, it bears the relation of alter ego to dieldrin. When carrots are taken from a bed treated with aldrin, they are found to contain residues of dieldrin—a change that occurs both in the living tissues and in the soil. If a chemist, knowing that aldrin has been applied, tests for it, he will be deceived into thinking all residues have been dissipated. The residues are there, but they are dieldrin, and this requires a different test. In any event, aldrin is slightly more toxic than dieldrin. It has produced degenerative changes in the liver and kidneys of experimental animals. A quantity the size of an aspirin tablet is enough to kill more than four hundred quail. Many cases of human poisoning are on record, most of them in connection with industrial handling. Beyond that, aldrin, like most of this group of insecticides, projects a menacing shadow into the future—the shadow of sterility. Birds that consume it in quantities too small to kill them lay few eggs, and the chicks that hatch soon die. Rats who have been ex-

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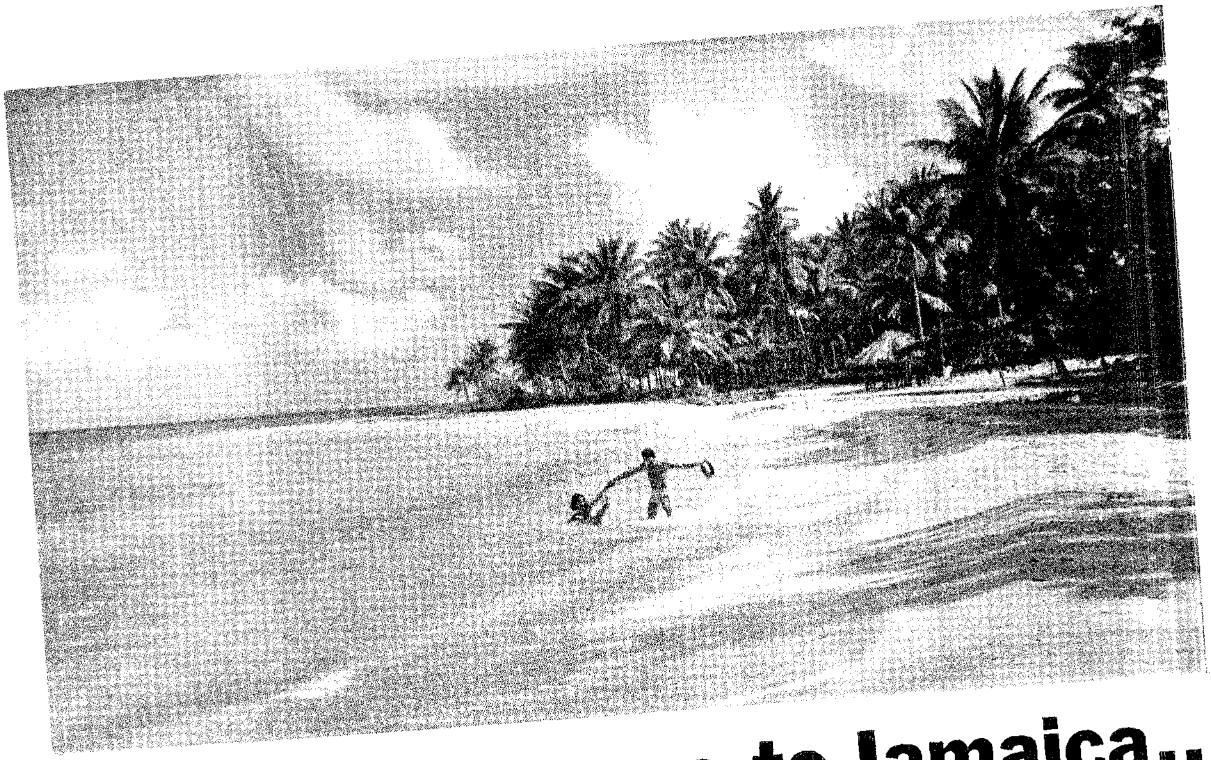

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posed to aldrin have fewer pregnancies, and their young are sickly and short-lived, and puppies whose mothers have been exposed to the poison have been known to die within three days. By one means or another, the new generations suffer as a result of poisoning of their parents. No one knows whether the same effect will be seen in human beings.

The third of the naphthalenes, endrin, is perhaps the most toxic of all the chlorinated hydrocarbons now in use. Although it is chemically rather closely related to dieldrin, a little twist in its molecular structure makes it up to twelve times as poisonous to rats; by comparison, DDT seems almost harmless. In the decade of its use, endrin has killed enormous numbers of fish, has fatally poisoned cattle that have wandered into sprayed orchards, and has poisoned wells. At least one state health department has warned that careless use of endrin is endangering human lives. But even apparently careful use can be dangerous. In 1958, an American couple with a year-old boy had gone to live in Venezuela. There were cockroaches in the house they moved into, and after a few days they used a spray containing endrin. The baby and the small family dog were taken out of the house before the spraying was done, about nine o'clock one morning. After the spraying, the floors were washed. The baby and dog were returned to the house in midafternoon. An hour or so later, the dog vomited, went into convulsions, and died. At ten in the evening, the baby also vomited and went into convulsions, and then lost consciousness. At once, this normal, healthy child became little more than a vegetable—unable to see or hear, subject to frequent muscular spasms, and, it would seem, completely cut off from his surroundings. Several months of treatment in a New York hospital failed to change his condition or bring hope of change. "It is extremely doubtful," reported the attending physicians, "that any useful degree of recovery will occur."

THE second major group of insecticides, the organic phosphates—esters of phosphoric acid—are among the most poisonous chemicals in the world. The origin of these chemicals has a certain ironic significance. Some of them had been known for many years, but their insecticidal properties were first discovered by a German chemist, Gerhard Schrader, in the late nineteen-thirties. Almost at once, the German government recognized the value of these chemicals as new and devastat-

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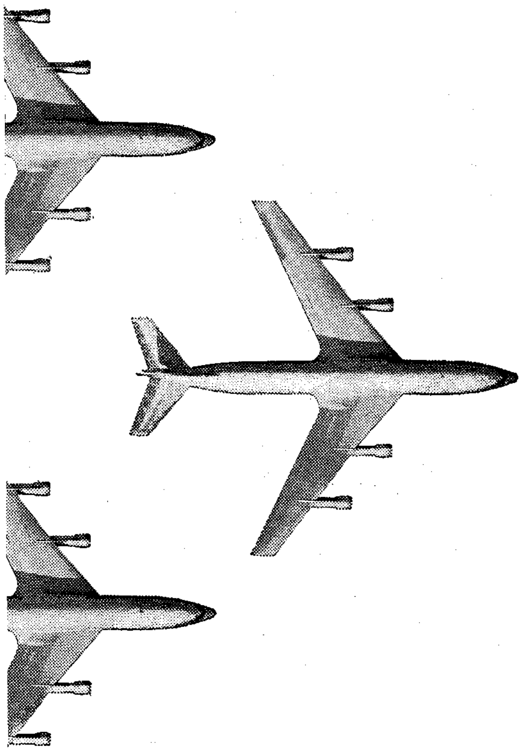

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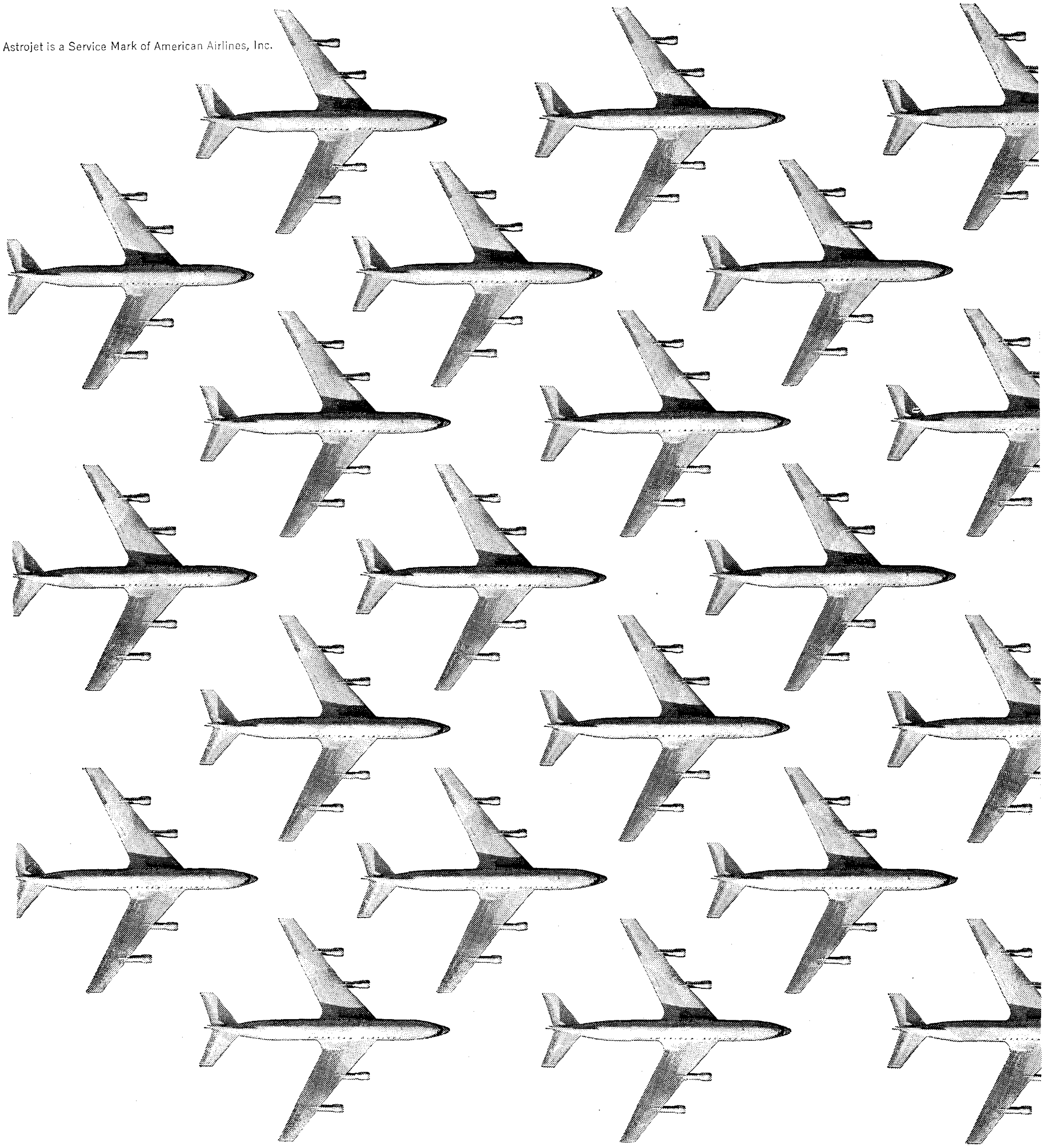

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ing weapons in man's war against his own kind, and work on them was declared secret. Some became nerve gases. Others became insecticides. The chief and most obvious hazard attending their use is that of acute poisoning of people applying the sprays or accidentally coming in contact with drifting spray, or vegetation coated with it, or a discarded container. In Florida, in 1960, two children used a discarded bag to repair a swing. Shortly thereafter, both of them died, and three of their playmates became ill. The bag had once contained the insecticide parathion, and tests established death by parathion poisoning.

The organic-phosphate insecticides act on the living organism in a peculiar way. They have the ability to destroy enzymes—enzymes that perform necessary functions in the body. Their target, whether the victim is an insect or a warm-blooded animal, is the nervous system. Under normal conditions, an impulse passes from nerve to nerve with the aid of a "chemical transmitter" called acetylcholine, a substance that performs an essential function and then disappears. Indeed, its existence is so ephemeral that without special procedures medical researchers are unable to sample it before the body has destroyed it. The transient nature of the chemical transmitter is necessary to the normal functioning of the body. If the acetylcholine is not inactivated as soon as a nerve impulse has passed, impulses continue to flash across the bridge from nerve to nerve; the chemical not only goes on exerting its effect but exerts it in an ever more intensified manner. The movements of the whole body become uncoördinated; tremors, muscular spasms, convulsions, and death quickly result. Fortunately, the body has its own protective device against this peril—an enzyme called cholinesterase, which breaks down the transmitting chemical once it is no longer needed. By this means, a precise balance is struck, and the body never builds up a dangerous amount of acetylcholine. But on contact with the organic-phosphate insecticides the activity of the protective enzyme is inhibited, and as the effective quantity of the enzyme is reduced, that of the chemical transmitter builds up. In having this effect, the organic-phosphate compounds resemble the alkaloid poison muscarine, found in a poisonous mushroom, the fly amanita. Repeated exposure may lower the cholinesterase level until an individual reaches the brink of acute poisoning—a brink over which he may be pushed by a very small additional exposure. For this reason, it is considered important to make periodic

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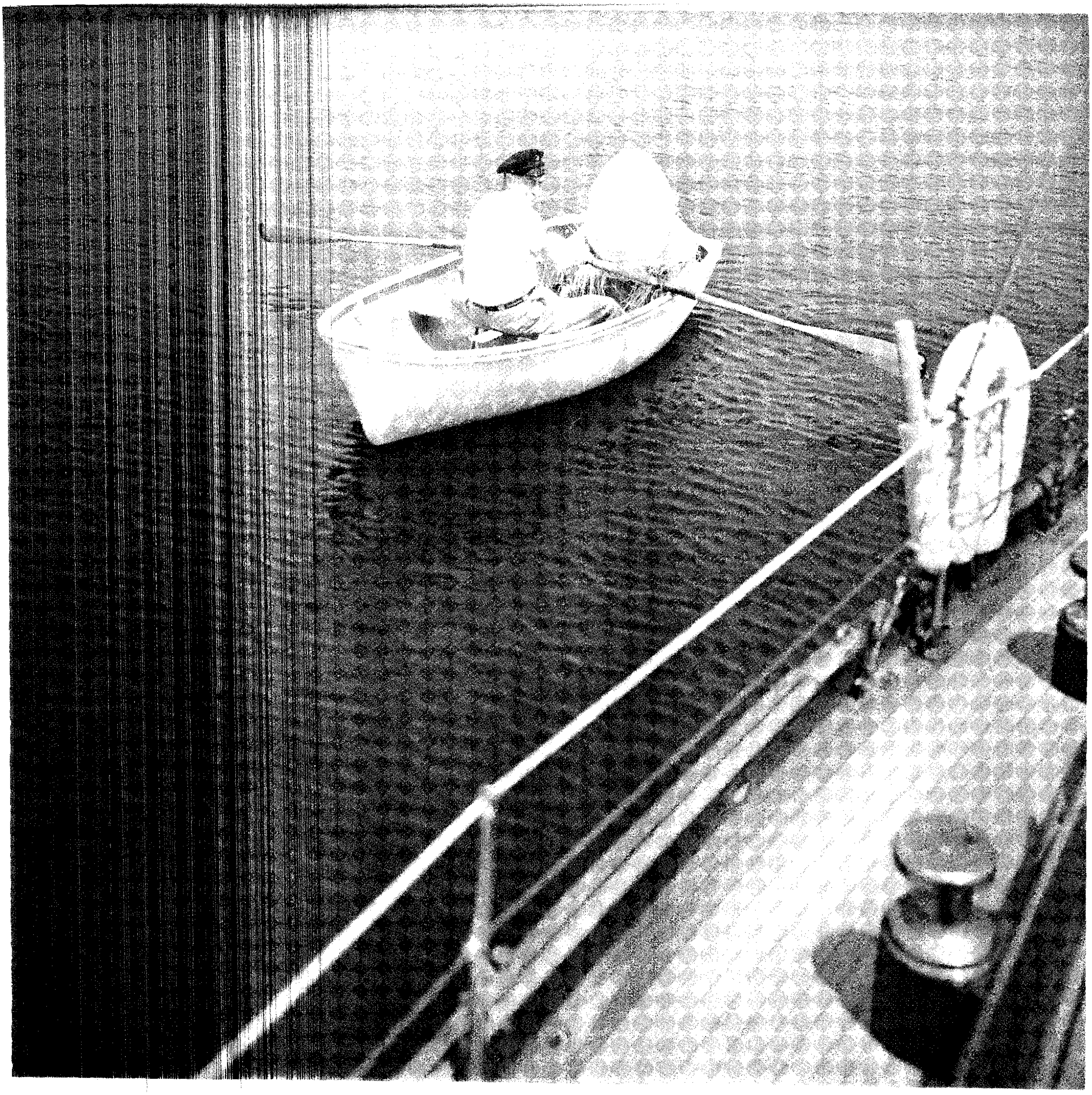

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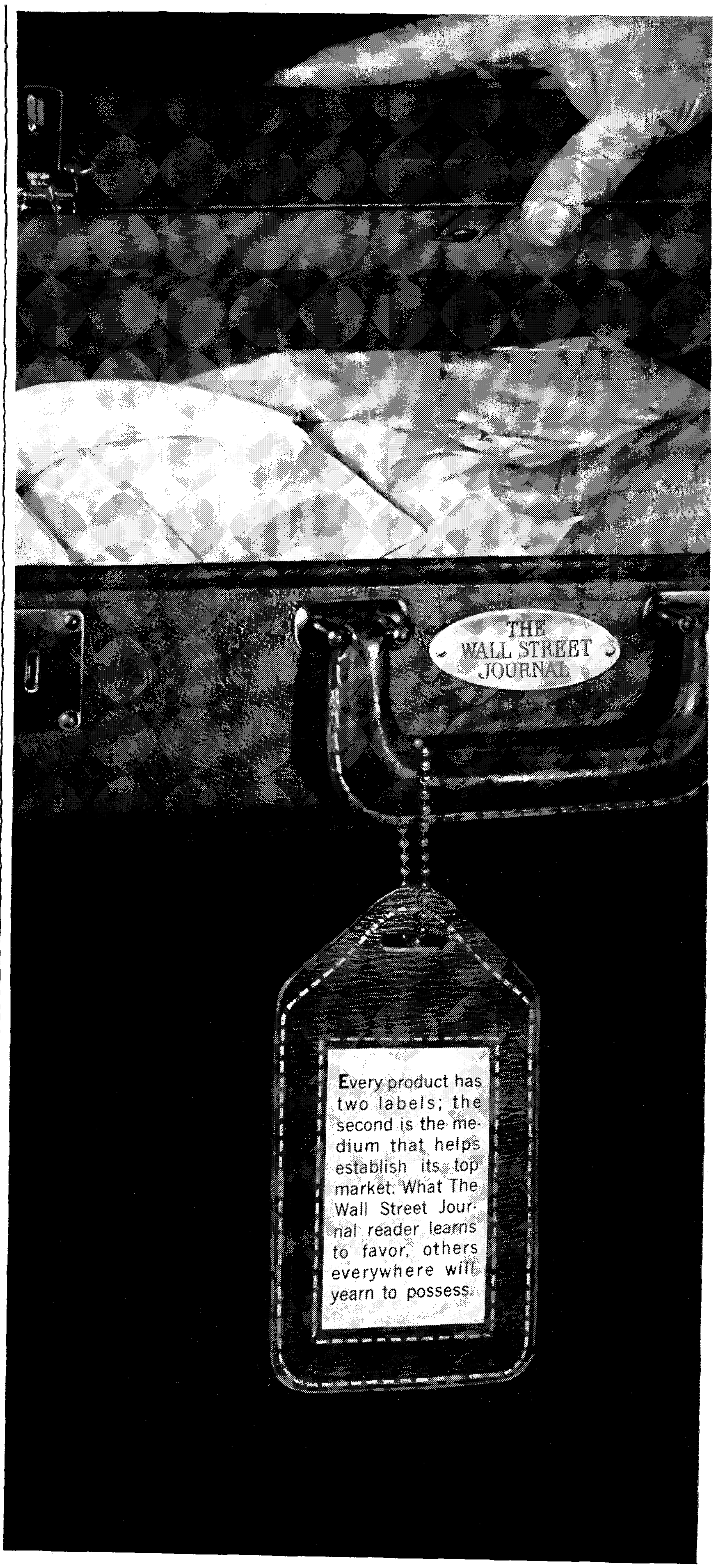
examinations of the blood of spray operators and others regularly exposed.

Parathion is one of the most widely used of the organic phosphates. It is also one of the most powerful. Honeybees become agitated and bellicose on contact with it, engage in frantic cleaning movements, and are near death within half an hour. A chemist, hoping to learn by the most direct means the dose acutely toxic to human beings, swallowed a minute amount, about .00424 of an ounce. Paralysis followed so swiftly that he could not reach the antidotes he had at hand, and so he died. One of the circumstances that save us from extinction by parathion and the other chemicals of the organic-phosphate group is that they are decomposed rather rapidly. However, they last long enough to create hazards and produce consequences that range from the merely serious to the fatal. In Riverside, California, eleven out of thirty men picking oranges became violently ill, and all but one of the eleven had to be hospitalized. The grove had been sprayed with parathion some two and a half weeks earlier; the residues that reduced them to retching, half-blind, semi-conscious misery were from sixteen to nineteen days old. And this is not by any means a record for persistence. On citrus fruit, parathion has been found to have a "half life" of from sixty to eighty days; in that amount of time, half the chemical disintegrates. The danger to all workers applying the organic-phosphate insecticides is so extreme that some states using these chemicals have established laboratories where physicians may obtain aid in diagnosis and treatment. The physicians themselves may be in some danger, unless they wear rubber gloves while they are handling the victims of poisoning. So may a laundress washing a victim's clothing. Parathion is now said to be a favorite instrument of suicide in Finland. In recent years, the state of California has reported an average of two hundred cases of accidental parathion poisoning annually. In many parts of the world, the fatality rate from parathion is startling: a hundred fatal cases in India and sixty-seven in Syria in 1958, and an average of three hundred and thirty-six a year in Japan. Yet some six million pounds of parathion are now applied annually to fields, orchards, and vineyards of the United States—by hand sprayers, by motorized blowers and dusters, and by airplane. The amount used on California farms alone could, according to Dr. Irma West, of the California State Department of Public Health, "provide a lethal dose for five



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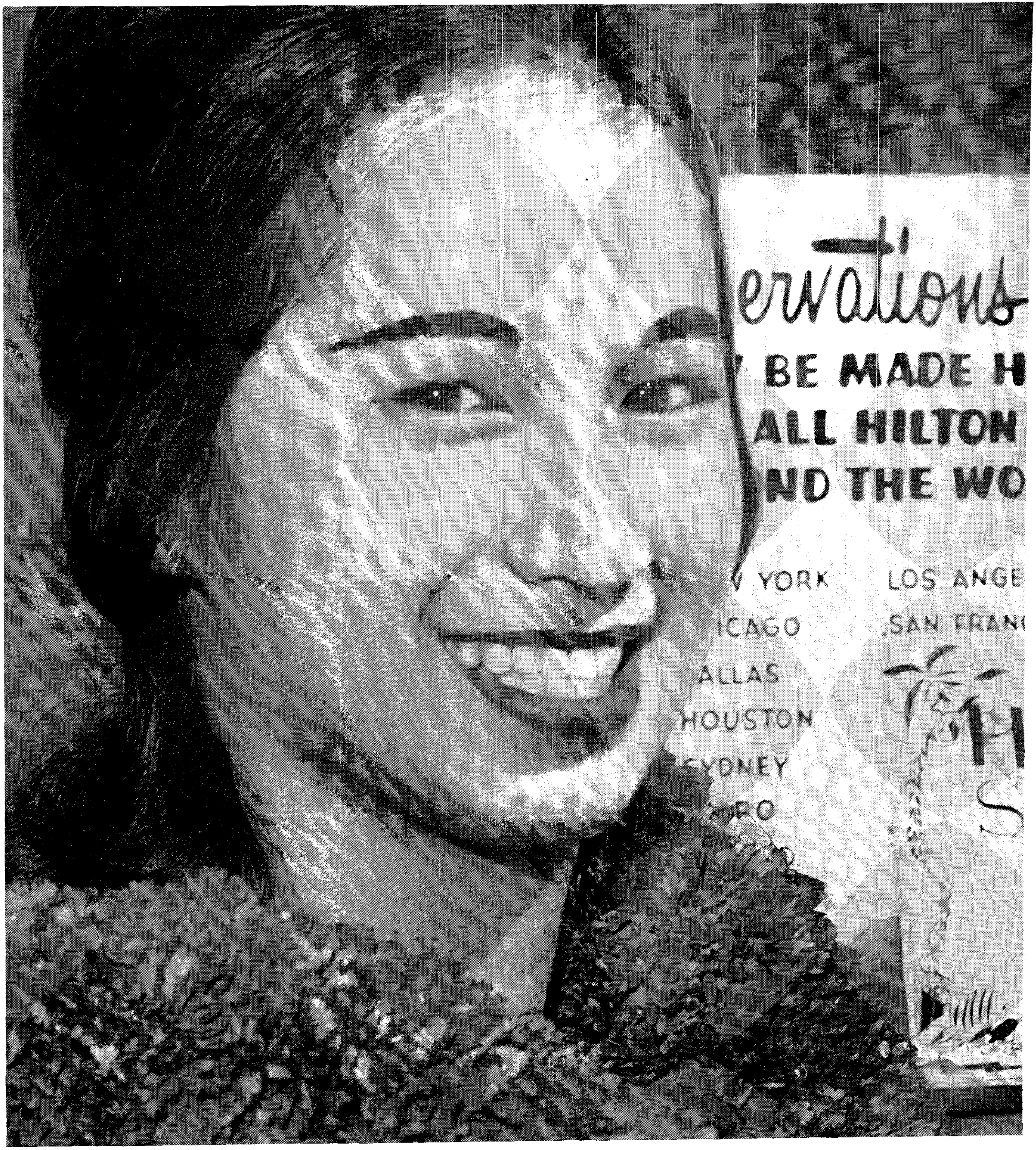
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to ten times the whole world's population."

Malathion is almost as familiar to the public as DDT, being widely used in gardening, in household insecticides, in mosquito spraying, and in such blanket attacks on insects as the spraying of nearly a million acres in Florida for the Mediterranean fruit fly. It is considered the least toxic of the organic phosphates, and many people assume that they may use it freely. Actually, the alleged safety of malathion rests on rather precarious ground, although—as often happens—this was not discovered until the chemical had been in use for several years. Malathion is "safe" only because the mammalian liver, an organ with extraordinary protective powers, renders it relatively harmless. The detoxication is accomplished by one of the enzymes of the liver. If, however, something destroys this enzyme or interferes with its action, the person exposed to malathion receives the full force of its toxic action, which resembles that of the other organic phosphates. Unfortunately for all of us, opportunities for this sort of thing to happen are legion. A few years ago, a team of Food and Drug Administration scientists discovered that when malathion and one of the other organic phosphates are administered simultaneously, a severe poisoning results—up to fifty times as severe as one would predict on the basis of adding together the toxicities of the two. In other words, one one-hundredth of the lethal dose of each compound can be fatal when the two are combined. This discovery led to the testing of other combinations, and, although the full scope of the interaction of chemicals has not yet been determined, it is now known that many pairs of organic-phosphate insecticides are similarly dangerous, the toxicity being "potentiated," or stepped up, through the combined action. Potentiation seems to take place when one compound destroys the liver enzyme responsible for detoxicating the other. The two need not be given simultaneously. And the hazard exists not only for the man who may spray this week with one insecticide and next week with another; it exists also for the consumer of sprayed products. The common salad bowl may easily present a combination of organic-phosphate insecticides in quantities large enough to interact.

IN Greek mythology, the sorceress Medea, enraged at being supplanted by a rival in the affections of her husband, Jason, presented the new bride with a robe possessing magical properties. The wearer of the robe immediate-

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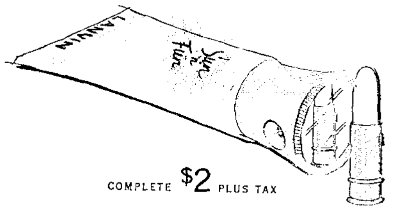

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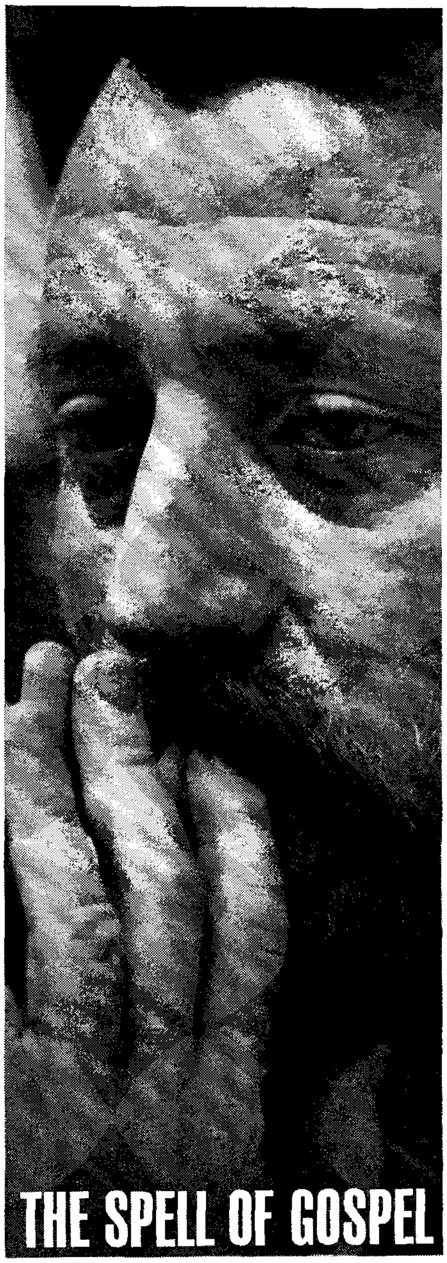

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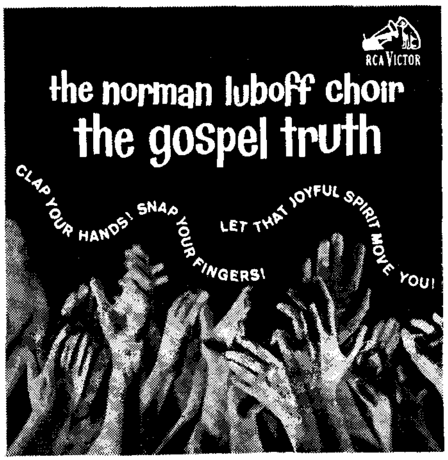
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ly suffered a violent death. This death-by-indirection now has its counterpart in what are known as "systemic insecticides." These are chemicals that are used to convert plants or animals into a sort of Medea's robe. The purpose is to kill insects that may come in contact with these poisonous beings, especially by sucking their juices or their blood. The world of systemic insecticides is a weird world, surpassing the imaginings of the brothers Grimm. It is a world where the enchanted forest of the fairy tales has become a poisonous forest. It is a world where a flea bites a dog and dies, where an insect may die as a result of chewing a leaf or inhaling vapors emanating from a plant it has never touched, where a bee may carry poisonous nectar back to its hive and presently produce poisonous honey.

The entomologists' dream of the built-in insecticide was born when workers in the field of applied entomology realized they could take a hint from nature: they found that wheat growing in soil that contains sodium selenate was poisonous to aphids. Selenium, a naturally occurring element found sparingly in rocks and soils of many parts of the world, thus became the first systemic insecticide. What makes an insecticide a systemic is its ability to permeate all the tissues of a plant or animal and make them toxic. This quality is possessed by some chemicals of the chlorinated-hydrocarbon group and by others of the organic-phosphate group, all synthetically produced. In practice, most systemics are drawn from the organic-phosphate group, because with these the problem of residues is somewhat less acute.

Systemics can act in devious ways. Applied to seeds, either by soaking or by means of a coating in which the systemic is combined with carbon, they extend their effects into the following plant generation and produce seedlings poisonous to aphids and other sucking insects. Such vegetables as peas, beans, and sugar beets are sometimes thus protected. Cotton seeds coated with a systemic called phorate have been in use for some time in California, and in 1959 twenty-five farm laborers in the San Joaquin Valley, who had handled bags of treated seeds, were seized with sudden illness. In England, someone wondered what happened when bees made use of nectar from plants that had been treated with systemics. This was investigated in areas treated with a chemical called schradan. Although the plants had been sprayed before the flowers were formed, the nectar they produced contained the poison. The result, as

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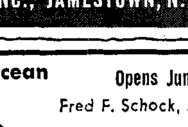

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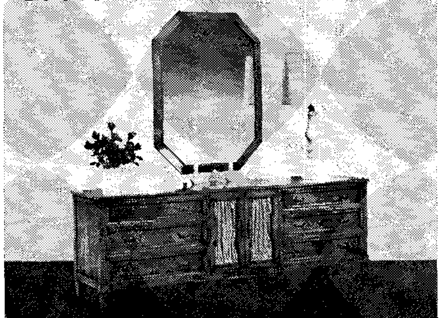

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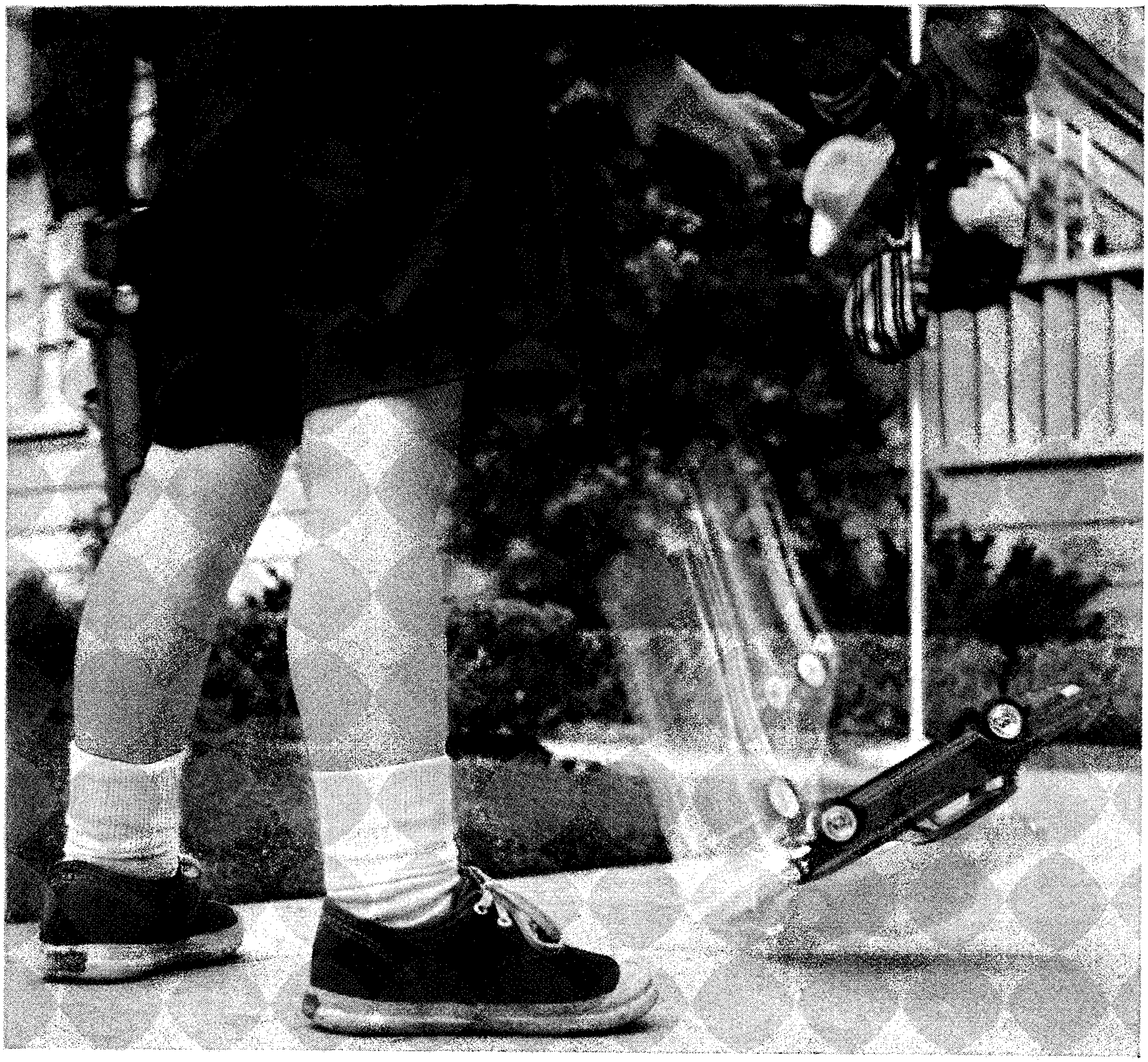

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Too many children's plastic toys just can't stand the gaff. They have sharp edges, too! So you're either picking up pieces or bandaging little fingers. You'd gladly pay more for *good* plastic toys that are smooth, safe, and realistic . . . that are firm but don't scratch or cut . . . that last long enough to pass on to small brothers and sisters. There *are* such toys today, handsomely made of CYCOLAC® Brand Plastic Polymers, a versatile plastic developed by Marbon Chemical Division of Borg-Warner. New Cycolac is so rugged, yet so workable, that it adds long-lasting beauty to parts for automobiles, typewriters, luggage, radios . . . plus countless other items like color telephones and heavy-duty pipe (and kid-proof toys, of course). Modern plastics, like new Cycolac, are still another example of better products through creative research and engineering by Borg-Warner.

B-W

***The 7 Hats of Borg-Warner** are (from the top, left to right) national defense; oil, steel and chemicals; agriculture; industrial machinery; aviation; automotive; home equipment. Their benefits are with you everywhere.*

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Terrace of one of Nassau's famous hotels. Photographed by Ozzie Sweet

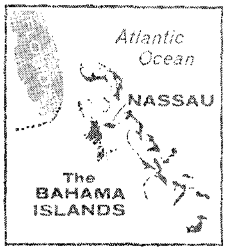
Bewitching hour...

There's a touch of magic to a Bahamian sunset.

The carefree life doesn't change . . . but it does change pace. After a lazy day listening to the lap of waves on the sands, people tune their ears to the heart-warming clink of ice. The swimsuit set puts snorkels aside for black tie. Nassau swings.

The setting is classic—the set international. Gather new friends and go native, with a trip to the clubs "over the hill" for uninhibited fun and calypso into the small hours. You'll be happy right up to nightcap time.

To all of this, add the very special appeal of a summer vacation in Nassau; reduced rates for accommodations effective from now right through fall. Just ask your Travel Agent about a Bahamas Thrift Vacation. Or, for more information, please write to Dept. MQ, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Telephone PLaza 7-1611.



Nassau and the Bahamas

BY SEA: From New York on the **M.S. ITALIA** every Saturday at 4 P.M. Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $170. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.
From Miami on the **S.S. BAHAMA STAR** every Monday and Friday at 5 P.M. Three-day, all-expense cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $54. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.
BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

might have been predicted, was that the honey made by the bees was also contaminated with schradan.

Animal systemics have been used chiefly to control the cattle grub, a damaging parasite of livestock. Extreme care must be taken in order to create an insecticidal effect in the blood and tissues of the host without setting up a fatal poisoning. The balance is very delicate indeed, and government veterinarians have found that repeated small doses can gradually deplete an animal's supply of cholinesterase, so that without warning a minute additional dose will cause poisoning. As yet, no one seems to have proposed a human systemic that would make us lethal to a mosquito. Perhaps this is the next step.

WHEN we turn our attention to herbicides, or weed killers, we quickly come across the legend that they are toxic only to plants. Unfortunately, this is only a legend. The plant killers include a large variety of chemicals that act on animal tissue as well as on vegetation. No general statement can describe the action of all of them. Some are general poisons; some are powerful stimulants of metabolism, causing a fatal rise in body temperature; some can induce malignant tumors, either alone or in partnership with other chemicals; some can cause gene mutations.

Arsenic compounds are still liberally used, both as insecticides and as weed killers, where they usually take the chemical form of sodium arsenite. The history of their use is not reassuring. As roadside sprays, they have cost many a farmer his cow and killed uncounted numbers of wild creatures. As aquatic weed killers, they have made public waters unsuitable for drinking, or even for swimming. As a spray applied to potato fields to destroy the vines, they have taken a toll of human and non-human life. In England, this last practice developed in about 1951, as a result of a shortage of sulphuric acid, which had formerly been used to burn off the potato vines. The Ministry of Agriculture considered it necessary to issue a warning of the hazard of going into arsenic-sprayed fields, but the warning was not understood by the cattle (or by the wild animals and birds), and reports of poisoned cattle were received with monotonous regularity. In 1959, after death came to a farmer's wife through arsenic-contaminated water, one of the major English chemical companies stopped production of arsenical sprays and called in supplies already in the hands of dealers, and shortly thereafter

Q How do you read ticker tape?

A Probably no aspect of the securities business continues to excite so much public curiosity as the ticker. Everybody knows what it is; ticker tape has always been a well-known symbol for the brokerage business. But few people know how to read it.

The first thing you should realize is that paper ticker tape of the kind that made parades up Broadway famous is getting rarer and rarer. Nowadays the tape is cellophane, and the stock prices that are printed on it are projected on a long, narrow Trans-Lux screen in the front of the board room of most modern brokerage offices. Round-lot transactions (involving 100 shares or a multiple of 100) are reported on the tape, and a steady parade of stock symbols and prices marches across the screen from 10 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. New York time on every business day.

What do you have to know to read and understand the tape? You have to know the symbols – one, two, or three letters–for the stocks you want to follow. Here, for example, are the symbols for the ten most widely owned companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange:

American Tel. & Tel.	T	U. S. Steel	X
General Motors	GM	Ford Motor Company	F
Standard Oil (N. J.)	J	Bethlehem Steel	BS
General Electric	GE	Socony Mobil Oil	SOM
General Tel. & Elec.	GEN	E. I. duPont de Nemours	DD

The company symbols appear on the top line of the tape, the symbol alone usually standing for the common stock and the symbol followed by the letters *Pr* indicating the preferred. If you don't know the symbol for a stock, you can look it up in the stock symbol book which every broker has.

Immediately following each symbol and below it is the price of the stock, shown in whole numbers and fractions, which represent dollars and cents. Thus 25 means $25.00, and 25½ means $25.50, and 25⅛ means $25.12½. If the price of the stock appears alone, you know that 100 shares changed hands. If 200 shares were traded, *2s* appears before the price; if 300 shares, *3s*, etc. up through 900 shares, *9s*. If 1000 shares or more changed hands in a single transaction, the number of shares is printed in full before the price: *1000s*. Now you should be able to read this piece of imaginary tape:

J	SOM	T	BSPr	F
50⅞	3s49	108½	146¼	1000s82½

There are a few other things you should know, too. When the market is so active that the tape cannot keep up with trading on the floor of the Exchange, abbreviations of volumes and prices are used. When the tape is five minutes or more late, flash printing of the prices of key stocks is used to save time and facilitate observation of the market.

If you can read the tape, you can read a brokerage-office quote board, too. Old-fashioned chalk boards on which clerks post stock prices taken from ticker tape still exist in some parts of the United States, but most modern American board rooms have Teleregister boards which record price changes in several hundred popular stocks automatically. The board may show the symbol for the stock plus the previous day's closing price and the open, high, low, and last price or simply the symbol and the last price. Some boards are even equipped with the new Telequote service. If the stock you are interested in isn't on the board, your account executive can dial a special number, and the last sale and bid-and-asked of that stock will appear on a vacant panel in the board via Telequote.

Most boards show the volume of trading and the Dow-Jones Averages, too, so that you can see at a glance how active the market is and whether its trend is upward, downward, or steady.

Board-watching has become the favorite activity of many Americans in recent years. You're welcome to try it any time you like in any of our 150 board rooms.

NEXT WEEK:
How Do You Read Stock Tables?

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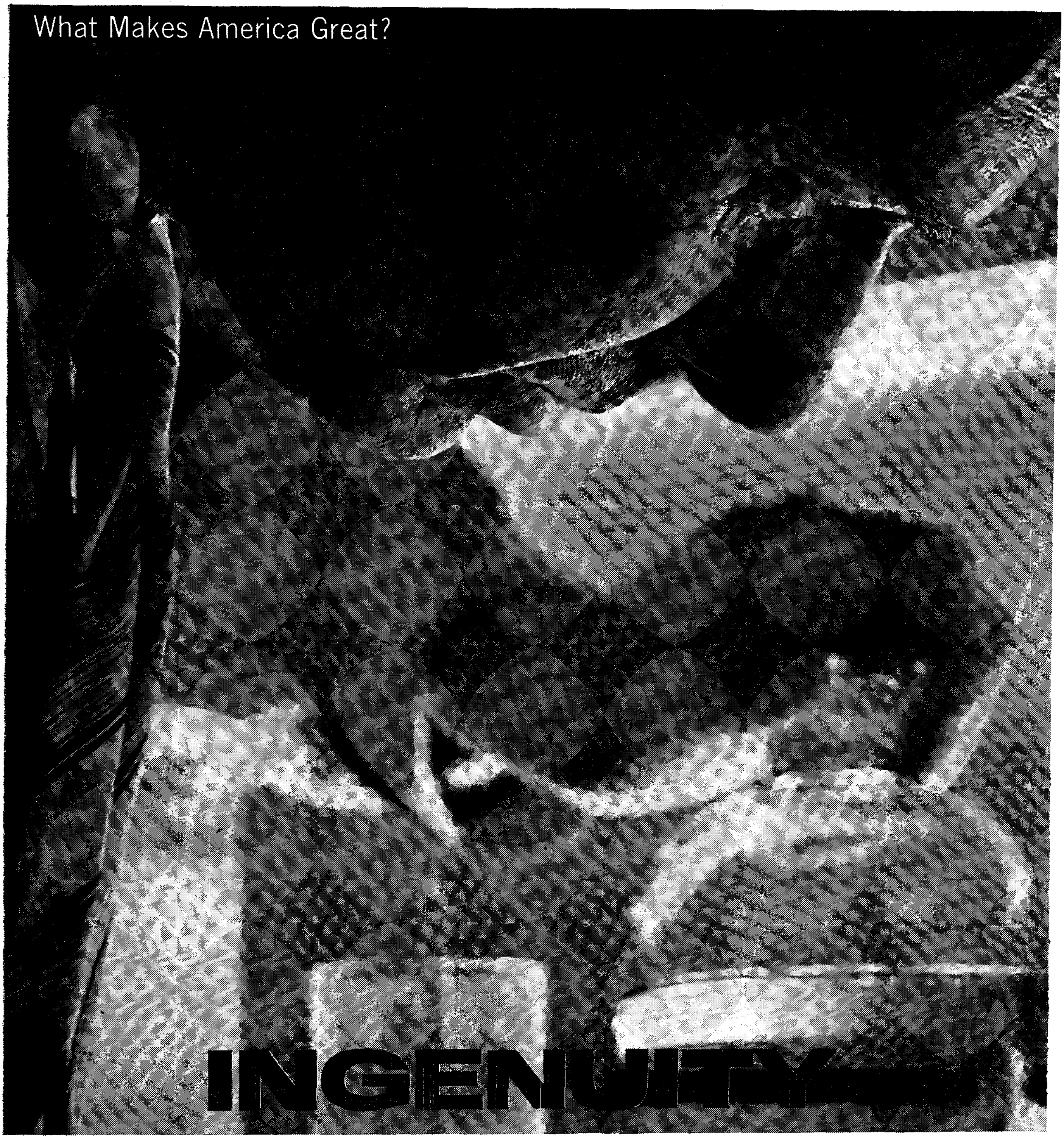

What Makes America Great?

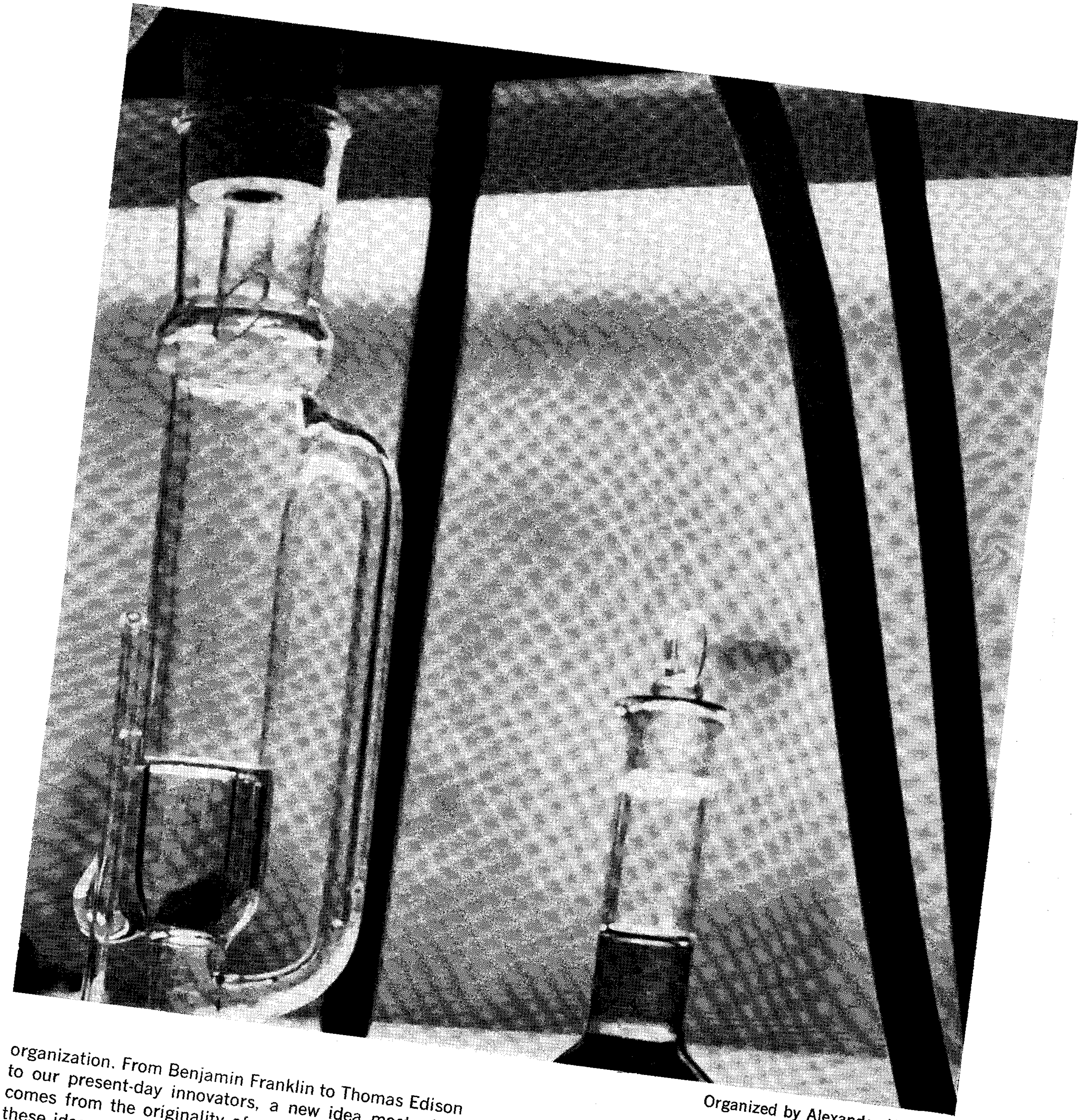
INGENUITY...

...that national talent for inventing... creating...discovering a better way.

Fabled since the 18th century, Yankee ingenuity and inventiveness have long been among the most significant traits of the American character. We are always saying, "Let's change the ways we live, work and do things... for the better." This trait has led us to continually develop new products, processes and services to replace old ones and to meet entirely new individual and industrial needs.

As evidence of this national gift, last year 51,018 new patents were granted and mailed out by the U. S. Patent Office. Some of these were ingenious devices to shorten a daily chore...others may have enormous significance in fields ranging from manufacturing to medicine. And American manufacturers in a recent, comprehensive survey estimated that 14% of all their 1965 sales would be in new products, with averages for some industries as high as 34%.

The flame of American ingenuity burns as brightly as ever, differing from the past only in size, direction and



organization. From Benjamin Franklin to Thomas Edison to our present-day innovators, a new idea most often comes from the originality of one individual. However, these ideas must also be nurtured in the research laboratory, developed in test plants or test markets and distributed widely before they become of nationwide benefit and significance.

In the challenging era ahead, we must continue to nourish and reward individual ingenuity and at the same time encourage those corporate activities which will develop the new products and processes that will keep our nation strong.

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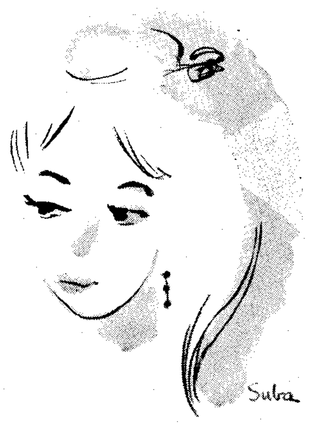
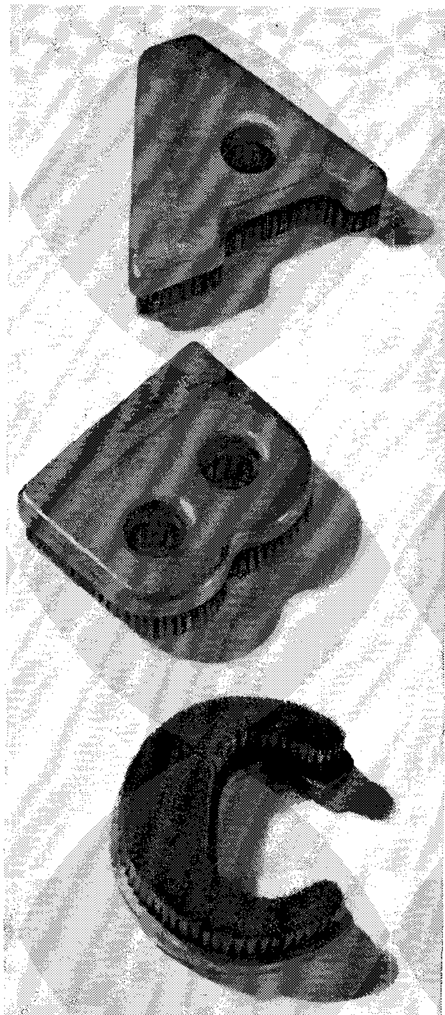
the Ministry of Agriculture announced that restrictions on the use of arsenites would be imposed. In 1961, the Australian government announced a similar ban. No such restrictions impede the use of these poisons in the United States.

The most widely used herbicides are 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, and related members of what is known as the phenol group. Many experts deny that these are toxic. However, people spraying their lawns with 2,4-D and becoming wet with spray have occasionally developed severe neuritis and even paralysis. Although such incidents are apparently uncommon, medical authorities advise caution in the use of these compounds. Other hazards, more obscure, may also attend the use of 2,4-D. Experiments have shown its ability to disturb the basic physiological process of respiration in the cell, and, like X-rays, to damage the chromosomes. Some very recent work indicates that sub-lethal doses of these herbicides may affect reproduction in birds. The rest of the phenols may be equally dangerous. Dinitrophenol, for example, steps up the metabolism. For this reason, it was at one time used in the United States as a reducing drug, but the margin between the slimming dose and the dose required to poison or kill was slight—so slight that at least nine patients died and many suffered permanent injury before use of the drug was finally halted. It interferes with the body's source of energy in such a way that the affected organism almost literally burns itself up. A related chemical, pentachlorophenol, sometimes known as "penta," is used both as a weed killer and as an insecticide, often being sprayed along railroad tracks and in waste areas. The fearful power of penta, which acts in much the same way as dinitrophenol, is illustrated in a fatal accident recently reported by the California State Department of Public Health. A man was preparing a cotton defoliant by mixing diesel oil with penta. As he was drawing the concentrated chemical out of a drum, the spigot accidentally toppled back. He reached in with his bare hand to regain the spigot. Although he washed immediately, he became acutely ill, and died the next day.

Curious indirect results follow the use of certain herbicides. It has been found that animals—both wild herbivores and livestock—are sometimes strangely attracted to a plant that has been sprayed, even though it is not one of their natural foods. Apparently, the wilting that follows spraying (or cutting) makes the plant attractive. If a highly poisonous herbicide, such as arsenic, has been used, this intense desire to reach the wilting vegetation inevitably has disastrous consequences. Such consequences may also stem from the use of less toxic herbicides in cases where the plant itself happens to be poisonous or, perhaps, to possess thorns or burs. Poisonous range weeds, for example, have suddenly become attractive to livestock after spraying, and the animals have died from indulging this unnatural appetite. The literature of veterinary medicine abounds in similar examples: swine eating sprayed cocklebburs with consequent severe illness, lambs eating sprayed thistles, bees poisoned by pasturing on mustard that had been sprayed after it came into bloom. Wild cherry, the leaves of which are highly poisonous, has had a fatal attraction for cattle once its foliage has been sprayed with 2,4-D. The explanation of this peculiar behavior sometimes appears to lie in the changes that the chemical brings about in the metabolism of the plant. There is a temporary but marked increase in sugar content, and many animals seek the plant out for its sweetness.



Another curious effect of 2,4-D has important consequences for livestock and wildlife, and apparently for men as well. Experiments carried out about a decade ago showed that after treatment with this chemical there is a sharp increase in the nitrate content of corn and of sugar beets, and that this might also be true of sorghum, sunflower, spiderwort, lamb's-quarters, pigweed, and smartweed. Some of these are normally ignored by cattle but are eaten with relish after treatment with 2,4-D. According to some agricultural specialists, a number of deaths among cattle have been traced to such sprayed weeds. All ruminants—not only cattle but wild ruminants, such as deer, antelope, sheep, and goats—have a digestive system of extraordinary complexity, including a stomach divided into several chambers. The digestion of cellulose is accomplished in one of the chambers, through the action of microorganisms known as rumen bacteria. When the animal feeds on vegetation containing nitrates, the rumen



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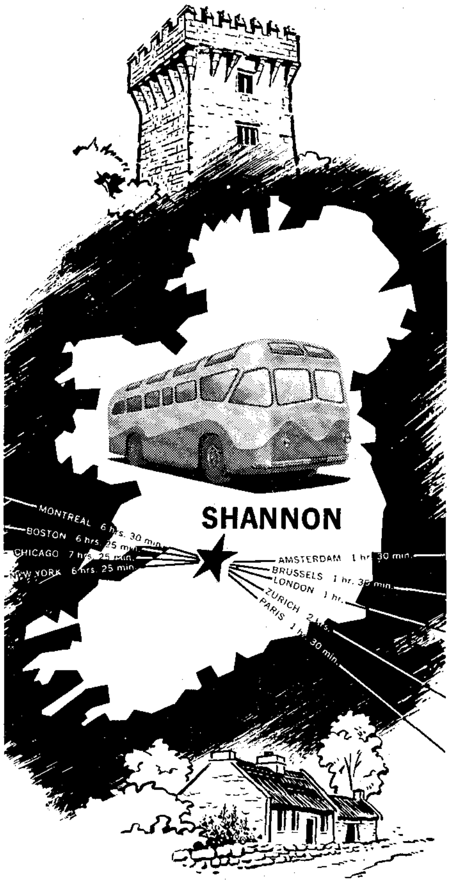
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bacteria change them into nitrites, and if the level of nitrates is abnormally high, a fatal series of events ensues. When the nitrites are present in large quantities, they act on the blood pigment to form a chocolate-brown substance in which oxygen is so firmly held that it cannot be transferred from the lungs to the tissues. And death occurs within a few hours from anoxia, or lack of oxygen. Now it appears that the custom of spraying corn with 2,4-D may be a factor in the current increase in the number of "silo deaths"—deaths of men who have entered silos where corn, oats, or sorghum containing large amounts of nitrates have released poisonous nitrogen oxide gases. So serious is the problem that the New York State Coöperative Extension Service recently issued a poster warning, "Silo gases can kill you and your herd!" Although various factors, including exceptionally dry weather, can cause an increase in nitrate content, the effect of 2,4-D cannot be ignored. The situation was considered important enough by the University of Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station to justify a warning in 1957 that "plants killed by 2,4-D may contain large amounts of nitrate." Only a few breaths of one of the gases released by nitrates can cause a diffuse chemical pneumonia. In a series of cases studied by the University of Minnesota Medical School, all but one terminated fatally.

THE pollution of our environment has many sources—radioactive wastes, fallout from nuclear explosions, domestic wastes from cities and towns, and chemical wastes from factories as well as the new fallout from chemical sprays—and it affects every one of man's natural resources. Of these, water has become the most precious. By far the greater part of the earth's surface is covered by its seas, yet in the midst of this plenty we are in want. Most of the earth's abundant water is not usable for agriculture, industry, or human consumption, because of its heavy load of salts, and so most of the world's population either is experiencing critical shortages of water or is threatened with them. And the water that is usable has become—in an age when man has forgotten his origins and is blind to the very conditions that are most essential to his survival—the victim of man's indifference.

Ever since chemists began to manufacture substances that nature never invented, the problems of water purification have grown more complex and the danger to users of water has in-

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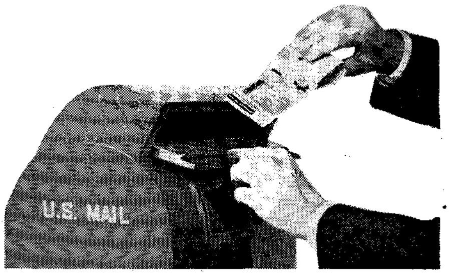

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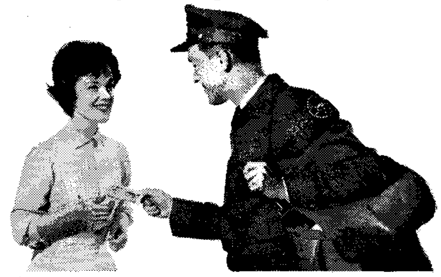

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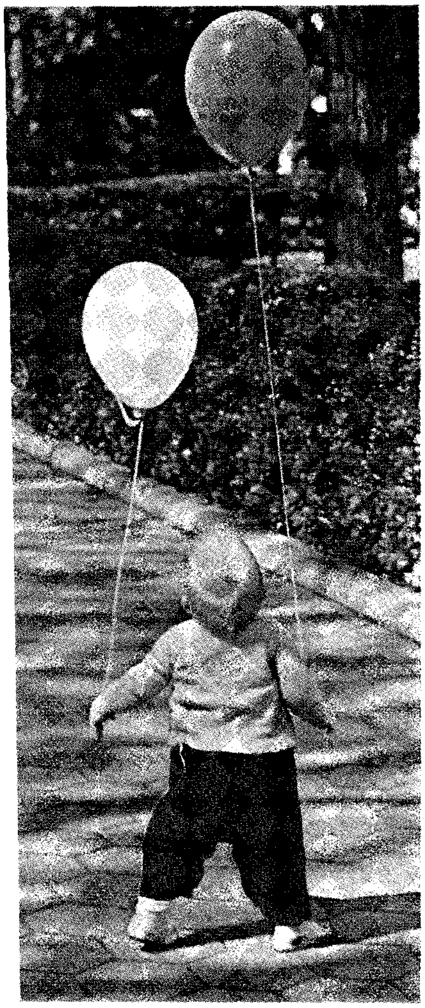

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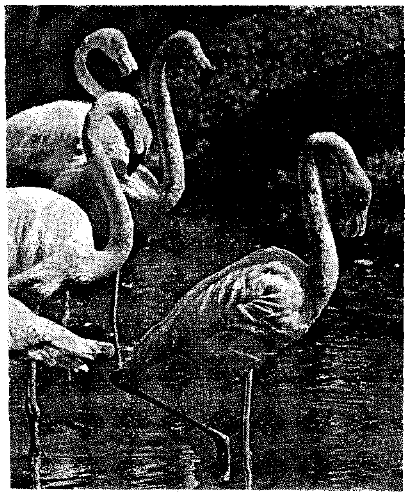

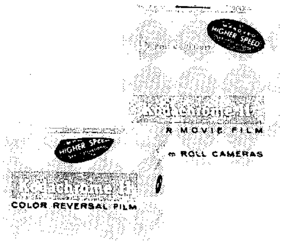
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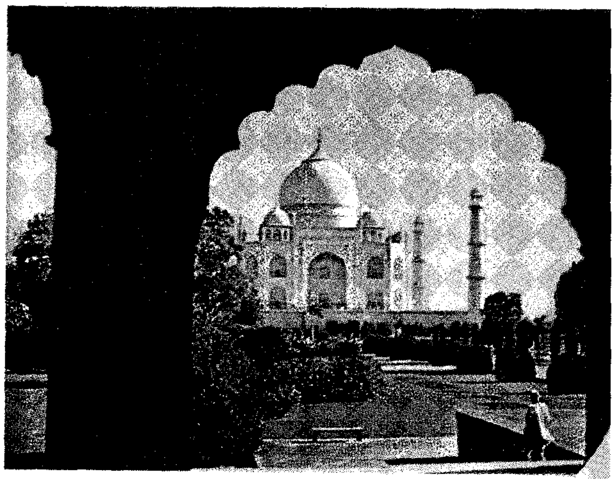

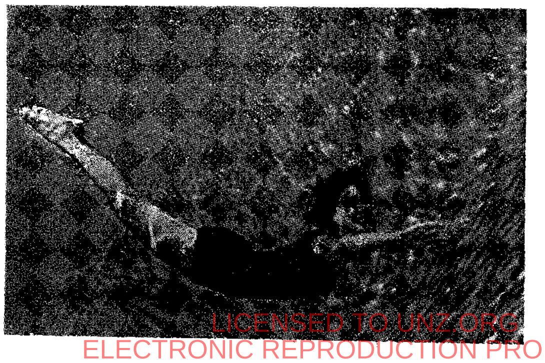

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QUIET! *Jet-smooth ride at work*

It's almost uncanny the way a Jet-smooth Chevrolet goes around putting the squelch on noise and vibration. Ruts, gaps, bumps, humps and wrinkles in the road suddenly seem to do a disappearing act. Ditto for squeaks, rattles and all their noisy relatives. Know how your peace and quiet come about? We could recite a long list of proud reasons—like the frame that's X-built (not just X-braced) for extra rigidity. Or the Fisher body that's carefully crafted to stay solid and tight. But the heart of this Chevrolet's serenity is really the Jet-smooth ride. A big Full Coil spring cushioning at each wheel to flatten the little bumps and take the starch out of the big fellows. And over 700 insulators and cushioners skillfully spotted throughout the car to soak up noise and vibration before they can get anywhere near you. What a team! And how beautifully all its members work together to keep you refreshed and relaxed as you do some plain or fancy skedaddling! For the plain skedaddle, you can pick either a standard fuel-pinching 6 or a quick V8. For the fancy kind, you

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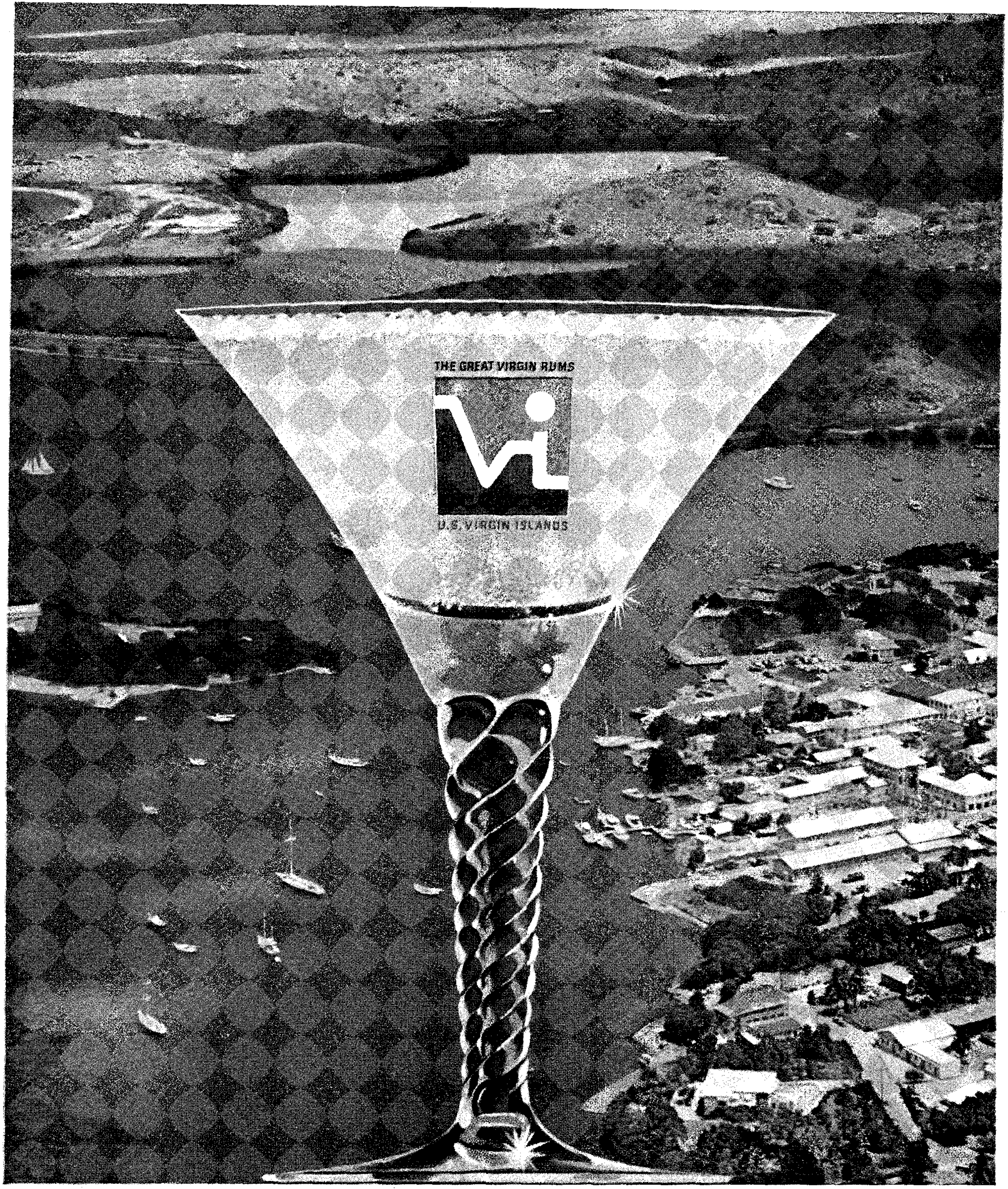

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creased. In rivers, a really incredible variety of pollutants is present, producing combined deposits that the sanitary engineers can only refer to despairingly as "gunk." Professor Rolf Eliassen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology testified before a congressional committee to the impossibility of identifying the organic matter resulting from the mixture. "We don't know what that is," said Professor Eliassen. "What is the effect on people? We don't know." We do know one thing, and that is that to an ever-increasing degree pesticides contribute to these organic pollutants. Because they become inextricably mixed with domestic and other wastes, they sometimes defy detection by the standard methods used in purification plants. Often they cannot be identified, and even if they are, most of them are so stable that they cannot be broken down by ordinary processes. Some are deliberately applied to bodies of water to destroy plants, insect larvae, or undesired fish. Some come from forest spraying, in the course of which two or three million acres of one of our states may be blanketed with spray directed against a single insect pest—spray that falls directly into streams or else drips down through the leafy canopy to the forest floor, there to become part of the slow movement of seeping moisture beginning its long journey to the sea. Probably the bulk of such contaminants, however, consists of water-borne residues of the millions of pounds of agricultural chemicals that have been leached out of the ground by rains to become part of the same seaward movement.

Here and there we have dramatic evidence of the presence of these chemicals in our streams, and even in public water supplies. A sample of drinking water from an orchard area in Pennsylvania was tested on fish in a laboratory; it contained enough insecticide to kill all the fish within four hours. The runoff from fields treated with a chlorinated hydrocarbon called toxaphene killed all the fish in fifteen streams tributary to the Tennessee River, in Alabama, two of which were sources of municipal water supplies; the water remained poisonous for a week after the application of the insecticide—a fact that was determined by the daily deaths of goldfish suspended in cages downstream. For the most part, such pollution is invisible; it may make its presence known when hundreds or thousands of fish die, but more often it is never detected at all.

Anyone who doubts that our waters have become almost universally contaminated with insecticides might well

Tonight, somewhere in Europe or the Middle East, the Air Vice-Marshal has an appointment with history. Moments ago he left a top-level conference in London. Soon he'll face new challenges . . . in Istanbul, Cairo, Beirut or wherever duty may take him. But for now, as his Olympic Comet 4B Jet speeds eastward, he dismisses the burdens of command and relaxes in the deep-carpeted elegance of Europe's finest airline. His choice is based on experience. After all, flying is his profession, impeccable service a privilege of his rank. Next time you're in Europe, make his choice yours . . . and meet him. He'll be

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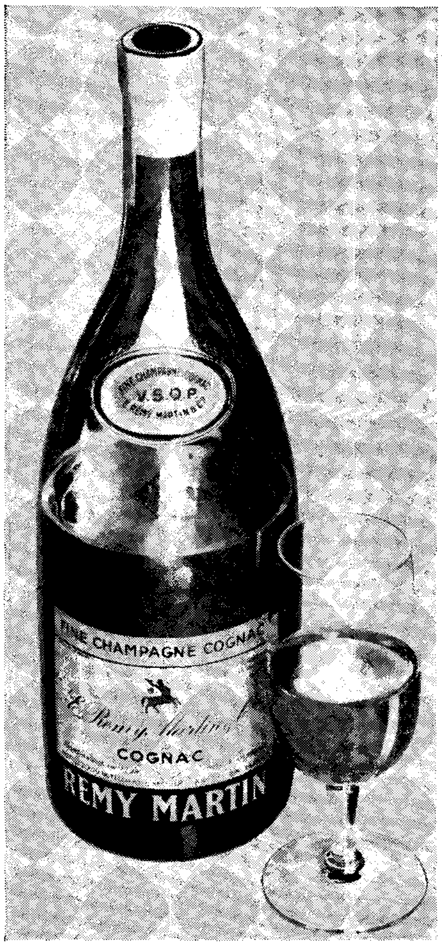

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study a brief report issued by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service in 1960. The Service had carried out studies to discover whether fish, like warm-blooded animals, store insecticides in their tissues. The first samples were taken from a creek in a forest area in the West where there had been mass spraying of DDT for the control of the spruce budworm. As might have been expected, all these fish contained DDT. The really significant findings were made when the investigators turned for comparison to a remote creek thirty miles from the nearest area sprayed for budworm control. This creek was upstream from the first, and separated from it by a high waterfall. No local spraying was known to have occurred. Yet the fish in that creek, too, contained DDT. Had the chemical been airborne, drifting down as fallout on the surface of the creek? Or had it reached the creek by hidden underground streams?

Probably no aspect of the entire water-pollution problem is more disturbing than the threat of widespread contamination of ground water. Seldom if ever does nature operate in separate compartments, and she has not done so in distributing the earth's water supply. As rain falls on the land, it seeps down through pores and cracks in soil and rock, penetrating deeper and deeper, until eventually it reaches a zone where all the pores of the bedrock are filled with water—a dark, subsurface sea, rising under hills, sinking beneath valleys. This ground water is always on the move, sometimes as slowly as fifty feet a year, sometimes as rapidly as nearly a tenth of a mile in a day. It travels unseen until, here and there, it comes to the surface as a spring, or perhaps is tapped to feed a well. But mostly it contributes invisibly to streams, and so to rivers. Except for the water that enters streams directly as rain or surface runoff, all the running water on the earth's surface was at one time ground water. And so pollution of the ground water is pollution of water everywhere.

It must have been by such a dark underground sea that poisonous chemicals travelled from a manufacturing plant in Colorado to a farming district several miles away. What happened, in brief, is this. In 1943, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal of the Army Chemical Corps, situated near Denver, began to manufacture war materials. Eight years later, the facilities of the arsenal were leased to a private oil company for the production of insecticides. Even before the changeover, however, mysterious

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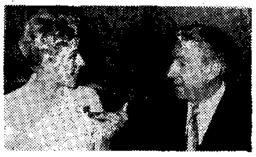

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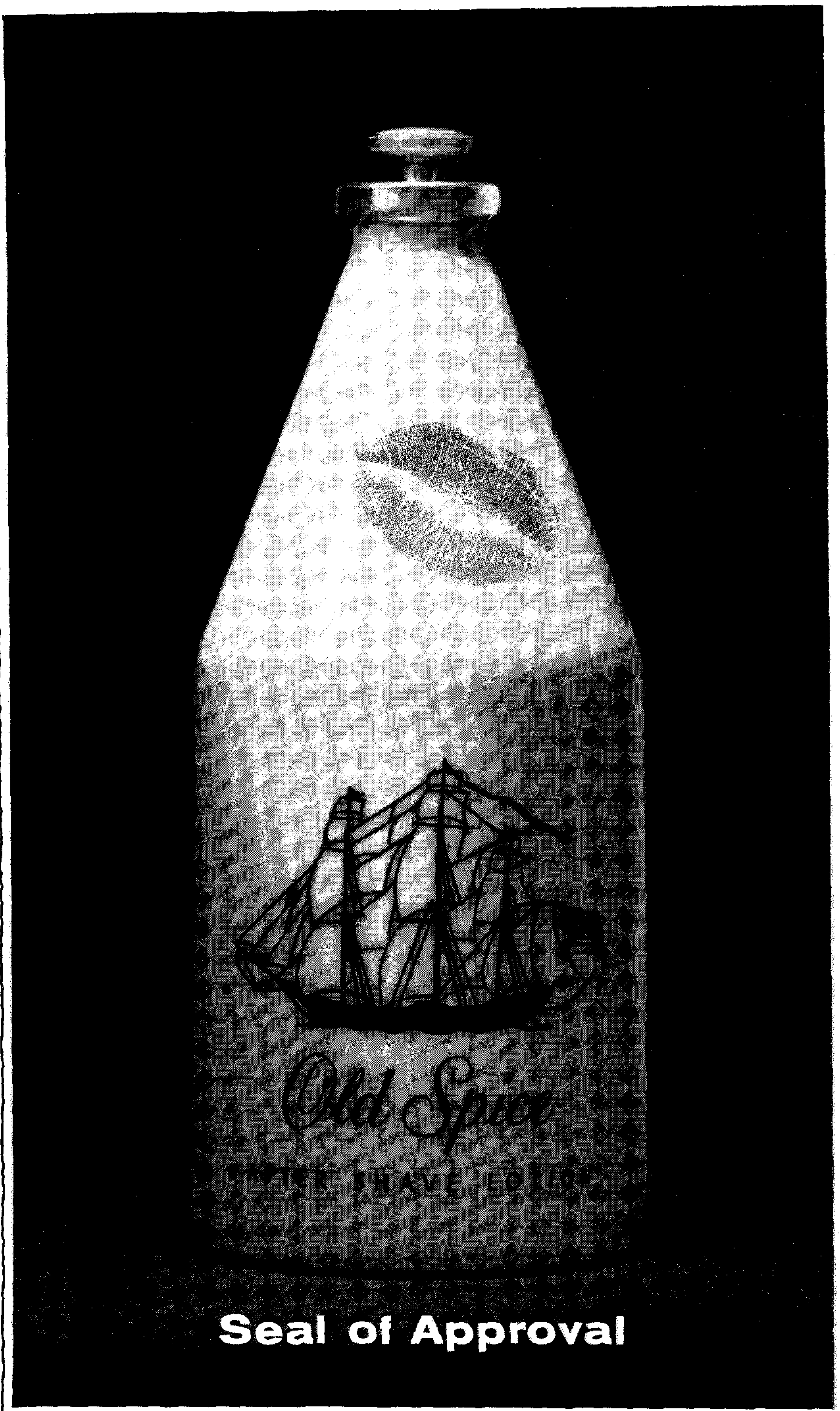
reports had begun to come in. Farmers several miles from the plant reported unexplained sickness among livestock, and they complained of extensive crop damage; foliage turned yellow, plants failed to mature, and many crops were killed outright. And there were reports of human illness. The waters used for the irrigation of these farms were derived from shallow wells. In 1959, a study was undertaken, in which several state and federal agencies participated, and when the well waters were examined they were found to contain an assortment of chemicals. Such wastes as chlorides, chlorates, salts of phosphonic acid, fluorides, and arsenic had been discharged from the Rocky Mountain Arsenal during the years of its operation by the Army Chemical Corps. It was concluded that some of these wastes had found their way into the ground water at the arsenal and that it had taken from seven to eight years for them to travel underground a distance of about three miles from two of the arsenal's original holding ponds—mere depressions in the earth, into which wastes were discharged—to the nearest farm. The investigators knew of no way to contain the contamination—to halt its advance. All this was bad enough, but the most mysterious and probably, in the long run, the most significant feature of the whole episode was the discovery of 2,4-D in the holding ponds of the arsenal, even though no 2,4-D had been manufactured there during any stage of operations. After long and careful study, the chemists at the plant concluded that the 2,4-D had been formed spontaneously in the holding ponds, from other substances discharged from the arsenal; in the presence of catalyzing air and sunlight, and quite without the intervention of human chemists, the ponds had become laboratories for the production of a new chemical.

Indeed, one of the most alarming aspects of the chemical pollution of water is the fact that in river or lake or reservoir—or, for that matter, in the glass of water served at your dinner table—are mingled chemicals that no responsible chemist would think of combining in his laboratory. The possible interactions between these chemicals, often comparatively harmless in themselves, are deeply disturbing to officials of the United States Public Health Service. The reactions may take place between two or more chemicals, or between various chemicals and radioactive wastes. Under the impact of ionizing radiation, rearrangements of atoms could easily occur, changing the nature of the chem-



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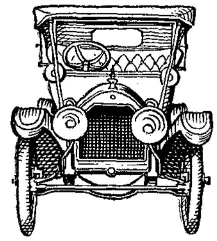
ical in a wholly unpredictable way, and one that would be wholly beyond control.

A striking example of the contamination of surface waters seems to be building up in the National Wildlife Refuges at Tule Lake and Lower Klamath Lake, both in California. These refuges are part of a group, which also includes the refuge on Upper Klamath Lake, just over the border in Oregon. The three are linked, perhaps fatefully, by a shared water supply, and they lie like small islands in a great sea of surrounding farmlands—land reclaimed by drainage and stream diversion from an original waterfowl paradise of marsh and open water. These farmlands around the refuges are now irrigated by water from Upper Klamath Lake. The irrigation waters, having been re-collected from the fields they have served, are pumped into Tule Lake and from there into Lower Klamath Lake. In the summer of 1960, biologists picked up hundreds of dead and dying birds at Tule Lake and Lower Klamath Lake. Most of them were fish-eating species—herons, pelicans, grebes, gulls. Upon analysis, they were found to contain insecticide residues identified as the chlorinated hydrocarbons toxaphene, DDD, and DDE. Fish from the lakes were also found to contain the insecticide residues; so were samples of plankton. It appears that pesticide residues are now building up in the waters of these refuges, being conveyed there by return irrigation flow from heavily sprayed agricultural lands. The refuges are critically important to the conservation of Western waterfowl. They lie in a strip of territory corresponding to the narrow neck of a funnel, in which all the migratory paths constituting what is known as the Pacific Flyway converge. During the fall migration, the three refuges receive many millions of ducks and geese, from nesting grounds that extend from the shores of the Bering Sea east to Hudson Bay—in fact, fully three-fourths of all the waterfowl that move south into or through the Pacific Coast states in autumn. During the summer, the refuges provide nesting areas for waterfowl, and especially for two endangered species, the redhead and the ruddy duck. If the lakes and pools of these refuges become seriously contaminated, the damage to the waterfowl populations of the Far West could be irreparable.

Water, of course, supports long chains of life—from the small-as-dust green cells of the drifting plant plankton, through the minute water fleas, to the fish that strain plankton from the water



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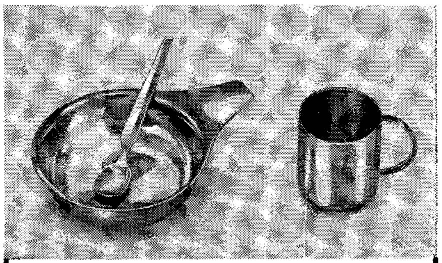

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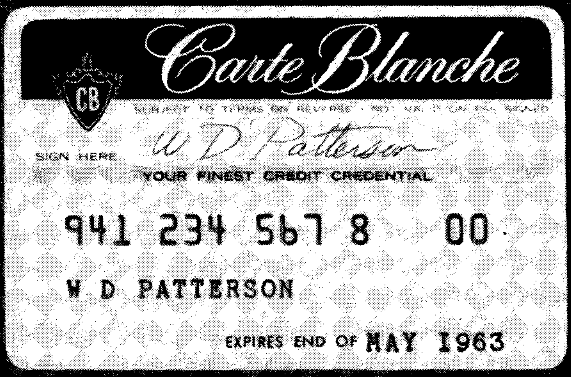
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and are, in turn, eaten by other fish or by birds, mink, raccoons, and man himself, in an endless transfer of materials from life to life. We know that the minerals necessary for all these forms of life are extracted from the water and passed from link to link of the food chains. Can we suppose that poisons we introduce into water will not follow the same course? The answer is to be found in the recent history of Clear Lake, California. Clear Lake lies in mountainous country some ninety miles north of San Francisco and has long been popular with anglers. The name is plainly inappropriate; actually the lake is rather turbid, because its bottom, which is shallow, is covered with soft black ooze. Unfortunately for the fishermen and the resort dwellers on its shores, its waters have long provided an ideal habitat for a small gnat, *Chaoborus astictopus*. Although the gnat is closely related to mosquitoes, it is not a bloodsucker; indeed, it probably does not feed at all as an adult. However, the human beings who came to share its habitat found it annoying, because of its sheer numbers. Efforts were made to control it, but they were largely fruitless until, in the late nineteen-forties, the chlorinated-hydrocarbon insecticides offered a new weapon. The chemical chosen for a fresh attack was DDD, an insecticide that apparently offered fewer threats to fish life than DDT. The new control measures, undertaken in September of 1949, were carefully planned, and few people would have supposed that any harm could result. The lake was surveyed, its volume was determined, and the insecticide was applied in the concentration of one part to every seventy million parts of water. Control of the gnats was good at first, but by September of 1954 the treatment had to be repeated, and this time the chemical was added in the concentration of one part in fifty million parts of water. The destruction of the gnats was then thought to be virtually complete. The following winter months brought the first intimation that other life was affected; the western grebes on the lake began to die, and soon more than a hundred of them had been reported dead. At Clear Lake, the western grebe is a breeding bird and also a winter visitant, attracted by the abundant fish of the lake. It is a bird of spectacular appearance and beguiling habits, building floating nests in shallow lakes of the western United States and western Canada. It is sometimes called the "swan grebe," and with reason, for it glides with scarcely a ripple across the lake surface, its body riding low and its white neck and shining black head held

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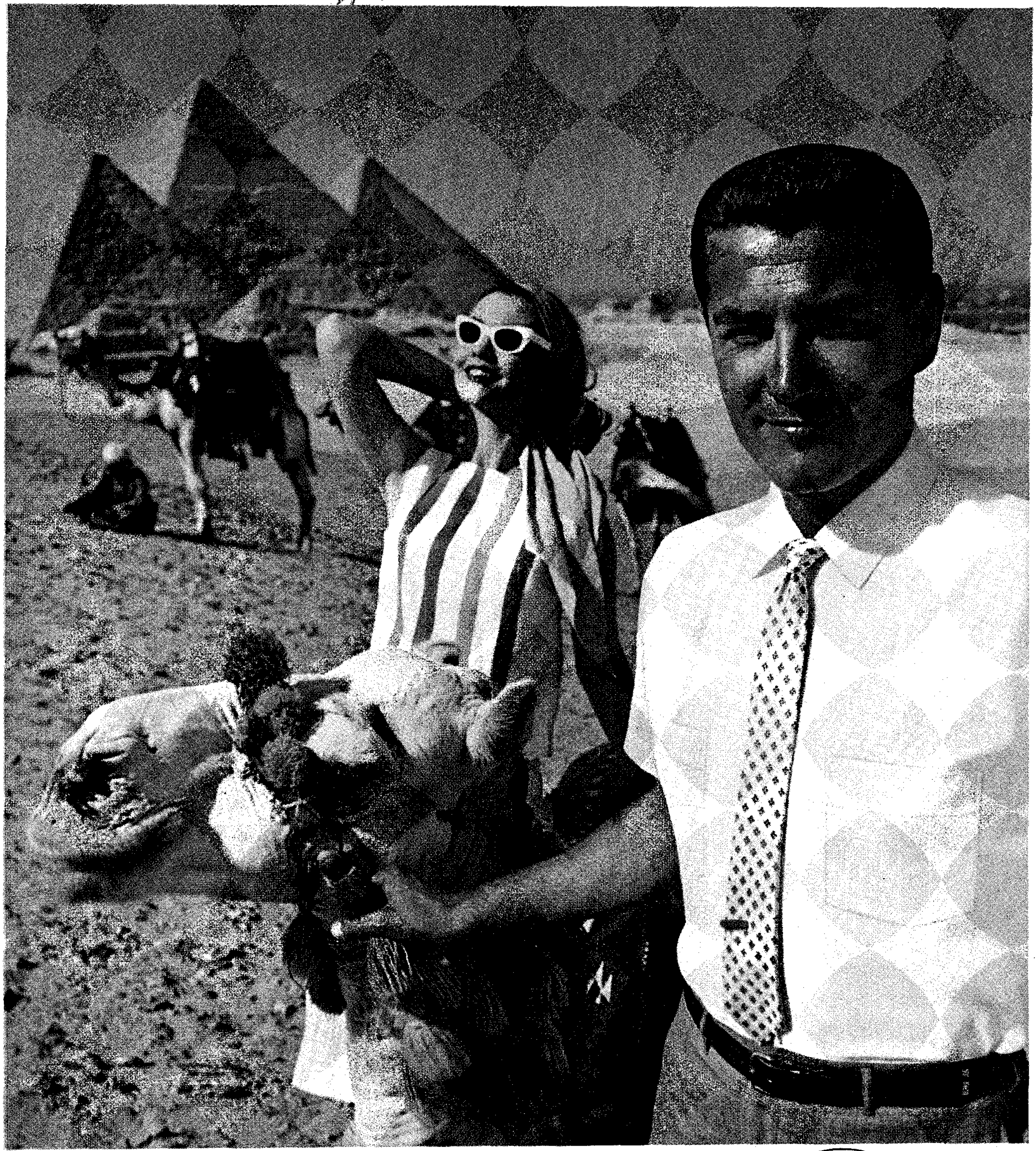

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high. The newly hatched chick is clothed in soft gray down; only a few hours after emerging from the shell it takes to the water, riding on the back of the father or mother, nestled under the parental wing coverts. Following a third assault on the ever-resilient gnat population, in September, 1957—again in a concentration of one part of DDD to fifty million parts of water—more grebes died. Both then and in 1954, no evidence of infectious disease could be discovered on examination of the dead birds. But when someone thought of analyzing the fatty tissues of the grebes, they were found to be loaded with DDD in the extraordinary concentration of sixteen hundred parts per million. How could the chemical have built up to such prodigious levels? The grebes, of course, are fish eaters. When the fish of Clear Lake were also analyzed, the picture began to take form: The poison had been picked up by the smallest organisms, concentrated, and passed on to the larger ones, which concentrated it further. Plankton organisms were found to contain about five parts per million of the insecticide; plankton-eating fish had built up accumulations ranging from forty to three hundred parts per million; carnivorous species of fish had stored the most of all. One fish, a brown bullhead, had the astounding concentration of twenty-five hundred parts per million. It was a house-that-Jack-built sequence, in which the large carnivores had eaten the smaller carnivores, which had eaten the herbivores, which had eaten the plankton, which had absorbed the poison from the water.

Even more extraordinary discoveries were made later. No trace of DDD could be found in the water shortly after the last application of the chemical. But the poison had not really left the lake; it had merely gone into the fabric of the life that the lake supported. Twenty-three months after the chemical treatment had ceased, the plankton still contained as much as 5.3 parts of it per million. In that interval of nearly two years, successive crops of plankton had flowered and faded away, but the poison had somehow passed from generation to generation. And it lived on in the animal life of the lake as well. All fish, birds, and frogs examined a year after the chemical applications had ceased still contained DDD. The amount found in the flesh always exceeded by many times the original concentration in the water. Among these living carriers were fish that had hatched nine months after the last application of DDD. California gulls had built up concentrations of more than two thou-

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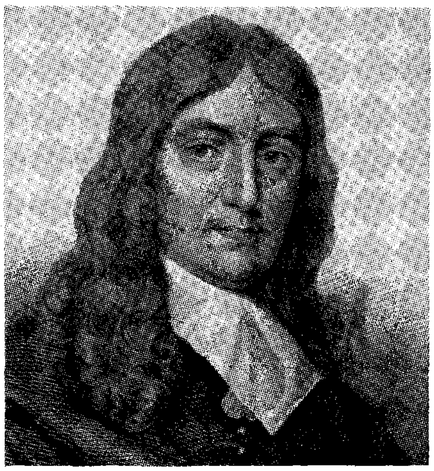

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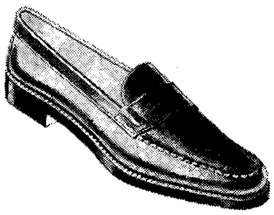
sand parts per million. The grebes still carried heavy residues, and meanwhile their nesting colonies had dwindled, from more than a thousand pairs before the first insecticide treatment to about thirty pairs in 1960. Even the thirty seem to have nested in vain, for no young grebes have been observed on the lake since the last DDD application. And what of the human being who has rigged his fishing tackle, caught a string of fish from the waters of Clear Lake, and taken them home to fry for supper? What could a heavy dose of DDD—and perhaps repeated heavy doses—do to him? The California State Department of Public Health professed to see no hazard, yet in 1959 it required that the use of DDD in the lake be stopped. In view of the evidence, the action seems a minimum safety measure.

THE thin layer of soil that forms a patchy covering over the continents controls our own existence and that of every other animal of the land. Without soil, land plants as we know them could not grow, and without plants no animal could survive. Yet if our life depends on the soil, it is equally true that soil depends on life; its very origins and the maintenance of its true nature are intimately related to living plants and animals. For soil is in part a creation of life, born of a marvellous interaction of life and inert matter aeons ago. The parent materials were gathered together as volcanoes poured them out in fiery streams, as waters running over the bare rocks of the continents wore away even the hardest granite, and as the chisels of frost and ice split and shattered the rocks. Then living things began to work their creative magic, and little by little these inert materials became soil. Lichens, the rocks' first covering, aided the process of disintegration by means of acid secretions and made a lodging place for other life. Mosses took hold in these little pockets of simple soil—soil formed by crumbling bits of lichen, by the husks of minute insect life, by the debris of a fauna beginning its emergence from the sea. And not only did life help form the soil but living things now exist within it in incredible abundance and diversity; if this were not so, the soil would be a dead and sterile thing. The soil exists in a state of constant change, taking part in cycles that have no beginning and no end. New materials are constantly being contributed as rocks disintegrate, as organic matter decays, and as nitrogen and other gases are brought down in rain from the skies. Simul-



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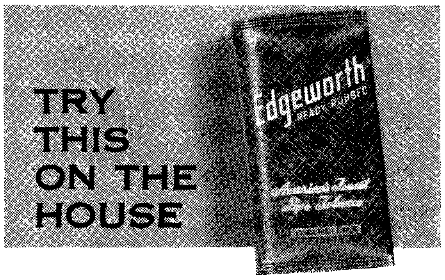

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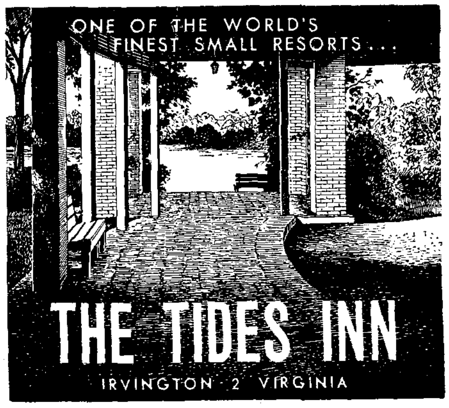

taneously, materials are being taken away, borrowed temporarily for use by living creatures. Subtle and vastly important chemical changes are constantly in progress, converting elements derived from air and water into forms suitable for the support of plant life, and in all these changes living organisms are active agents.

There are few studies more fascinating, and at the same time more neglected, than the study of the teeming populations that exist in the dark realms of the soil. We know too little of the links that bind the soil organisms to each other, to their world, and to the world above. Perhaps the most essential organisms in the soil are the smallest—the invisible hosts of bacteria and of threadlike fungi. Statistics of their abundance take us at once into astronomical figures. A teaspoonful of topsoil may contain billions of bacteria. In spite of their minute size, the combined weight of bacteria in the top foot of a single acre of fertile soil, which itself weighs from ten to seventeen tons, may be as much as a thousand pounds. Ray fungi, growing in long filaments, are somewhat less numerous than the bacteria, but since they are larger, their total weight in a given amount of soil may be about the same. With small, green cells of algae, these make up the microscopic plant life of the soil. Bacteria, fungi, and algae are the principal agents of decay, reducing plant and animal residues to their component materials. The vast cyclic movements of chemical elements, such as carbon and nitrogen, through soil and air and living tissue could not proceed without these microplants. Without the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, for example, plants would starve for want of nitrogen, though they are surrounded by nitrogen-con-

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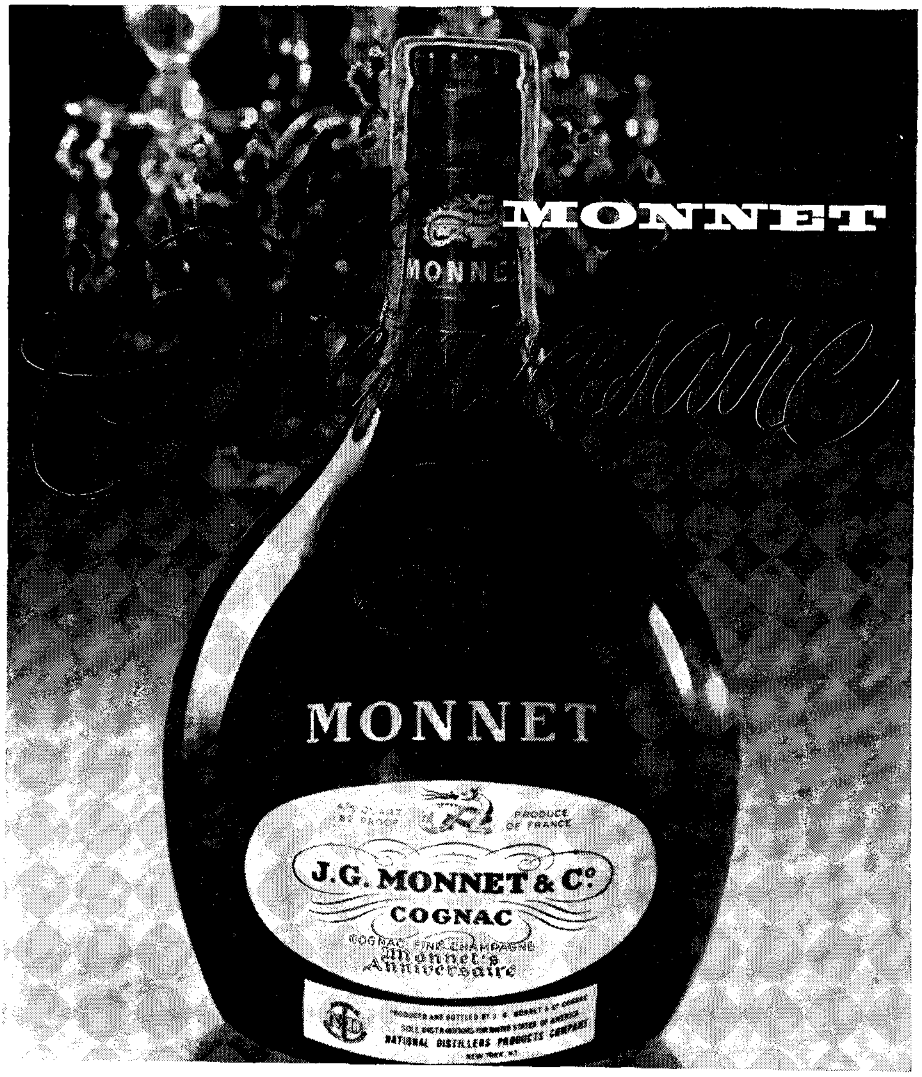

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taining air. Other soil organisms form carbon dioxide, which on being dissolved in water becomes carbonic acid and aids in dissolving rock. Still other soil microbes perform the various oxidations and reductions by which minerals such as iron, manganese, and sulphur are transformed and made available to plants. Also present in prodigious numbers in the soil are microscopic mites and primitive, wingless insects called springtails. Small as they are, both play an important part in breaking down the residues of plants, and thus aid in the slow conversion of the litter of the forest floor to soil. The specialization of some of these minute creatures for their task is almost incredible. Several species of mites, for example, can begin life only within needles that have fallen from a spruce tree. Sheltered there, they digest out the inner tissues of the needle. By the time the mites have completed their development, only the outer layer of cells remains. The truly staggering task of dealing with the tremendous amount of plant material in the annual leaf fall belongs to some of the small insects of the soil and the forest floor. They macerate and digest the leaves, and help to mix the decomposed matter with the surface soil.

Besides all this horde of minute but ceaselessly toiling creatures, there are, of course, many larger forms, for soil life runs the gamut from bacteria to mammals. Some of these larger forms are permanent residents of the dark, subsurface layers; some hibernate or spend certain parts of their life cycles in underground chambers; some come and go freely between their burrows and the upper world. In general, the effect of all this habitation of the soil is to aerate it and to improve both its drainage and the penetration of water throughout the layers of plant growth. Of all the larger inhabitants of the soil, probably none is more important than the earthworm. Just over three-quarters of a century ago, Charles Darwin published a book titled "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, with Observations on Their Habits." In it he gave the world its first understanding of the fundamental role that earthworms play as geological agents for the transport of soil—a picture of surface rocks being gradually covered by fine soil brought up from below by the worms, which ingest earth in building burrows and as food and eject it near the surface in annual amounts running to many tons to the acre in the most favorable areas. At the same time, they draw quantities of organic matter contained in leaves and grass—

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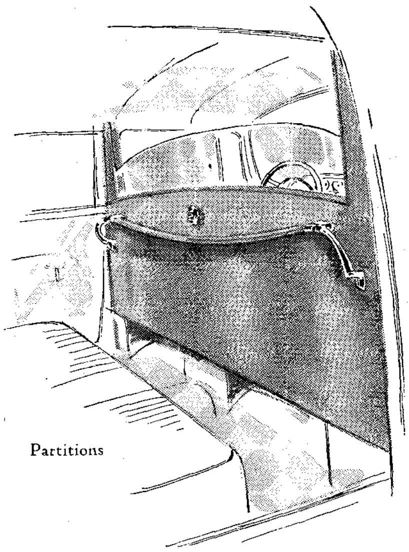

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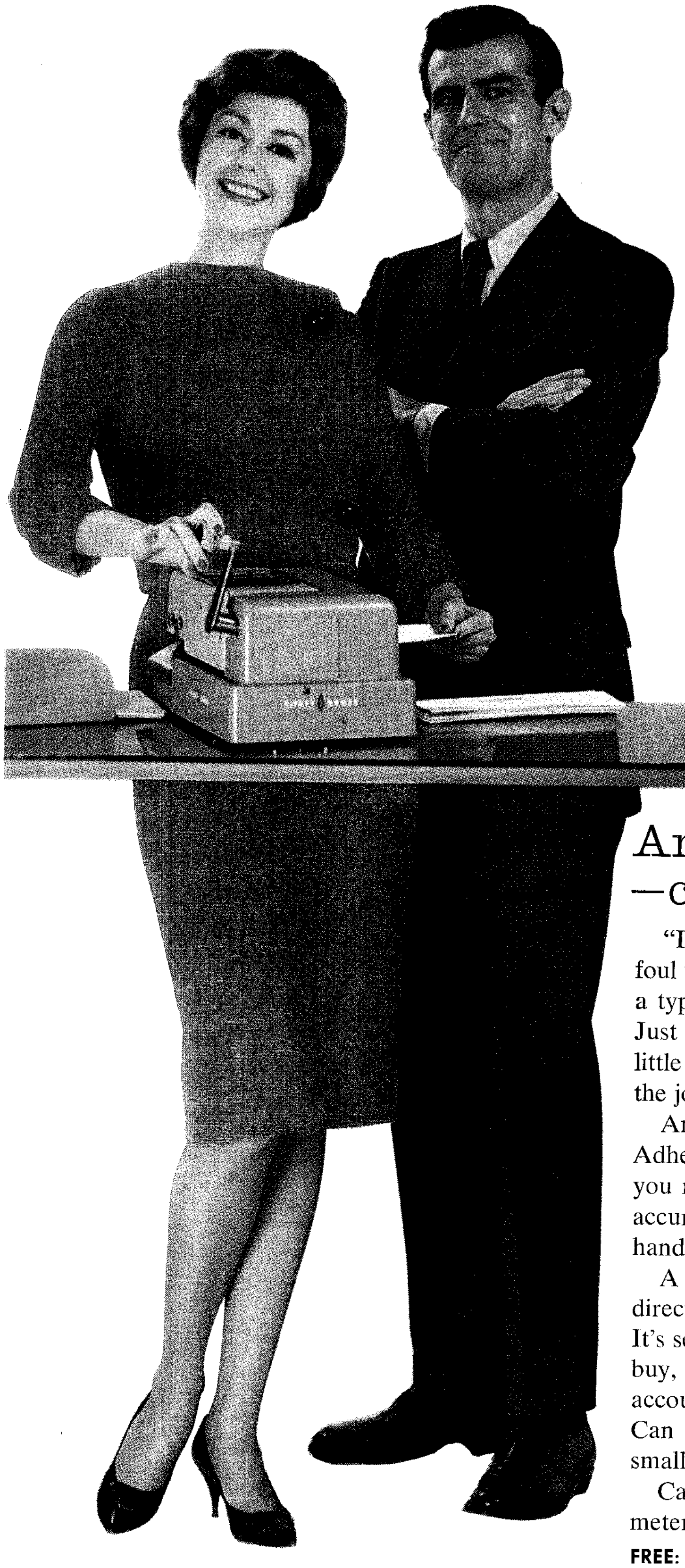

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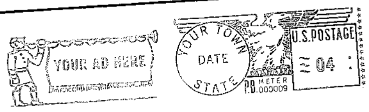

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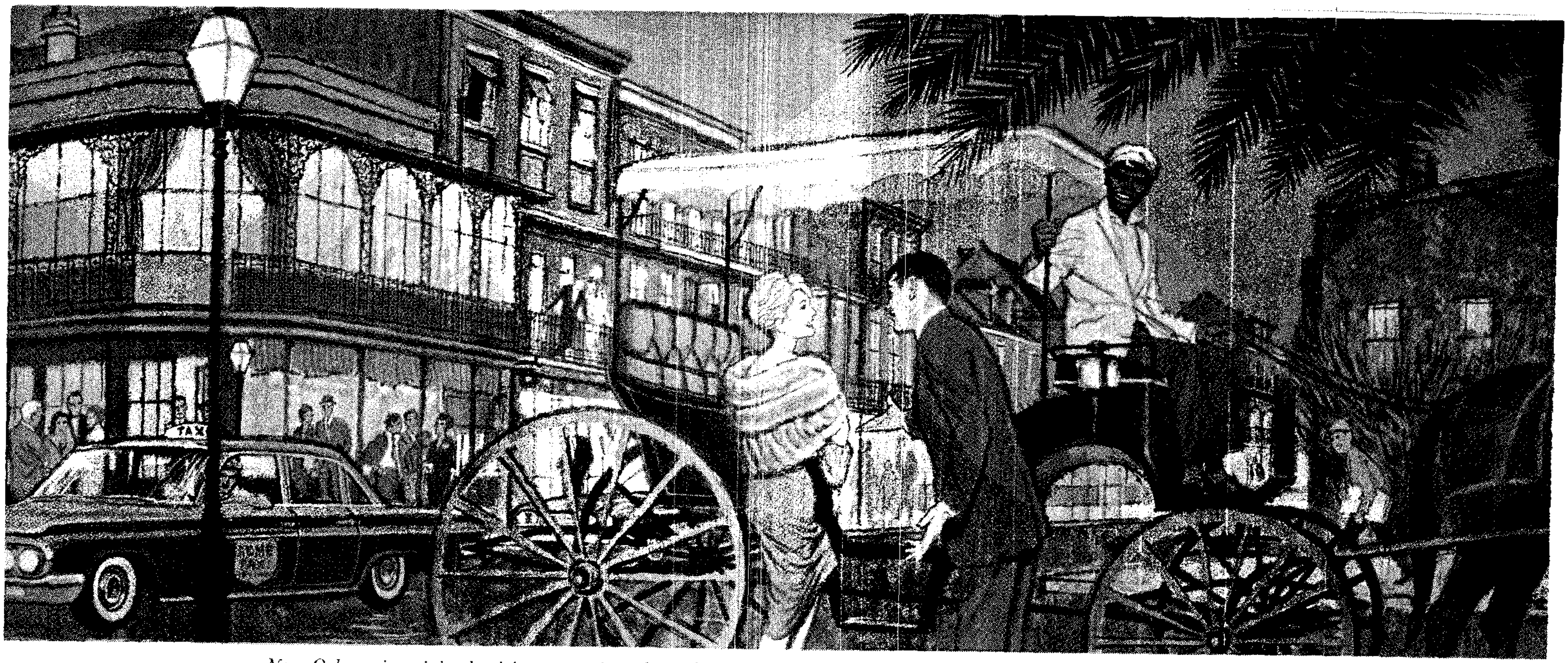

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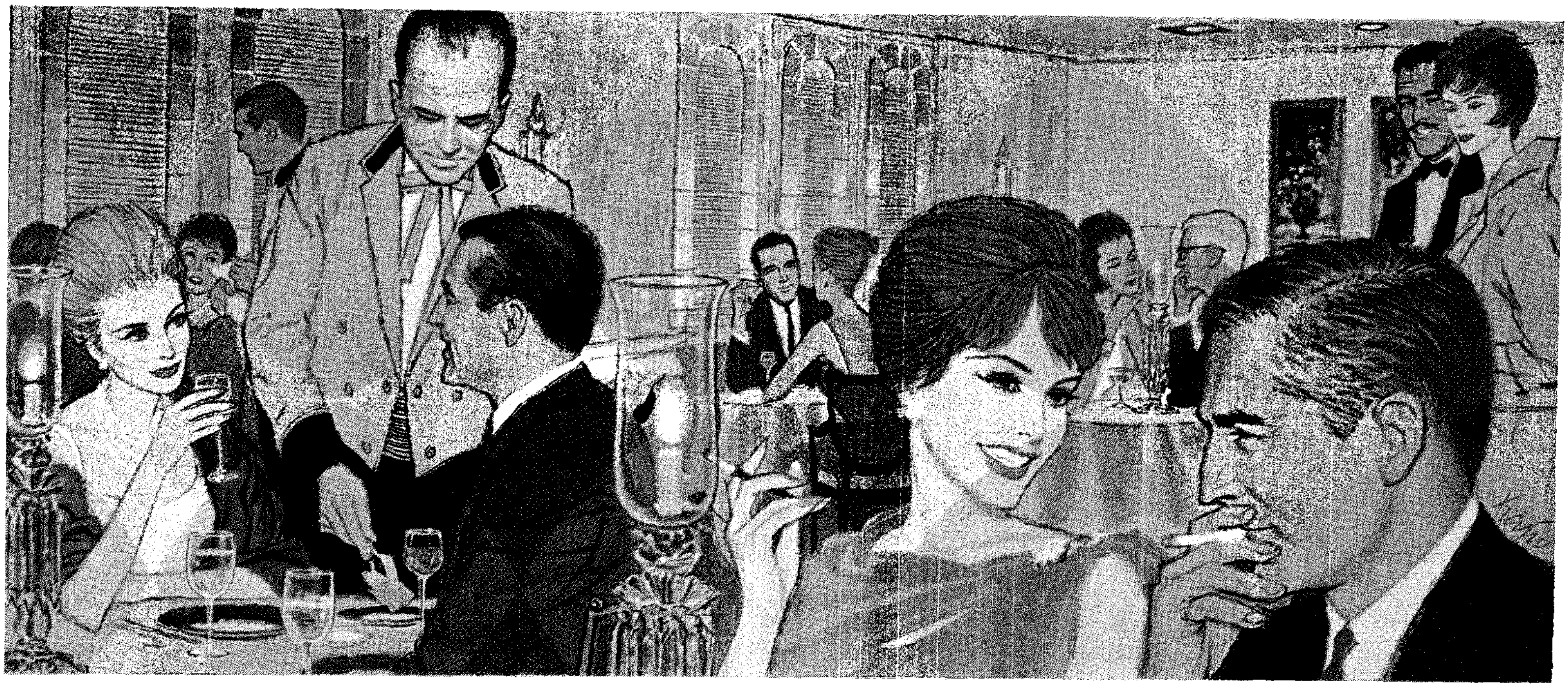

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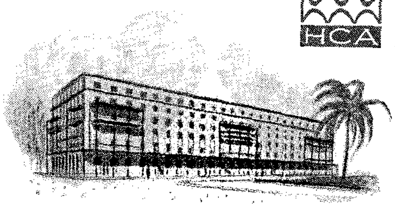

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as much as twenty pounds to the square yard in six months—down into the burrows, where they become part of the soil. Darwin's calculations showed that the toil of earthworms might produce a layer of soil from an inch to an inch and a half thick in a ten-year period. This is by no means all they do. Their burrows aerate the soil, keep it well drained, and aid the penetration of plant roots. And organic matter is broken down as it passes through their digestive tracts, so the soil is enriched by their excretory products.

What happens to the inhabitants of the soil when poisonous chemicals are carried down into their world, either introduced directly as soil "sterilants" or sprayed on crops or borne by rain that has picked up a lethal contamination as it filtered through the leaf canopy of forest and orchard and cropland? Is it reasonable to suppose that a so-called broad-spectrum insecticide can kill the burrowing larval stages of a crop-destroying insect without also killing the insects whose function may be the essential one of breaking down organic matter? Or can we use a non-specific fungicide in orchards without also killing the fungi that inhabit the roots of many trees and aid the tree in extracting nutrients from the soil? The plain truth is that this critically important subject of the ecology of the soil has been largely neglected even by scientists and almost completely ignored by control men. The chemical control of insects seems to have proceeded on the assumption that the soil could and would sustain any amount of insult without striking back. From the few studies that have been made, a picture of the impact of pesticides on the soil is slowly emerging. The studies are not always in agreement, for soil types vary enormously and what causes damage in one may be innocuous in another. Light, sandy soils suffer far more heavily than humus types, for example, and combinations of chemicals often seem to do more harm than separate applications. Despite the varying results, enough solid evidence of harm is accumulating to cause apprehension on the part of the scientists concerned.

Under some conditions, the chemical conversions and transformations that lie at the very heart of the living world are affected. For example, the herbicide 2,4-D causes a temporary interruption of nitrification. Recent experiments in Florida showed that three chlorinated hydrocarbons—heptachlor, BHC (benzene hexachloride), and lindane, which is an isomer of BHC—reduced nitrification after only two weeks in the soil; BHC and DDT had significantly detri-

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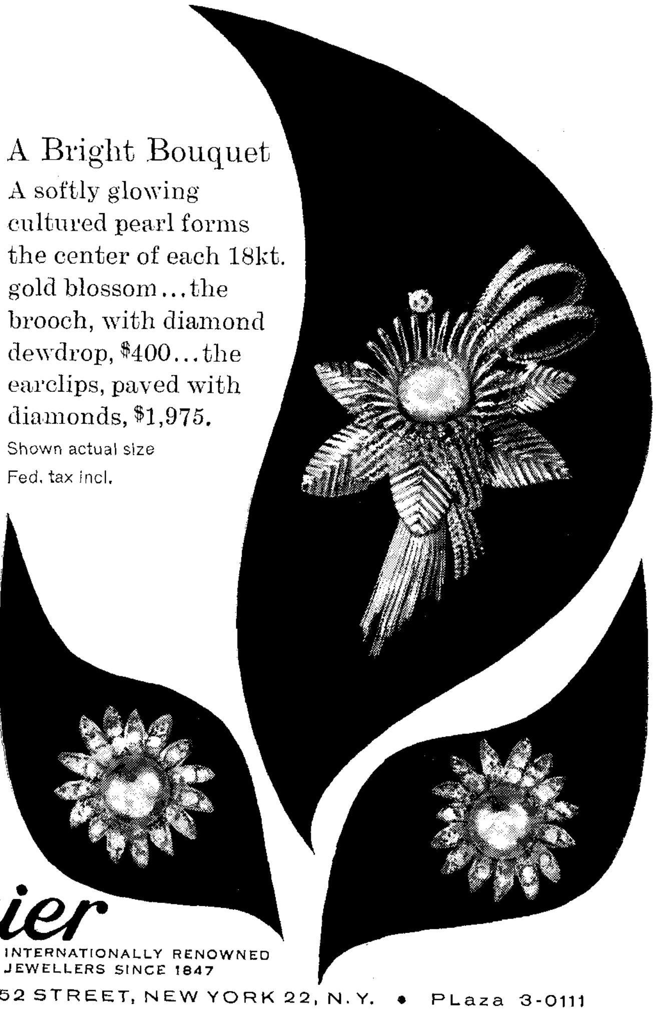

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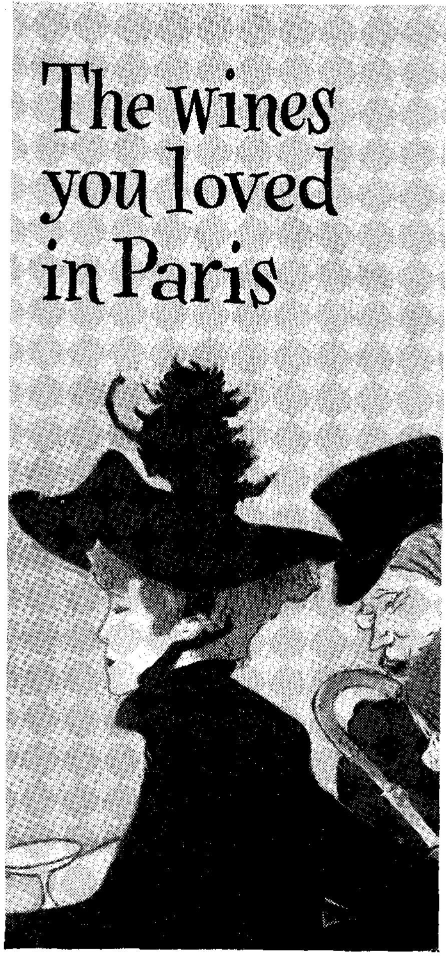

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mental effects a year after treatment. In other experiments, it was found that BHC, lindane, aldrin, heptachlor, and DDD all prevented nitrogen-fixing bacteria from forming the necessary root nodules on leguminous plants, and also that a curious but beneficial relation between fungi and the roots of higher plants was seriously disrupted. Sometimes the problem is one of upsetting that delicate balance of populations by which nature accomplishes far-reaching aims. Explosive increases in certain kinds of soil organisms have occurred when other kinds have been reduced by insecticides, disturbing the relation of predator to prey. Such changes could easily alter the metabolic activity of the soil and affect its productivity. They could also mean that potentially harmful organisms, formerly held in check, might take on the status of pests.

One of the most important things to remember about insecticides in soil is their persistence. Aldrin has been recovered after four years, both as traces and, more abundantly, as converted to dieldrin. Ten years after the application of toxaphene to sandy soil, enough remains to kill termites. BHC persists at least eleven years, and heptachlor at least nine. Chlordane has been recovered after twelve years. Seemingly moderate applications of insecticides over a period of years may build up fantastic quantities in soil. The legend that "a pound of DDT to the acre is harmless" means nothing if spraying is repeated. Potato soils have been found to contain up to fifteen pounds of DDT per acre, corn soils up to nineteen. A cranberry bog under study contained thirty-four and a half pounds to the acre. Soils from apple orchards seem to reach the peak of contamination, for the rate at which DDT accumulates here almost keeps pace with its rate of annual application. In a single season, if orchards are sprayed four or more times, DDT residues may amount to as much as fifty pounds to the acre. Arsenic provides a classic instance of the virtually permanent poisoning of the soil. Although since the mid-forties arsenic as a spray on growing tobacco has been largely replaced by the synthetic insecticides, the arsenic content of cigarettes made from American-grown tobacco increased more than three hundred per cent between the years 1932 and 1962. Dr. Henry S. Satterlee, an authority on arsenic toxicology, says that the soils of tobacco plantations are now thoroughly impregnated with arsenic residues in the form of a heavy and relatively insoluble poison, arsenate of lead. This will con-

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tinue to release arsenic in soluble form. As Dr. Satterlee puts it, the soil of a large proportion of the land planted with tobacco has been subjected to "cumulative and well-nigh permanent poisoning." Tobacco grown in the eastern Mediterranean countries, where arsenical insecticides are not used, has shown no such increase in arsenic content.

The question arises to what extent insecticides are absorbed into plant tissues from contaminated soils. Much depends on the type of soil, the crop, and the nature and the concentration of the insecticide. Soils high in organic matter release smaller quantities of poisons than others do. Carrots absorb more insecticide than any other crop studied; if the insecticide used happens to be lindane, carrots actually accumulate higher concentrations than are present in the soil. In the future, it may become necessary to analyze soils for insecticides before planting certain food crops. Otherwise, unsprayed crops may take up enough insecticide from the soil to render them unfit for market. This very sort of contamination has already created endless problems for at least one leading manufacturer of baby foods, who has been unwilling to buy any fruits or vegetables that have been exposed to insecticides. The chemical that caused him the most trouble was BHC, which is taken up by the roots and tubers of plants, and which advertises its presence by a musty taste and odor. Sweet potatoes grown in California fields where BHC had been used two years earlier contained residues, and the firm had to reject them. Another year, in which the firm had contracted for its total requirements of sweet potatoes with growers in South Carolina, so large a proportion of the acreage was found to be contaminated that the company was forced to buy in the open market, at a considerable financial loss. The manufacturer's most stubborn problem has been with peanuts. In the Southern states, peanuts are usually grown in rotation with cotton, on which BHC is extensively used, and the peanuts pick up considerable amounts of the insecticide. Actually, only a trace is enough to give them the telltale musty odor and taste. The chemical penetrates the nuts and cannot be removed.

Sometimes the menace is to the crop itself—a menace as long-lasting as the insecticide contamination of the soil. Some insecticides affect sensitive plants such as beans, wheat, barley, and rye, retarding root development or inhibiting the growth of seedlings. The ex-

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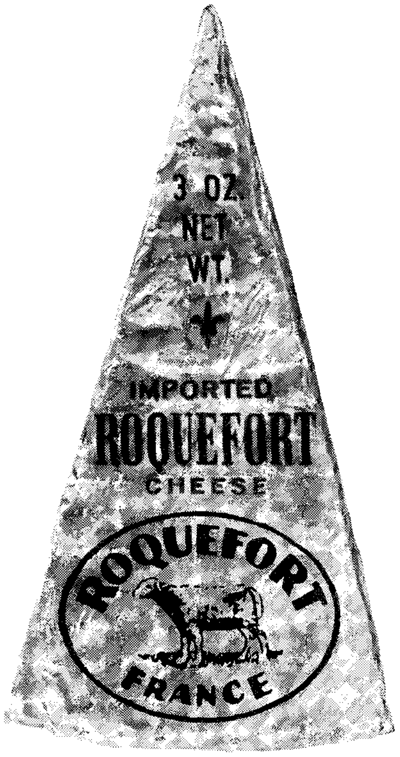

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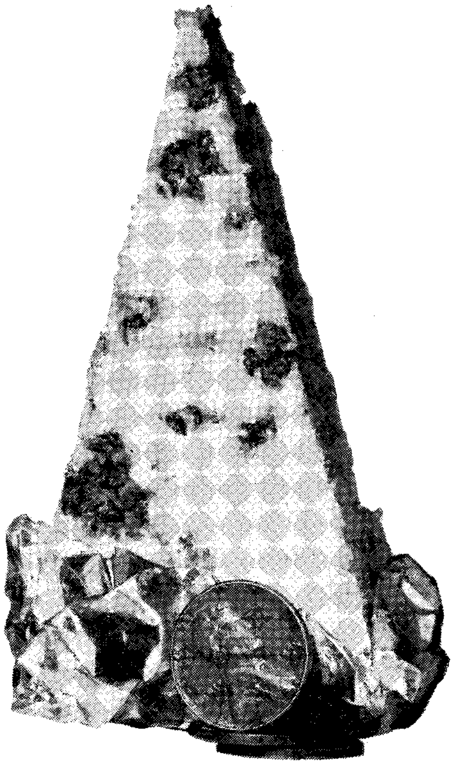

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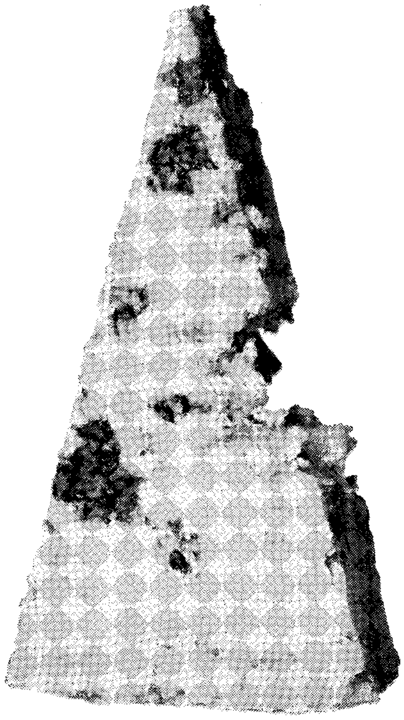

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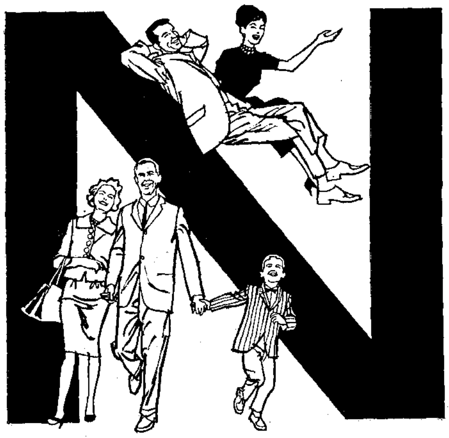

perience of the hop growers of Washington and Idaho is an example. During the spring of 1955, many of these growers undertook a large-scale program to control the strawberry-root weevil, whose larvae had become abundant on the roots of the hops. On the advice of agricultural experts and insecticide manufacturers, they chose heptachlor to do the job. Within a year after the heptachlor was applied, in both dust and spray forms, the vines in the treated yards were wilting and dying. In the untreated fields there was no trouble; in fact, the damage stopped at the border between treated and untreated fields. The fields were replanted, at great expense, but the next year the new roots, too, were found to be dead. Four years later, the soil still contained heptachlor, and scientists were unable to predict how long it would remain poisonous, or to recommend any procedure for correcting the condition. The United States Department of Agriculture, which as late as March, 1959, had declared heptachlor to be acceptable for use on hops in the form of a soil treatment, thereafter belatedly withdrew its registration for such use. Meanwhile, the hop growers sought what redress they could in the courts.

In continuing to contaminate the soil, we are almost certainly headed for trouble. This was the consensus of a groups of specialists who met in 1960 at the College of Forestry of the State University of New York, in Syracuse, to discuss the ecology of the soil. These men summed up the hazards of using "such potent and little understood tools" as chemicals and radioactive substances: "A few false moves on the part of man may result in destruction of soil productivity and the arthropods may well take over."

WATER, soil, and the earth's green mantle of plants make up the world that supports the animal life of the earth. Although modern man seldom remembers the fact, he could not exist without the plants that harness the sun's energy and manufacture the basic foodstuffs he depends upon for life. Our attitude toward plants is a singularly narrow one. If we see any immediate utility in a plant, we foster it. If, for any reason, we find its presence undesirable, or even simply a matter of indifference, we may condemn it to destruction forthwith. Besides the various plants that are poisonous to man or his livestock, or crowd out food plants, many are marked for destruction merely because they happen to be in the wrong place at

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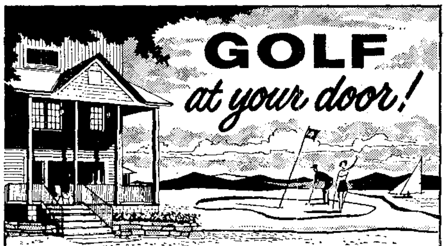

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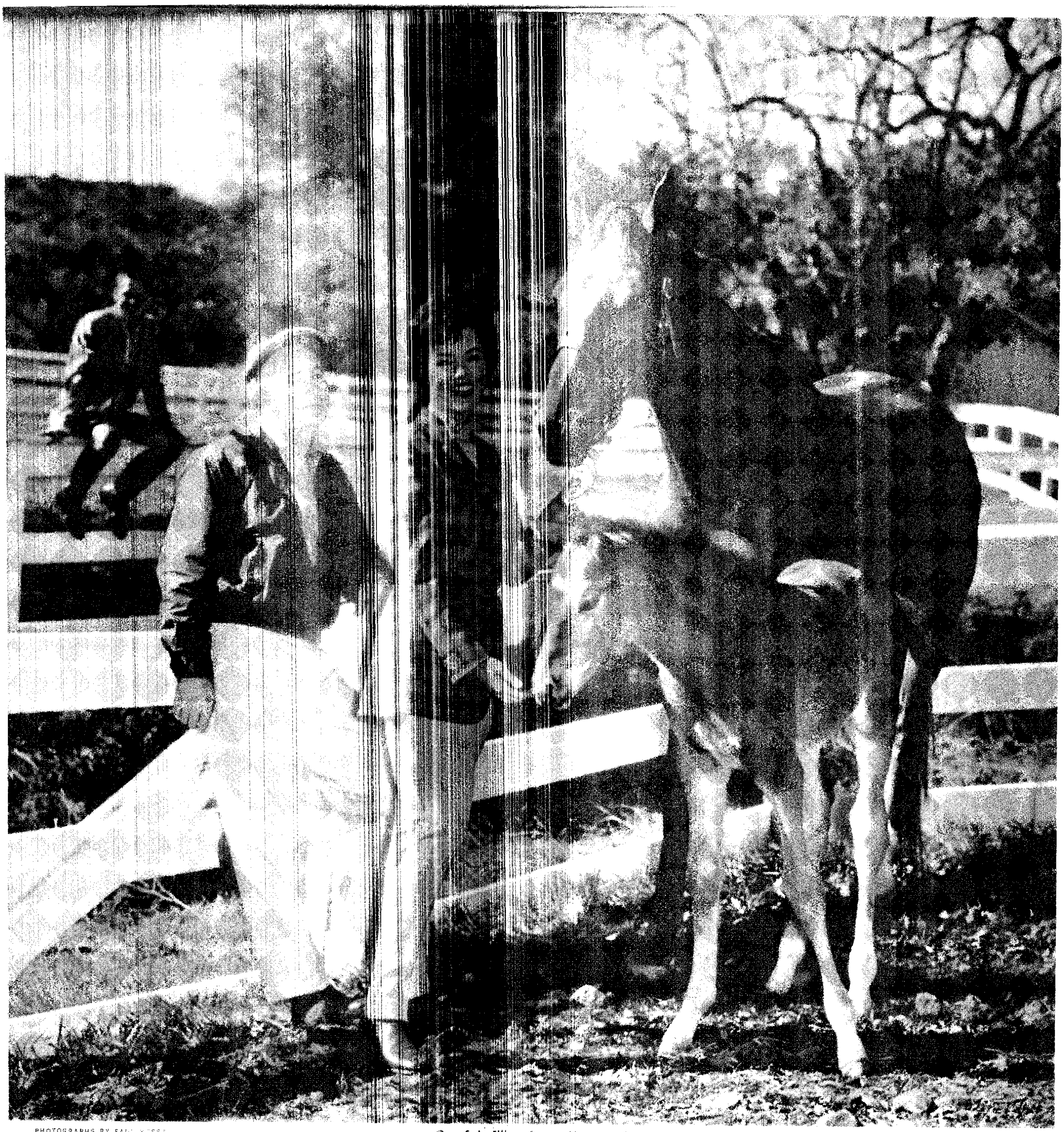

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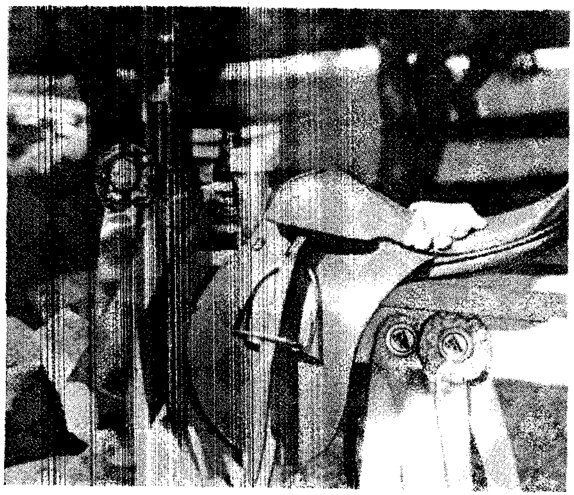

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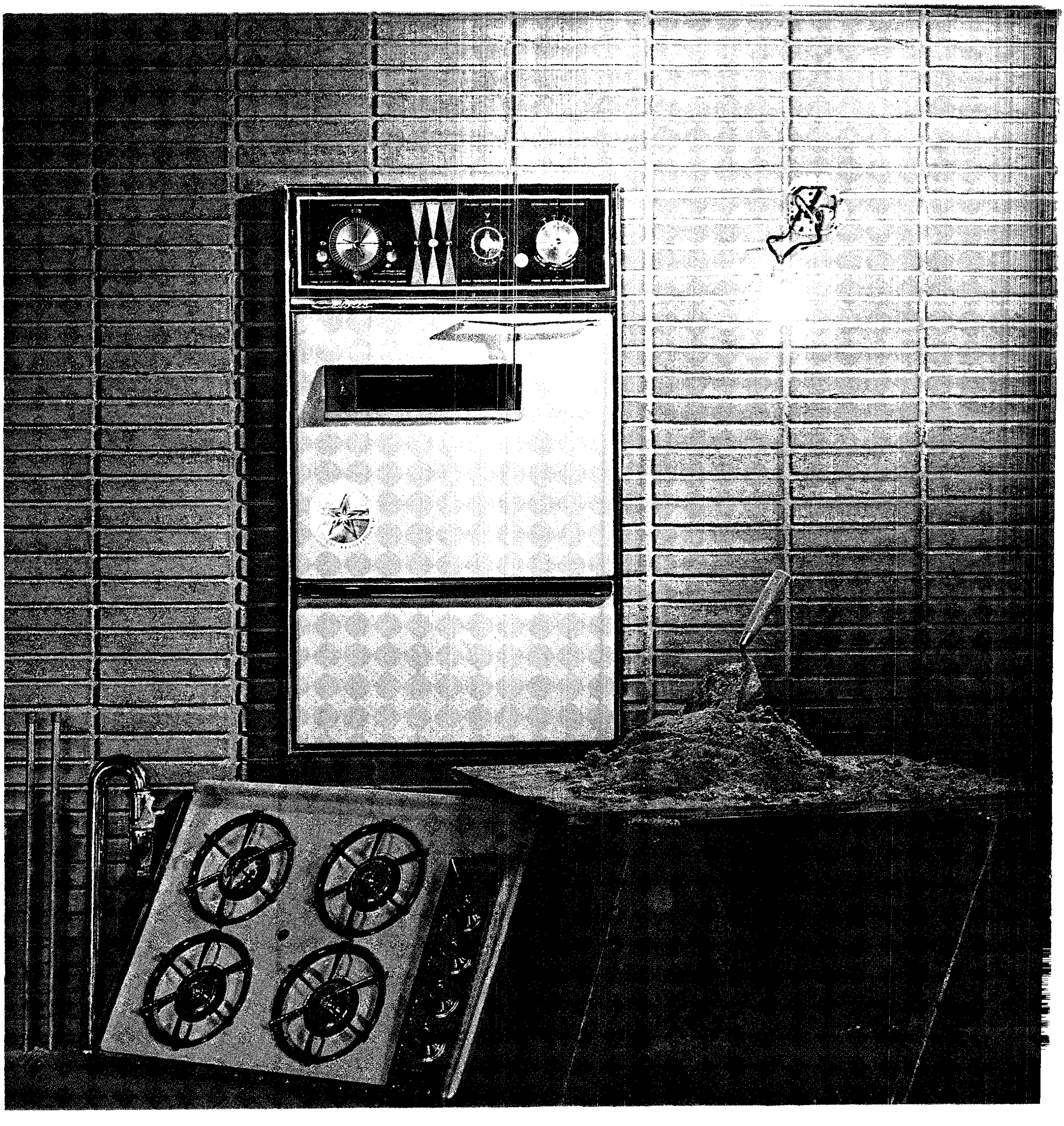

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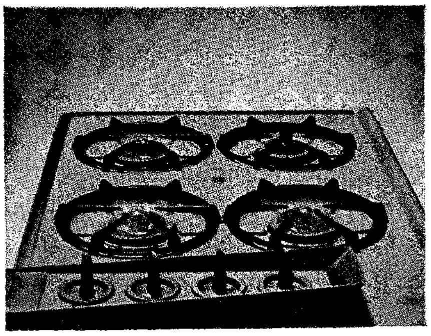

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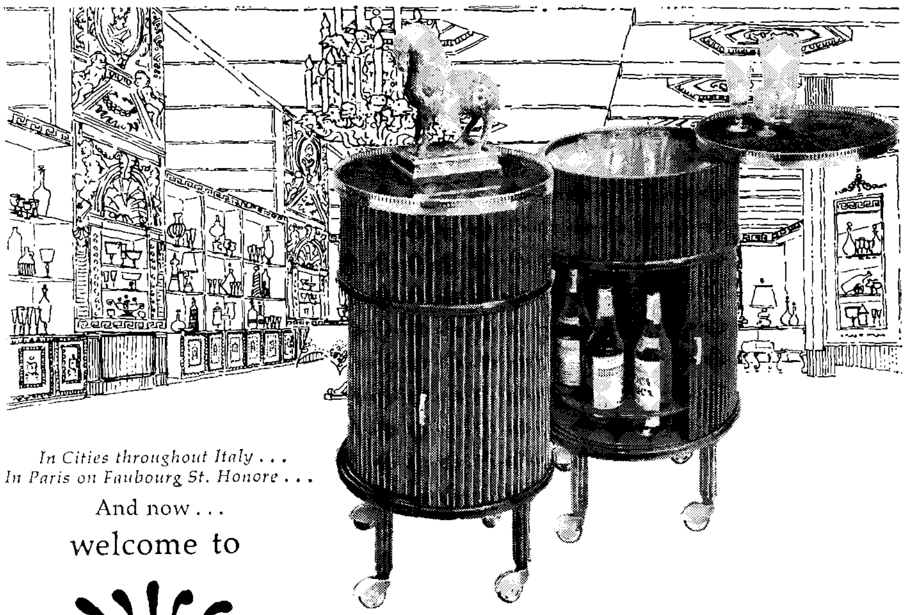
the wrong time, and many others are destroyed merely because they happen to be associates of the unwanted plants. Sometimes we have no choice but to disturb the relationships between plants and the earth, between plants and other plants, and between plants and animals, yet we should do so thoughtfully, with full awareness that what we do may have consequences remote in time and place.

One example of our unthinking bludgeoning of the landscape is to be seen in the sagebrush lands of the West, where a vast campaign has been launched to destroy the sage and substitute grass. If ever an enterprise needed to be illuminated with a sense of the history and meaning of the landscape, it is this one. For here the natural landscape is eloquent of the interplay of forces that have created it. It is spread before us like the pages of an open book, telling why the land is what it is, and why we should preserve its integrity. But the pages lie unread. The land of the sage is the land of the high Western plains and the lower slopes of the mountains that rise above them—a land born of the uplift of the Rocky Mountain system many millions of years ago. It is a place of harsh extremes of climate: of long winters when blizzards drive down from the mountains and snow lies thick on the plains, of summers whose heat is relieved only by scanty rains, with drought biting deep into the soil, and dry winds stealing moisture from leaf and stem. In the evolution of this landscape, there must have been a long period of trial and error as plants attempted the colonization of the high and wind-swept land. One after another must have failed. At last, a group of plants took root that combined all the qualities needed for survival. The sage—low-growing and shrubby—could maintain its hold on the mountain slopes and on the plains, and within its small gray leaves it could store moisture enough to defy the thieving winds. It was no accident but, rather, the result of long ages of experimentation by nature that the great plains of the West became the land of the sage.

Along with the plants, animal life was evolving in harmony with the searching requirements of the land. In time, there were two animals as well adjusted to their habitat as the sage. One was a mammal, the fleet and graceful pronghorn antelope. The other was a bird, the sage grouse—the "cock of the plains" of Lewis and Clark. The sage and the grouse seem made for each other. The range of the bird coincides with the range of the sage, and the sage



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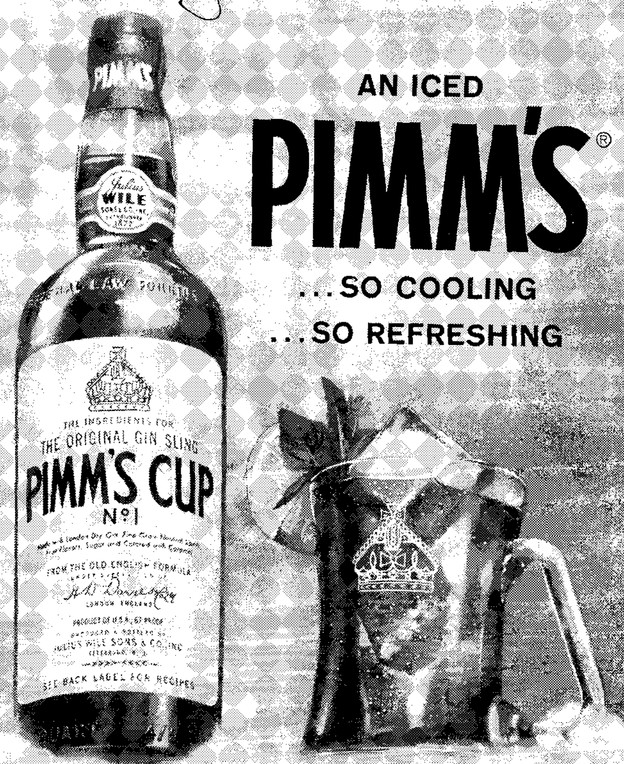

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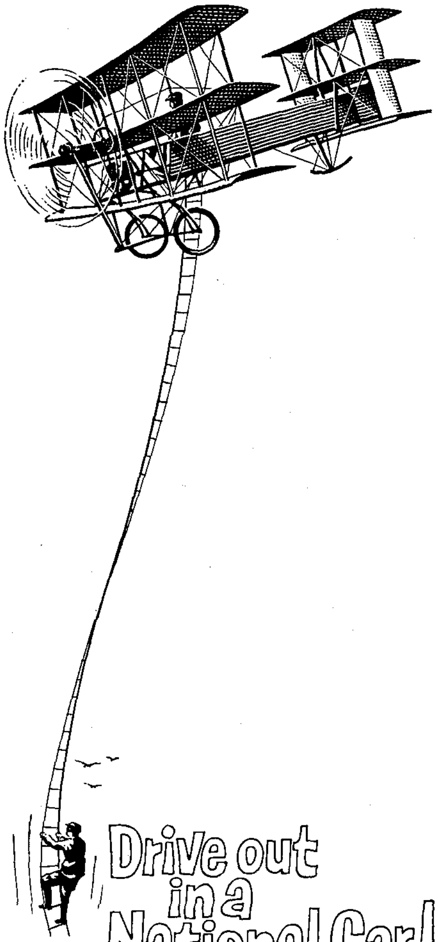
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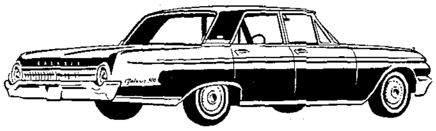
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is all things to these birds of the plains. The low sage of the foothill ranges shelters their nests and their young; the denser growths are loafing and roosting areas; at all times the sage provides the staple food of the grouse. Yet it is a two-way relationship. The spectacular courtship displays of the cocks help loosen the soil beneath and around the sage, aiding invasion by grasses that can grow in the shelter of the sagebrush. The antelope, too, have adjusted their lives to the sage. Though some of them summer in the mountains, they are primarily animals of the plains, and in winter, when the first snows come, they all seek the lower elevations. There the sage provides the food that tides them over the winter. Where all other plants have shed their leaves, the gray-green leaves of the sage—bitter, aromatic, rich in proteins, fats, and needed minerals—cling to the stems of the densely growing plants. Though the snows pile up, the tops of the sage remain exposed, or can be reached by the sharp, pawing hoofs of the antelope. Then grouse feed on them, too, finding them on bare and wind-swept ledges or following the antelope to spots where they have scratched away the snow. Other life also looks to the sage. Mule deer often feed on it. Sage may mean survival to winter-grazing livestock. Sheep graze many winter ranges where the big sagebrush forms almost pure stands. For half the year, it is their principal forage, and it is a plant of higher energy value than even alfalfa hay.

The upland plains, the purple wastes of sage, the wild, swift antelope, and the grouse are then a natural system in perfect balance. Or, rather, in many places, there was such a balance. In recent years, the land-management agencies have set about satisfying the insatiable demands of the cattlemen for more grazing land. By this they mean grass-land—grass without sage. Few seem to have asked whether grassland is a stable and desirable goal in the region. Certainly nature's own answer was no. The annual precipitation in this land is not enough to support good sod-forming grass; rather, it favors the bunch grass that grows in the shelter of the sage. Yet millions of acres of sagebrush lands are sprayed each year. What are the results? The long-term effects of eliminating sage and seeding with grass are largely conjectural. Men of long experience in the ways of the land say that in this country there is better growth of grass between and under the moisture-holding sage than can possibly be had in pure stands. But even if the program succeeds in its immediate

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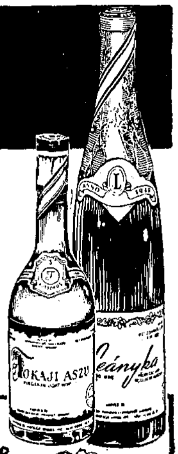
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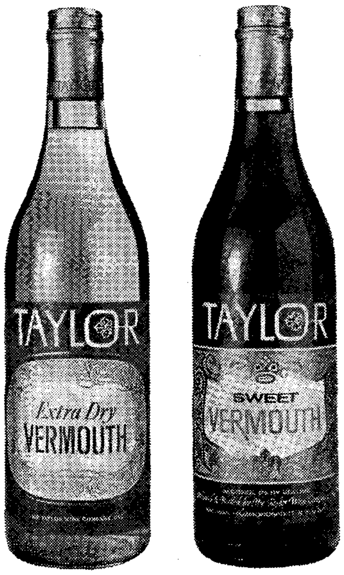

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objective, it is clear that the whole closely knit fabric of life is being ripped apart. The antelope and the grouse will disappear, along with the sage. Even the livestock, which are the intended beneficiaries, will suffer; no amount of lush green grass in summer can help the sheep starving in the winter storms for lack of the sage and bitter brush and other wild vegetation of the plains. These are the first and obvious effects. Others are of the kind that is always associated with the shotgun approach to nature: the spraying also eliminates a great many plants that were not its intended target. Justice William O. Douglas, in his recent book "My Wilderness: East to Katahdin," has told of an example of ecological destruction wrought by the Forest Service in the Bridger National Forest, in Wyoming. Yielding to the pressure of cattlemen for more grassland, the Service sprayed some ten thousand acres of sage lands. The sage was killed, as was intended. But so was a green, life-giving ribbon of willows that traced its way across these plains, following the meandering streams. Moose had lived in these willow thickets, for willow is to the moose what sage is to the antelope. Beavers had lived there, too, feeding on the willows, felling them, and making strong dams across the tiny streams. Through the labor of the beavers, a lake backed up. Trout in the mountain streams were seldom more than six inches long; in the lake they thrived so prodigiously that many grew to five pounds. Waterfowl were attracted to the lake. But with the "improvement" instituted by the Forest Service, the willows went the way of the sagebrush, killed by the same, impartial spray. When Justice Douglas visited the area in 1959, the year of the spraying, he was shocked to see the shrivelled and dying willows—the "vast, incredible damage." What would become of the moose? Of the beavers and the little world they had constructed? A year later, he returned to read the answers in the devastated landscape. The moose were gone, and so were the beavers. The principal beaver dam had gone out for want of attention by its skilled architects, and the lake had drained away. None of the large trout were left, for none could live in the tiny creek that remained, threading its way through a bare, hot land.

Besides the more than four million acres of range lands sprayed each year, large areas of other types of land are potential or actual recipients of chemical treatments for weed control. For example, in the United States an area larger than all of New England—some

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fifty million acres—is under the management of utility corporations, and much of it is routinely treated for "brush control." In the Southwest, an estimated seventy-five million acres of mesquite lands require management by some means, and chemical spraying is the method most actively pushed. An unknown but very large acreage of timber-producing lands is now aerially sprayed for the purpose of "weeding out" the hardwoods from the more spray-resistant conifers. Added to these are an estimated fifty-three million acres of agricultural lands, perhaps two million acres of non-crop lands, and countless private lawns, parks, and golf courses, the combined acreage of which must reach an extremely large figure. And besides all this, there are our roadsides.

Roadside brush control is practiced in all parts of the country, with the object of eliminating plants that ultimately grow tall enough to obstruct drivers' vision or to interfere with wires on rights of way. This is a legitimate object, but as roadside spraying is commonly carried out, it has many undesirable side effects. One of them is economic. The town fathers of a thousand communities lend willing ears to the chemical salesmen and the eager contractors who will rid their roadsides of "brush." Spraying, they are told, is cheaper than mowing. So, perhaps, it appears in the neat rows of figures in the official books, but were the true cost entered, the wholesale broadcasting of chemicals would be seen to be far more expensive, both in dollars and in the infinite damage it does. Take, for example, a commodity that is prized by every chamber of commerce throughout the land—the good will of vacationing tourists. There is a steadily growing chorus of outraged protest at the disfigurement of once beautiful roadsides by chemical sprays. "We are making a dirty, brown, dying-looking mess along the sides of our roads," a New England woman wrote angrily to her local newspaper last fall. "This is not what the tourists expect, with all the money we are spending advertising the beautiful scenery." In the summer of 1960, conservationists from many states converged on a beautiful Maine island to witness its presentation to the National Audubon Society by its owner, Millicent Todd Bingham. The focus that day was on the preservation of the natural landscape, with its intricate web of life whose interwoven strands lead from microbe to man. But in the background of all the conversations among the visitors to the island was indignation at the despoiling of the roads they

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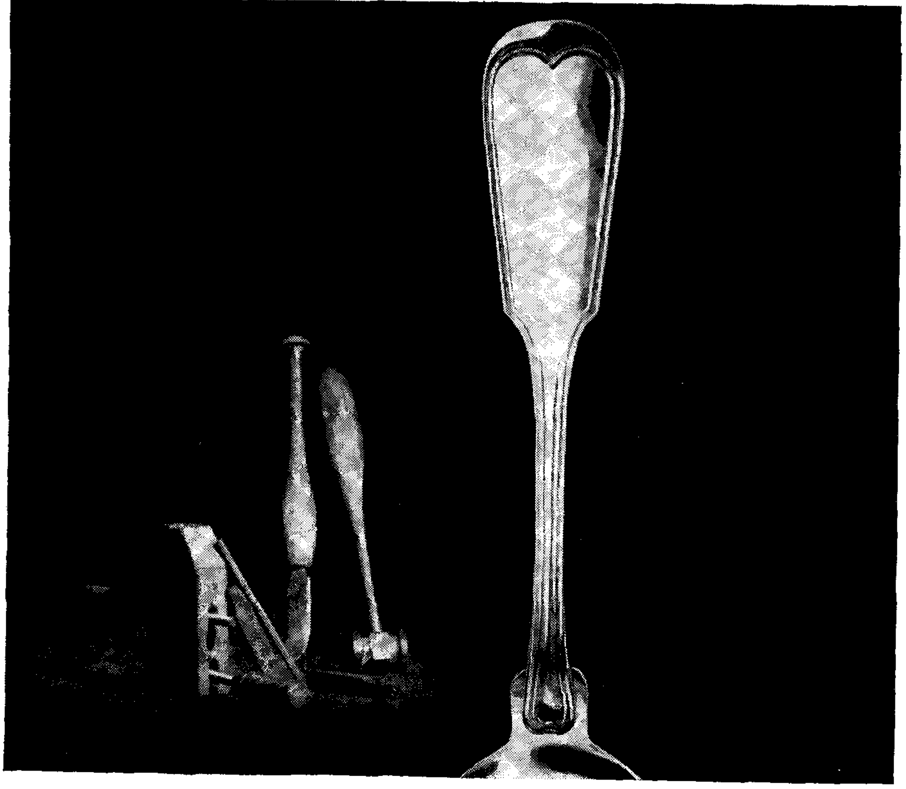

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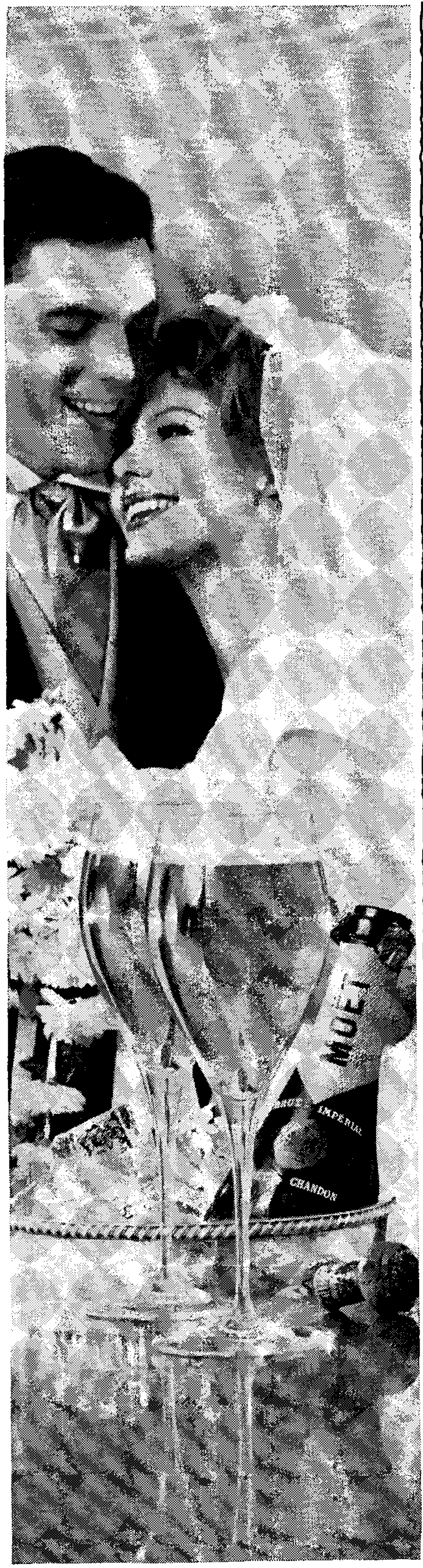

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had travelled to reach it. Once, it had been a joy to follow those roads through the evergreen forests—roads lined with bayberry and sweet fern, alder and huckleberry. Now all was brown desolation. One of the conservationists wrote of that summer pilgrimage, “I returned . . . angry at the desecration of the Maine roadsides. Where, in previous years, the highways were bordered with wild flowers and attractive shrubs, there were only the scars of dead vegetation for mile after mile. . . . As an economic proposition, can Maine afford the loss of tourist good will that such sights induce?”

Botanists at the Connecticut Arboretum, in New London, declare that the elimination of beautiful native shrubs and wild flowers has reached the proportions of a “roadside crisis.” Azaleas, mountain laurel, blueberry, huckleberry, viburnum, dogwood, bayberry, sweet fern, low shadbush, winterberry, chokecherry, and wild plum are dying under the chemical barrage. So are the daisies, the black-eyed Susans, the Queen Anne’s lace, the goldenrod, and the fall asters. In the spring of 1957, trees within the Connecticut Arboretum Natural Area were seriously injured when the town of Waterford sprayed the roadsides with chemical weed killers. Even large trees not directly sprayed were affected. The leaves of the oaks began to curl and turn brown, although it was the season for spring growth. Then new shoots appeared, and these grew with abnormal rapidity, giving a “weeping” appearance to the trees. Two seasons later, large branches on some of these trees had died, other branches were without leaves, and the deformed, weeping effect of whole trees persisted.

I know well a stretch of road where nature’s own landscaping once provided a border of alder, viburnum, sweet fern, and juniper, with seasonally changing accents of bright flowers, and of fruits hanging in jewelled clusters in the fall. The road had no heavy load of traffic to support, and there were few sharp curves or intersections where brush could obstruct the driver’s vision. Nevertheless, the sprayers took over, and the miles along that road became something to be traversed quickly, a sight to be endured with one’s mind closed to thoughts of the sterile and hideous world we are letting our technicians make. Here and there, though, authority had faltered, and by an unaccountable oversight there were oases of beauty—oases that made the desecration of the greater part of the road the more unbearable. In such places, my spirit lifted to the sight of the drifts of white clover or the

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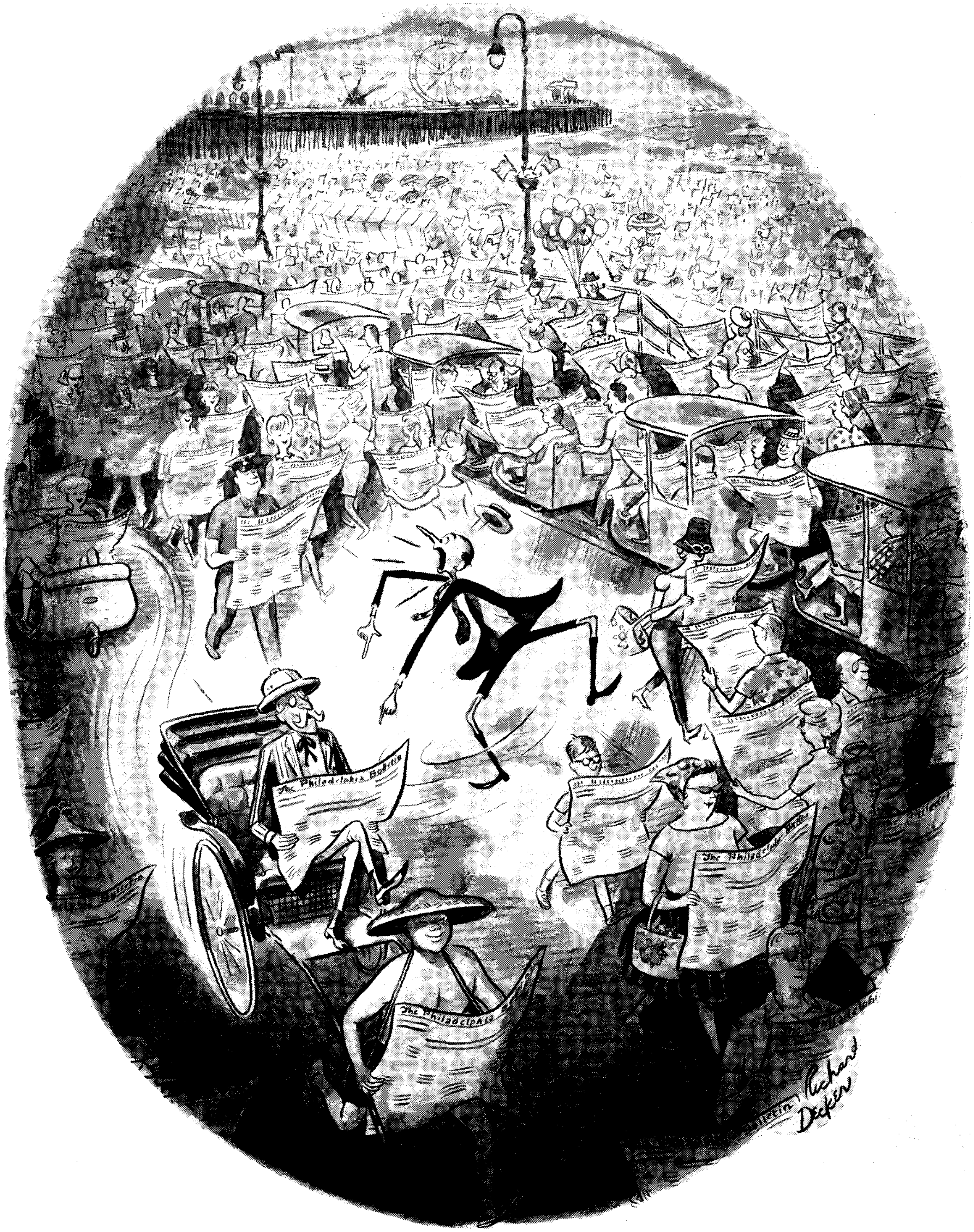
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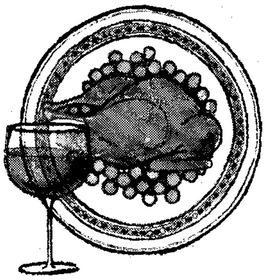

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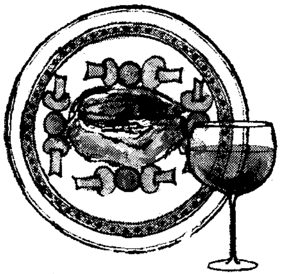

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clouds of purple vetch, with here and there the flaming cup of a wood lily. Such plants are "weeds" only to those who make a business of selling and applying weed killers.

There is, of course, more to the wish to preserve our roadside vegetation than aesthetic considerations. In the economy of nature, the natural vegetation has its essential place. Hedgerows along country roads and the edges of fields provide food, cover, and nesting areas for birds and homes for many small animals; indeed, of some seventy species of shrubs and vines that are typical roadside species, about sixty-five are important to wildlife as food. Such vegetation is also the habitat of wild bees and other pollinating insects. Man is more dependent on these wild pollinators than he usually realizes. Even the farmer seldom understands the value of wild bees, and often participates in measures that rob him of their services. Not only many wild plants but some agricultural crops are partly or wholly dependent on the services of the native pollinating insects; several hundred species of wild bees take part in the pollination of cultivated crops—a hundred species visiting the flowers of alfalfa alone. Moreover, in the absence of insect pollination, most of the soil-holding and soil-enriching plants of uncultivated areas would die out, with far-reaching consequences for the ecology of the whole region. A great variety of herbs, shrubs, and trees of our forests and ranges depend on native insects for their reproduction, and without these plants many wild animals and much range stock would find little food. Now "clean" cultivation and the chemical spraying of hedgerows and weeds, including some of those that bees depend upon heavily for food, are eliminating the last sanctuaries of these pollinating insects and thereby breaking the threads that bind life to life. The bees, so essential to our agriculture and indeed to our landscape as we know it, deserve something better from us than the senseless destruction of their habitat.

Ironically, the all-out chemical assault perpetuates the problems it seeks to correct. Ragweed, the bane of hayfever sufferers, offers an interesting example of the way efforts to control nature sometimes boomerang. Many thousands of gallons of chemicals have been discharged along roadsides in the name of ragweed control, but the unfortunate truth is that blanket spraying is resulting in more ragweed, not less. Ragweed is an annual; each year its seedlings require open soil in order to become established. Our best protection against this plant is therefore

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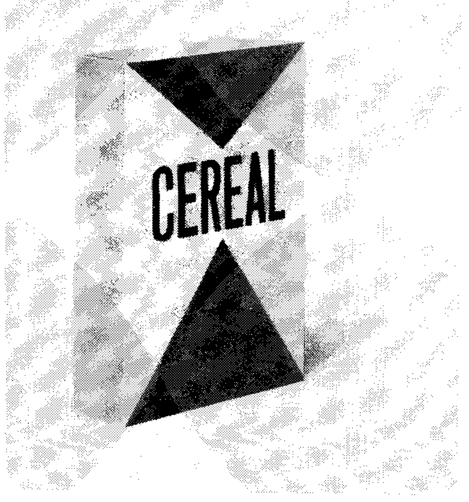

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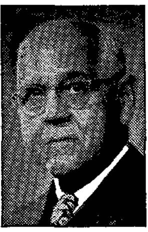
When Is A Ton Not A Ton?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



"Pat, you're fired!" the coal dealer stormed. "You've worked here a month and I can't teach you a thing!"

"Ah, you learnt me *one* thing, boss!" protested Pat. "1,500 pounds makes a ton!"

Now short-weighting a coal wagon is shameful enough. But hardly more so, to my notion, than "short-filling" a whiskey bottle with less than the statutory proof as prescribed by Congress more than sixty years ago.

According to this Federal "Bottled-in-Bond Act," a gallon of whiskey is not a gallon unless the proof is certified at exactly 100.

The Ways and Means Committee of Congress which drafted the Act described it as follows:

"The obvious purpose of the measure is to allow bottling of spirits under such circumstance and supervision as will give assurance to all purchasers of the purity of the article purchased."

And for ten straight years preceding Repeal no whiskey was allowed *to be purchased unless it* bore the Green Bottled-in-Bond Stamp. "In the interest of the public," proclaimed the U. S. Treasury.

But times have changed. Today's market is flooded with once-proud brands now reduced in proof by the simple addition of more water in the bottle.

For reasons of economy or blandness there are those who favor these "short-weight" whiskies. Yet we hold the old-fashioned view that *our* bourbon can best be diluted at your own kitchen tap.

That is why we bottle OLD FITZGERALD *only* at mellow 100 proof, and *always* under the Green Government Stamp. OLD FITZGERALD remains today Kentucky's only Premium Bourbon solely and exclusively Bottled-in-Bond.

We invite you to join an inner circle of discriminating hosts who appreciate the unchanging character of our One and Only, and share it proudly, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

(*Advertisement*)

the maintenance of dense shrubs and ferns and other perennial vegetation. Spraying destroys this protective vegetation and creates open, barren areas, which the ragweed hastens to fill.

Just as ironically, some spraying actually creates new problems. The chemical 2,4-D, by killing out the broad-leaved plants, allows the grasses to thrive, and now some of the grasses themselves have become "weeds," presenting a new problem of control and giving the cycle another turn. This situation is acknowledged in a recent issue of a technical journal devoted to crop problems, which notes that "with the widespread use of 2,4-D to control broad-leaved weeds, grass weeds in particular have increasingly become a threat to corn and soybean yields."

We persist in this inefficient approach despite the fact that a perfectly sound method of *selective* spraying is known, which can achieve long-term vegetational control and eliminate repeated spraying of most types of vegetation. Selective spraying was developed by Dr. Frank Egler, a plant ecologist who was for some years associated with the American Museum of Natural History and who is the chairman of a Committee for Brush Control Recommendations for Rights of Way. The method he devised takes advantage of the fact *that the best and cheapest controls for* vegetation are not chemicals but other plants. Trees find it difficult to gain a foothold in a community of shrubs, and on roadsides most shrubs, and all ferns and wild flowers, are low enough to present no hazard to drivers and no obstruction to wires. Selective spraying, in contrast to blanket spraying, is directed only at trees and exceptionally tall shrubs, the poison being applied at the base. (Cutting down a tree is seldom a permanent solution, because many trees will grow again.) One spraying may be sufficient to eliminate such trees and shrubs, with a possible followup for extremely resistant species; thereafter the shrubs assert control and the trees do not return. Dr. Egler has *under observation shrub communities* that have remained stable, without return of trees, for a quarter of a century after selective spraying. The spraying can often be done by men on foot, with knapsack sprayers, which give them complete control over their material. Sometimes tanks and compressor pumps can be mounted on truck chassis, but there is still no blanket spraying. The integrity of the environment is thereby preserved, the enormous value of the wildlife habitat remains intact, and the beauty of shrub and fern and the rest of

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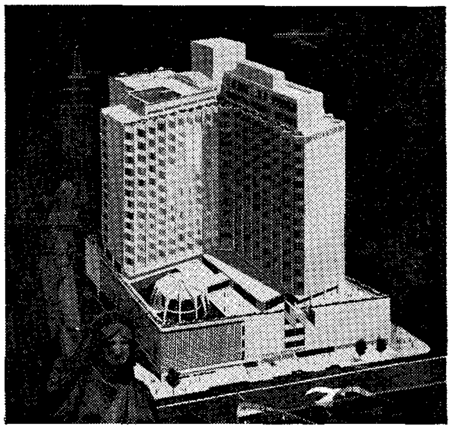

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the roadside growth has not been sacrificed. The method of vegetation management by selective spraying has been adopted by the authorities in some areas. All other considerations aside, when more taxpayers understand that the bill for spraying the town roads should come due only once a generation instead of once a year, they will surely rise up and demand a change of method.

THE chemical pesticides are a bright new toy. They sometimes work in a spectacular way, giving those who wield them a giddy sense of power over nature, and as for the failures and the long-range undesirable effects, these are dismissed as the baseless imaginings of pessimists. Disregarding the whole record of contamination and death, we continue to spray, and to spray indiscriminately. We proceed as if there were no alternative, even though there are alternatives, such as biological controls and selective spraying, which have been effective in many places. As Dr. C. J. Briejèr, a Dutch scientist of rare understanding, has put it, "We are walking in nature like an elephant in the china cabinet." —RACHEL CARSON

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

Give me your tired, your poor, tired, your poor. Your huddled masses yearling to breathe free. The wretched refuse of foufuse of your teeming shores. Send these the homeless, empest tossed, to the: I left my lamp beside the goldnet I left my lamp besides the golden doors.

In spite of Lady Liberty's poetic welcome to the thousands of immigrants who come each year to the "golden doors" of the Uited States, many newcomers find themselves still tired, poor and homeless when they reach American soil.

Often confused and frightened by this strange new land, land, immigrants sometimes are confronted with unfamiliar-looking people who speak a language foreign to the newcomer's ears. —*Buffalo* (*N.Y.*) *Courier-Express.*

And the long sea voyage is exhausting, too.

•

One set of jets and its fuel supply are controlled manually by the astronaut. The other set is operated either automatically by a computer or can be operated semiannually by hand control.—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

No wonder he overshot!

The Saturday Suit: a ***Stein Bloch*** *Change in Dressing Up to Go Out*

Wives know it was about time, husbands seem to have more fun. This change: The Saturday Suit, navy, brass-buttoned, a linen and terylene polyester we import from Britain. Strictly a Saturday and Sunday suit, splits up into basic sportcoat, handy slack. The suit, $90.

A collection of Stein Bloch news for summer, hand-tailored tropicals and sportswear news, has just arrived at one of the two best stores in your city. Suits, $90 to $145. Where? Write Stein Bloch, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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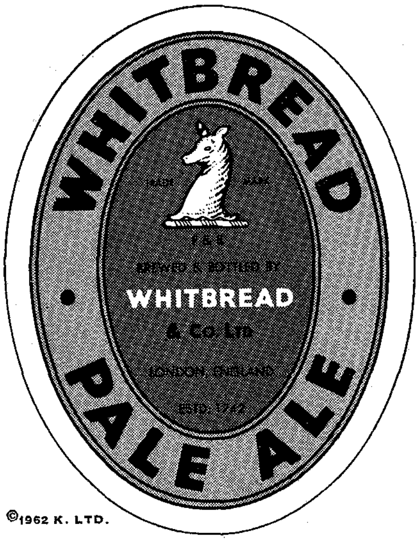

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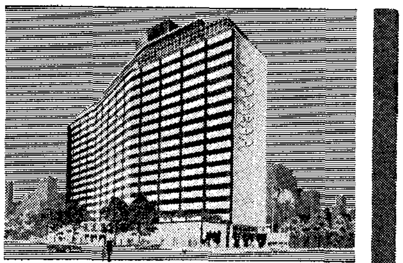
THE CURRENT CINEMA

False Steps

I WONDER if I'm right in fearing that a new genre of movies has come into existence of late—a genre that can be defined as the leisurely thriller? It seems to me that several times in the course of the past year I've sat through pictures that purported to be melodramas of the good old hare-and-hounds variety and proved instead to be simply and lumberingly tortoise-and-tortoise. One fault that these indolent creepers have in common is a reliance on pretty scenery, rather than on fast action, to bring them off. Though boasting a conventional number of trench coats, clipped accents, sleek cars, and doors slammed shut and shouldered open, they give the effect of being subliminal plugs for Cook's tours, and if we're occasionally thrown a stabbed body as a sop, it's likely to be thrown to us against a fetching panorama of St. Paul's Cathedral or the Place des Vosges. The latest specimen of this genre is "Lisa," which could have been quite a good thriller if its makers had been content to keep it short and taut but which, being long and slack, isn't thrilling at all, and more than once fatally reminded me of the FitzPatrick travelogues of my youth—those curious expeditions, all different and all exactly alike, in which one was forever gliding into the sunset aboard a native hookah as the tiny temple bells rang out and Mr. FitzPatrick intoned a nasal farewell to beautiful Jodhpur, land of many mysteries. In "Lisa" we get innumerable glimpses of London, Amsterdam, Tangier, and the Dutch and Belgian countryside, as well as of quantities of water both fresh and salt, but of exciting deeds the merest handful. A young Dutch police inspector risks his career, if not his life, to help a Jewish girl journey, against high odds, from Holland to Palestine in the troubled year of 1946. Since the girl has been a victim of Nazi medical experiments as well as of Nazi concentration camps, and is in bad shape mentally and physically, we don't expect much activity from her, but the inspector is tough and energetic and ought to have been pitched headlong from one desperate plight to another. He suffers a couple of superficial flesh wounds at the end,



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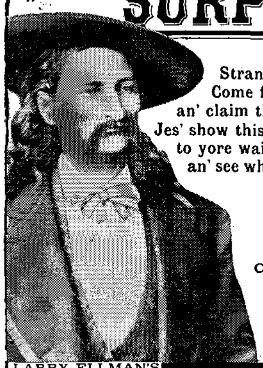

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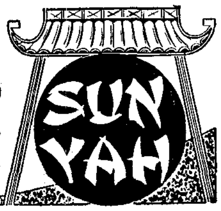

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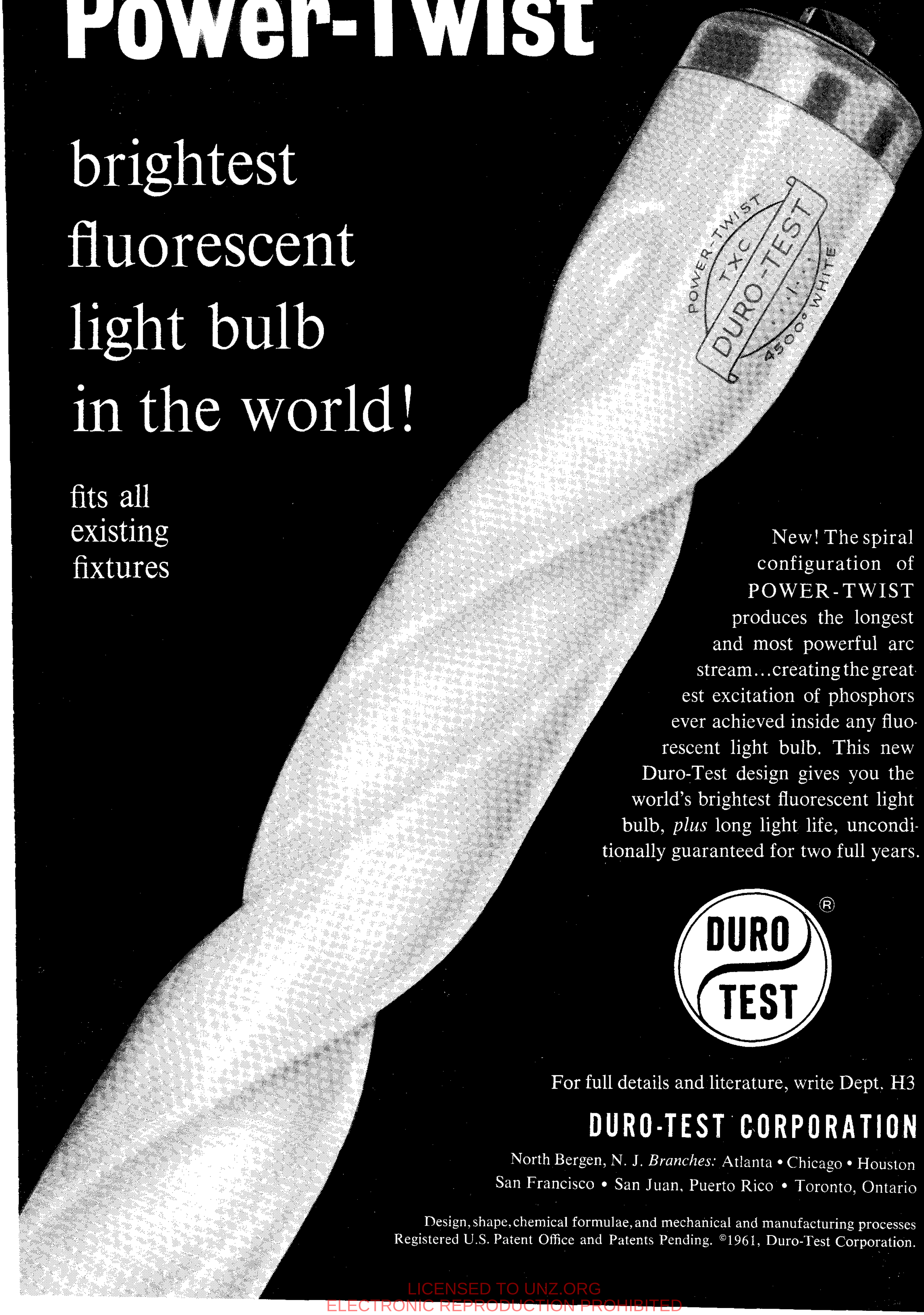

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and I hope it's a measure of my dissatisfaction with the picture and not of my bloodthirstiness that I felt distinctly let down.

Dolores Hart plays the girl who has gone through too much, and Stephen Boyd plays the inspector who doesn't go through enough. Others on hand are Donald Pleasence (laconic but tenderhearted), Leo McKern (gruff but tenderhearted), Robert Stephens (sly but tenderhearted), and Hugh Griffith, who is preposterous in a preposterous role. That is not to say that he has acted it to perfection.

JOHN FORD'S "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" is a parody of Mr. Ford's best work. At first, one hopes that the parody is intentional, which would testify to a failure of taste on Mr. Ford's part but not to a failure of feeling; it soon turns out, however, that everyone concerned with the picture is playing it as straight as he can, and that nothing is working as it should except the sets, which display the usual Ford inventory of authentic nineteenth-century Western artifacts. Among the large cast, which offers an astonishing assortment of acting styles, are James Stewart, John Wayne, Vera Miles, Lee Marvin, and Edmond O'Brien, who, rant for rant, is a match for Griffith.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

CLEAR DAYS ALONG THE OL' MISSISSIPPI ACADEMIC FRONT

[*From the Bulletin of the University of Mississippi*]

THE JOHN W. ODOM CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL PRIZE. Mr. John W. Odom of De Soto County donated to the University the sum of $2,000, the interest from which shall be awarded each year as a prize to that student in the University of Mississippi who shall present the best essay or oration (1) in defense of the constitutional and legal rights of the southern states in 1861 to secede from the Federal Union or (2) upon some topic the central thought and purpose of which shall be to defend the course of the people of the seceding states and their leaders, provided such essay or oration shall be approved and such award shall be made by a committee of three disinterested judges appointed by the Chancellor of the University.

•

After the guests arrive, the President and his wife enter and speak to each guest and shake hands. Guests of course remain standing. The President is called "Mr. President" or, if the conversation is long, "Sir" is substituted by men. The President's wife is called Mrs. Jackson.—*From "Etiquette," by Emily Post.*

That's just to get the ball rolling.

BUILT LIKE FALSTAFF?
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Leon Block of Dunhill Tailors designed these *trimmer* shorts for the man with a normal physique. Free and easy comfort, but no excess fabric bunched at your midriff and down your thighs. They come in a lightweight but long-wearing fine Swiss voile, pale blue or white. Also in white Pima broadcloth. Waist sizes 32 to 40. $4.50 — and you can order by mail.

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72 COUNTIES REVERBERATE AS TOM GARTEN[1] AND JOHN SINCLAIR[2] LOCK HORNS OVER INDUSTRIAL GROWTH!

TOM: Tom Garten here, with a hi-de-ho from heavily industrial Huntington, West Virginia!

JOHN: And John Sinclair, Jr., from even more heavily industrial Charleston, *Mixer of the Nation's Chemicals* and heart of the 72-county *Supermarket* area served by WSAZ-TV!

TOM: Mr. Sinclair, I swear! If Huntington is not the heart—indeed, the *hub*—of *Supermarket,* then I will eat more than 90 million dollars' worth of plant expansion in steel *alone* in this area since 1959!

JOHN: Get me going on industrial growth, Mr. Garten, and our guests will never get to bed! Why, one firm in the Charleston area has put 24 millions into just plain *research* facilities since 1959! Just plain *research,* sir!

TOM: I suppose, Mr. Sinclair, that the new 20-million-dollar plant producing polypropylene just outside of our fair city is a Hollywood prop—run by pasteboard people? Or that the massive new refineries just west of us in Kentucky are *mirages?* You would do well, sir, to look us over!

JOHN: And you the same, sir! For I suspect that you remember Charleston as it was when you lived here as a child. They have covered your sandbox and fort with factories and laboratories! The Kanawha, across which you once skipped stones, now fairly crawls with barges bearing new products to new places—and bringing back some of the country's biggest paychecks (more than 6,500 dollars per household per annum)! Charleston is Big Time, sir, and its workers live well!

TOM: Are you suggesting, sir, that Huntingtonians do *not* live well? Have you seen our homes? Have you played in our city-owned parks? Have you splashed in our public pools? Have you . . . BUZZZZZZZZZZ!

JOHN: We have a ten-second warning, sir! Time once again to declare this debate a draw, and the *advertiser* winner, for it is he who, for a single price, can have both Huntington *and* Charleston, and, indeed, the entire 2-million-people, 4-billion-dollar-payroll area served by our station!

TOM: Nice having you with us, winners! Consult your Katz Agency man for full particulars!

3 WSAZ-TV

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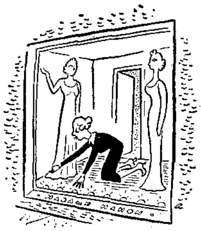
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

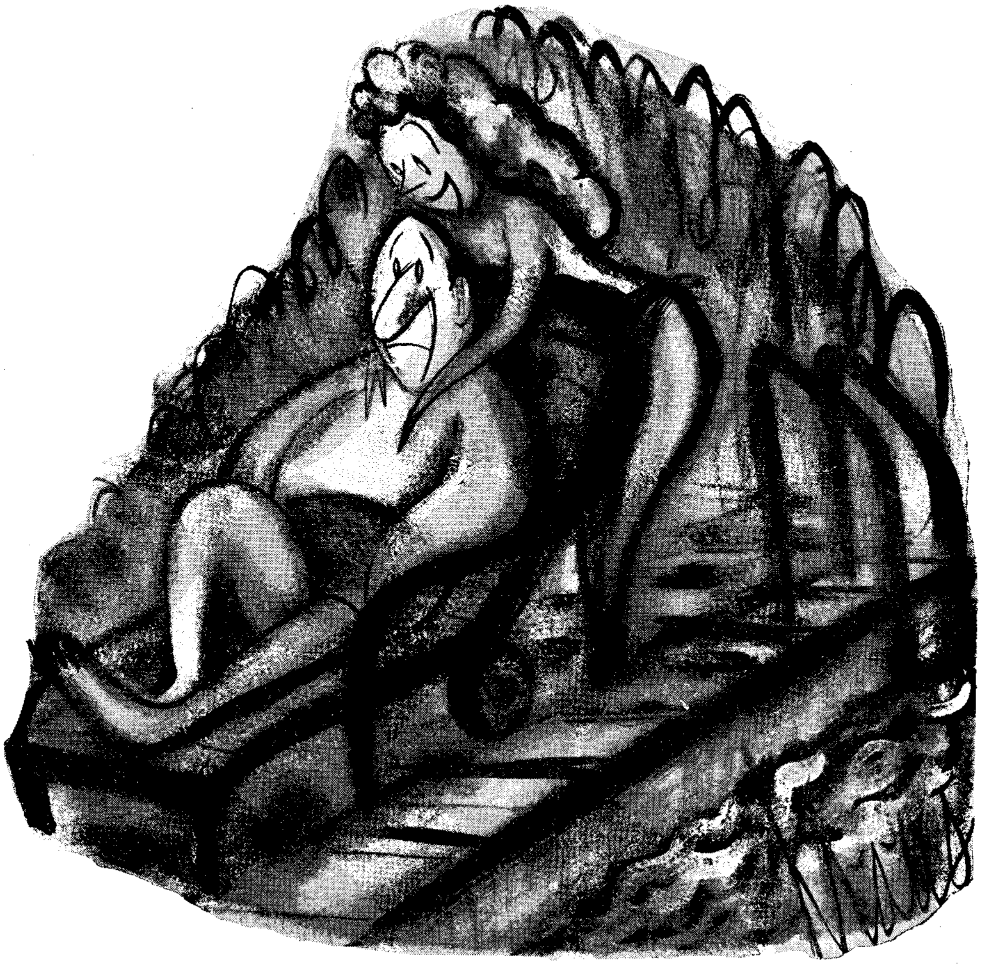
THIS AND THAT



WHAT with the elements and the Dow-Jones averages behaving so erratically, it's comforting to know that Saks Fifth Avenue's Young Elite Floor is full of cool, mannerly dresses by Anne Fogarty, all in sizes 4 to 14, that are priced at from $35 to $40. Among the eye-catchers in the group are some cheerful high-necked cotton dresses in a giant red-and-white plaid, which have no sleeves but do have two pockets slanting low on the swirling circular skirts. There are sleeves—short ones—on some easy-to-get-into black Dacron-and-cotton dresses with pleated wraparound skirts and surplice bodices that hook at one side of the waist. And there are full-skirted, long-sleeved shirtwaist dresses of the same material that have small smoked-pearl buttons down their bodices. For afternoon and later are Moygashel-linen sheaths dressed up in a diversity of ways—cranberry-red ones with triple bands and bows encircling the short sleeves, and royal-blue ones with bows fluttering fore and aft above the knees of a stiffened bell skirt, and oatmeal ones with pendent balls bobbing along the periphery of a low, round neck. Dinner sheaths of black textured silk that would do for any of our several seasons are slashed in back from a high, collarless neck clear down to the waist, and then tied with five self bows. Dacron-and-cotton frocks for the sun, for the beach, or for dancing under the stars—well, they have low, square necks and pleated skirts—can be had in poison green, in which case they're nipped in by black pseudo-patent-leather belts, or in shrimp pink, in which case they're nipped in by red belts. On the same floor there are cowboy beach hats of gilded straw that ride happily on separate red bandannas. And, should a wind arise, there are natural-straw sailors anchored by orange, cocoa, or leopard-print silk scarves, which are commodious enough to keep the hair from blowing.

YOU know how much trouble short-waisted—or, for that matter, long-waisted—women have in getting fitted. Well, Elizabeth Lawrence, on the second floor at 17 West 57th Street, makes a point of establishing waistlines not by Procrustean dictate but by measuring her customers from the back of the neck down to where the waist actually begins, and providing a standard size (anything from 8 to 20) cut to precisely that measurement. This nicety of fit is part and parcel of straight-skirted, gored, or bouffant dresses in any of forty hues of Irish linen. There are lots of other niceties, too, such as yellow linen piping on the turnover collars of tailored gray linen dresses, and great big floppy bows, lined in white silk spattered with blue poppies and green leaves, on the shoulders of grass-green linen dresses, to afford the wearer some protection from the sun. Moreover, there are black or navy-blue ensembles made up of collarless, sleeveless dresses and short, semi-fitted jackets that fasten with a big black bone button at the hollow of the left shoulder. These, too, are linen, but the jackets are lined in white silk polka-dotted in matching black or blue, and come with ascots of the same stuff. The dresses cost $45 and $50, and the ensembles rise to $70. If your size and favorite color aren't on the racks, you'll have to wait ten days.

HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES, 22 East 56th Street, has brought over a fund of garments and accessories from Italy, among them some orange hopsacking shorts and slacks that terminate in wisps of self fringe. Teamed up with them are shirts of white surah on which are printed a squadron of scarecrows dressed in blue overalls, orange jackets, and yellow hats, and standing in a meadow of field flowers and grasses. The shorts are $21.50, the slacks $26.50, and the shirts $39.75. Childish play dresses (scoop necks, short sleeves, and flippant skirts) of white cotton adorned with a flurry of turquoise-blue Vs cost $35, which includes broad belts of turquoise cotton poplin and brief white bloomers. Play dresses that leave the left shoulder bare come in white cotton dotted with red and blue nautical devices—helmsmen's wheels, fish, lanterns, buoys, and life rafts. Their skirts



"But, darling, think of all the wonderful things your being a yes man has got us."

Psst – it's fiesta time all the time

In South America a bright, joyous fiesta mood prevails all year 'round—so, we (Braniff and Eastern, and friends) are inaugurating a new "thing"— FRIDAY SKY TOURS TO SOUTH AMERICA. 23 days in 4 Latin American countries.

On any Friday, board a luxurious Braniff plane, with a group of interesting, friendly people. (Friday is a good day for interesting, friendly people, we've found. Many Miami-bound travelers from New York use this flight just to be with them.) Fly to Panama City for 3 days. They have an inland waterway of some distinction there — plus lakes, jungles, history, hats (made in Ecuador), 3 charming cities, and more. You'll love it.

Then comes Lima, Peru — gateway to the Inca Empire, capital of the Spanish Colonial Empire, now a beautiful modern city. Look into all three. You have four days.

Then fly across the majestic Andes for 6 days in Buenos Aires. Dance the Tango. Visit resorts — some of the finest beaches in the world are nearby. (One test of skill: just try and find a restaurant where the very best steak dinner — the works — costs more than $3.00.)

Then Rio de Janeiro, the pleasure city, with its matchless night life. You will only stay in Rio for 6 days — any longer and you might be tempted to stay forever. After two days in bustling Sao Paulo comes the flight home on another luxurious Braniff plane. (With interesting, friendly people, as usual. Some of these people say the flight over this dramatic section of the Andes is the most magnificent part of the trip. We reserve the word "magnificent" for the entire tour.)

Now for a little general theory: You'll notice that our description is hasty, but our FRIDAY SKY TOURS are not. Travel should be leisurely, in our view. Not a "drop in, see the government buildings, mail a postcard and scoot" affair. We haven't had time to list all the side trips available— to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, Montevideo, Iguassu Falls, etc. But be assured, they abound.

South America is the most interesting continent in the world, we think. It has everything: cosmopolitan cities, primitive jungles, every type of climate (much more varied than North America), an art and architecture renaissance that is sweeping the continent, supremely luxurious hotels, endless flora and fauna, elegant resorts, sports, color . . . and three layers of historical fascination. (Aztec, Mayan and Inca civilization to 1500; the Spanish colonial period to 1810; the evolutionary period of the 19th century.) Here too is shopping at its best. Silver and gold articles of all types, leather goods, precious stones and jewelry at bargain prices you can't resist. And it is all right next door, a short flight away.

So, now, here is what to do. Amass 23 days you can throw away on pleasure. (We realize 23 days may be hard to come by.) Then gather a bit of money. Not much, really. And we do have a Time Pay plan. A FRIDAY SKY TOUR is a splendid bargain. First, of course, to get all the information (side trips and all) fill out and mail our coupon; then consult your travel agent. 23 blissful, elegant, exciting, fascinating days await you.

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are slit up the left side to show a glimpse of the red cotton shorts underneath. Shirts and shorts of strawberry-pink surah swarming with outsize bumblebees, three inches from wingtip to wingtip, cost $59.75 per set, and afternoon dresses of the same print cost $75. Flat pouch bags mounted on gun-metal frames (about seven inches high, and six inches wide at the widest point) are of cotton in bandanna, Paisley, and other prints, and are lined with denim in solid shades. The bags contain miniature replicas of themselves for harboring bus fare, and the price, including the federal tax, is $8.75. These, by the bye, might make first-rate hostess presents. You'll be asked back.

UP at D/R International, 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), where all the clothes come from Finland, you'll find cotton aprons in silk-screen stripes and prints. Some of them, buttoning at the shoulders and ending above the knees, come in a medley of irregular stripes—purple, black, rust, and gold. These are $15. Others, the same length, but short-sleeved and with buttons part way down the back, could double as tunics over skirts or slacks; $24. The fabric this time is orange cotton strewn with brown ovals full of purple flowers and curlicues. Both varieties are supplied with long, cavernous pockets over the stomach. Street-length, all-enveloping aprons that could double as dresses have a patch pocket at the right hip and come in two-tone checks—tan and gold, say, or purple and orange, or navy and light blue. The top price is $30. Pot-holder mittens in colors to match the aprons, or harmonize with them or with the kitchen's décor, cost $4.50 a pair—one for each hand.

IN the negligee department of Bergdorf Goodman, and pretty enough for a trousseau, are short, billowy gowns and robes of sky-blue nylon planted with a gardenful of bluebells and pink roses. The gowns hang in soft pleats beneath the low, round necks, and the robes tie in a bow at the base of the throat; $55 *les deux*. Short gowns of white batiste woven in Switzerland and mounted on yokes of non-Swiss peppermint-striped cotton are edged with white Valenciennes-type lace, also non-Swiss. Side-buttoned robes of the striped cotton go over them, and striped cotton scuffs go under them. Slender robes of white terry cloth piped with navy-blue braid are akin to sleeveless coat-dresses, and could cover up bathing suits, lunch at the yacht club, go to the post office, or wander footloose in the woods. Long,

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slinky hostess gowns of nylon tricot printed with tigerish stripes are draped to look as though a square panel descended the entire back, and, for more informal occasions, there are wraparound at-home gowns with surplice bodices and with sashes tying in front; these are made of white silk scattered with Shocking-pink, yellow, and orange tulips and assorted greenery. The tab is $35 for the hostess gown and $40 for the wraparound.

To willowy women, Altman's Vacation Shop is offering French bathing suits of Helanca yarn, at around $25 a throw. Some of them are white down to the thighs and then break into broad red, green, and white stripes; these suits are shiftlike in their general aspect, though they plunge to the waist in back. Red Helanca briefs that rest on the hipbones are part of the deal. Tank suits with high, straight-across necks are all diagonal stripes of navy and white, while the color scheme of round-necked tank suits is pale blue over the chest, navy through the middle, and red from there on. Two-piece attractions that bare the midriff have navy-and-white horizontally striped tops that button in the back and little-boy shorts of solid navy that are held in place by white Helanca belts.

The bathing suits for little girls (sizes 4 to 14) on Bonwit Teller's ninth floor come from every corner of the globe. Hawaii contributes bikinis with sarong-draped shorts and sleeveless beach coats of white cotton blooming with tropical flowers in every color of the spectrum and then some—orange, red, turquoise blue, Shocking pink, and fuchsia, to mention just a few. Ruffles of white elasticized cotton frame the shoulders and bare backs of one-piece red cotton suits in a shimmering white shell print, which are from the same islands. From the shores of Switzerland come bathing dresses involving elongated and elasticized bodices of turquoise-blue cotton and abbreviated skirts that consist mostly of double tiers of red-bordered white cotton whereon golden-haired boys and girls are playing with blue and green balloons. Tank suits of yellow Helanca yarn are from Germany, and they can be augmented on chilly days with hooded jackets from Holland, which are of white stretch terry cloth printed with multicolored blobs that seem to represent starfish, or maybe circles and dots, or could it be squiggles? Who knows? There is also Italy, which sends us peaked beach hats and tote bags made of lively straw striped green and red and blue and orange and white.

Glad Rags, at 1007 Madison Avenue (78th), has Italian bikinis for little girls (sizes 2 to 6). The basis is orange cotton on which schools of multicolored fish, also cotton, are appliquéd, and the whole business is wrapped in fish net. From Belgium come sun suits and sun dresses of pale-green or French-blue cotton, for young brothers and sisters (sizes 1 to 4), that have diagonally tucked bib tops and suspender backs. Domestic white batiste beguilingly garnished with printed bouquets of orange, mauve, and yellow roses and tulips makes (a) two-piece baby-doll pajamas with drawstring necks and (b) sets composed of bouffant and beruffled below-knee-length nightgowns and short robes. Sizes for these begin at 3 and stop at 12.

—M. M.

• •

DREAMSCAPE IN KÜMMEL

Upward through crystal in a kümmel bottle
a bare sprig branched into the vacancy,
and I was climbing, fly-size, in that subtle,
odd liqueur, up a flavor tree
on limbs so brittle that I thought I'd fall.

I held on helpless, lost, like dwindled Alice,
calling through thick, sweet emptiness for aid,
while all the bulging faces through the glass
dream or womb I hung in smiled and made
wavering pantomimes of friendliness.

And it was easy for the ones outside
to toast my plight with their complacent *crème;*
they only tasted from the other side,
sipping tiny samples on a stem,
the loneliness that I was drowning in.

—Harold Witt

Vichyssoise

. . . at its Vichy-est

On the word of the great French chef who created it, Vichyssoise had little to do with the city of Vichy. He received the inspiration for this chilled potato soup from his boyhood days in a little-known village of France. But since it was so little-known, and because Vichy, then, was one of Europe's famous watering places, he named his inspiration after the housewives of Vichy.

But so much for history. Our message is to acquaint you with the happy fact that you can make superb Vichyssoise from Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup—and you can do it with one hand tied behind you, so to speak.

It's just a matter of getting the proper Vichyssoise smoothness with your mixer or blender and chilling to the proper point. There is one school that likes to add a garnish of chives, mint or parsley. Each to his own taste is the rule here. The exact directions are on every can.

Any number of people find Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato one of their favorite soups served hot, too. That's something else to think about as you reach in your grocer's frozen food cabinet.

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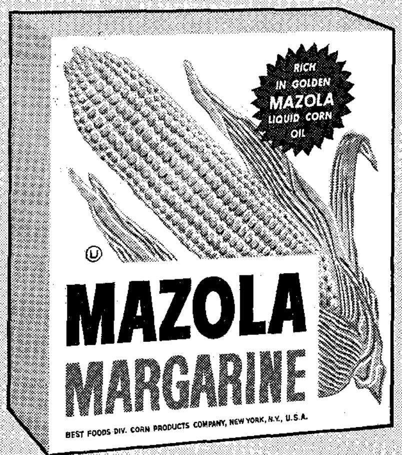
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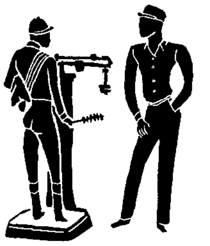
THE RACE TRACK

Up Jumps Jaipur



WELL, Jaipur won the Belmont Stakes after all, and I, for one, am delighted. Although he's been my favorite three-year-old all along, I wasn't sure that he could bring off the big one at Belmont Park last Saturday, but he did, after the most dramatic struggle of the season with Admiral's Voyage and Crimson Satan. For the last quarter of the race, the three went stride for stride—none of the other colts had a ghost of a chance—and at the end of the gruelling mile and a half Jaipur nosed out Admiral's Voyage. Crimson Satan was about a length behind, followed a long way back by Decidedly, winner of the Kentucky Derby. Greek Money, winner of the Preakness, finished seventh, beaten by at least fourteen lengths. The handicappers all spent Sunday making new ratings.

So many aficionados crowded into the walking ring in the paddock that it wasn't easy to get a good look at the horses there, but, as ever, Jaipur was the pick of the runners in the parade to the post, looking cool, calm, and well trained—the very model of a prospective Belmont winner. Greek Money also caught my eye, and gave the impression by his gay manner and impressive muscular development that he'd be hard to beat. Decidedly looked bright and fit, too, but started sweating slightly as Horatio Luro, his trainer, saddled him. Perhaps Decidedly doesn't like hot weather; still, it was no warmer than it was at Louisville the day he won the Derby. Crimson Satan seemed fitter than I'd seen him in quite a while, and his coat had some sheen to it. Admiral's Voyage appeared none the worse for the long campaign he's had, but Vimy Ridge was dull and uninterested. At the start, Jaipur was first out of the gate, but Admiral's Voyage passed him quickly and held the lead till the last few strides. Greek Money was well placed for a mile, then faded out of the picture the way Jaipur did in the Preakness. Leaving the far turn, Crimson Satan began his run, and no sooner had he overhauled the leaders than he bore in toward the rail, despite Ycaza's strenuous efforts, and bumped Jaipur. Shoemaker said later that that's what probably stirred Jaipur to go all out. Ycaza

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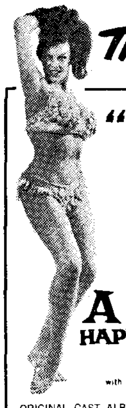

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seldom gets praise from the stewards for his riding (more often it's a suspension), but after the race steward Cal Rainey, speaking for his colleagues, gave him full marks for hanging on to Crimson Satan and averting what might have been a serious accident.

Jaipur, as you know, is owned by George D. Widener, who was winning his first Belmont. In the course of his many years of racing, his horses had finished second three times, third twice, and unplaced three times. It's a long road. . . . Incidentally, it was a big day for Shoemaker, who rode four winners in a row, winding up with Jaipur. That put him on top of the list at Belmont, with nine firsts in fourteen tries. He's also the leading rider at the current Hollywood Park meeting, which, taking one thing with another, should be some sort of record.

THERE were stake races for three-year-olds all over the shop last weekend. At Monmouth, eight went to the post for the Select Handicap, at six furlongs, and, as was expected, Green Ticket won it; Rainy Lake was second and I'm For More third. At Delaware Park, the Kent Stakes, at a mile and a sixteenth, brought out ten, and it went to Noble Jay, with Rebellious second and Smart third. At Washington Park in Chicago, nine ran for the Chicagoan Handicap, at a mile, and this went to Summer Savory—his seventh victory in eleven starts. The surprise of the day was in the Argonaut Stakes at Hollywood Park, when Doc Jocoy beat Royal Attack, Black Sheep, and eight others, including the favorites, Sir Ribot and Wallet Lifter. Well, well.

I DON'T suppose there had ever been a running of the English Derby quite like the one at Epsom Downs last week, won by Raymond Guest's Larkspur. Seven horses went down in a jam halfway from home, and one was killed and six jockeys were hurt—happily, none very badly. It seems that a colt named Romulus stumbled and the others, including the favorite, Hethersett, crashed into him. The Derby course is probably the most difficult in England to ride, and this isn't the first time horses have fallen in the race. The elder generation will remember, I'm sure, what happened to a colt named Sir Martin, a half brother to the famous Sir Barton. Sir Martin won the National Stallion and the Saratoga Special in 1908, and finished second in the Futurity, after which he was shipped to England for the Derby. As I recall it, he was leading by lengths when he

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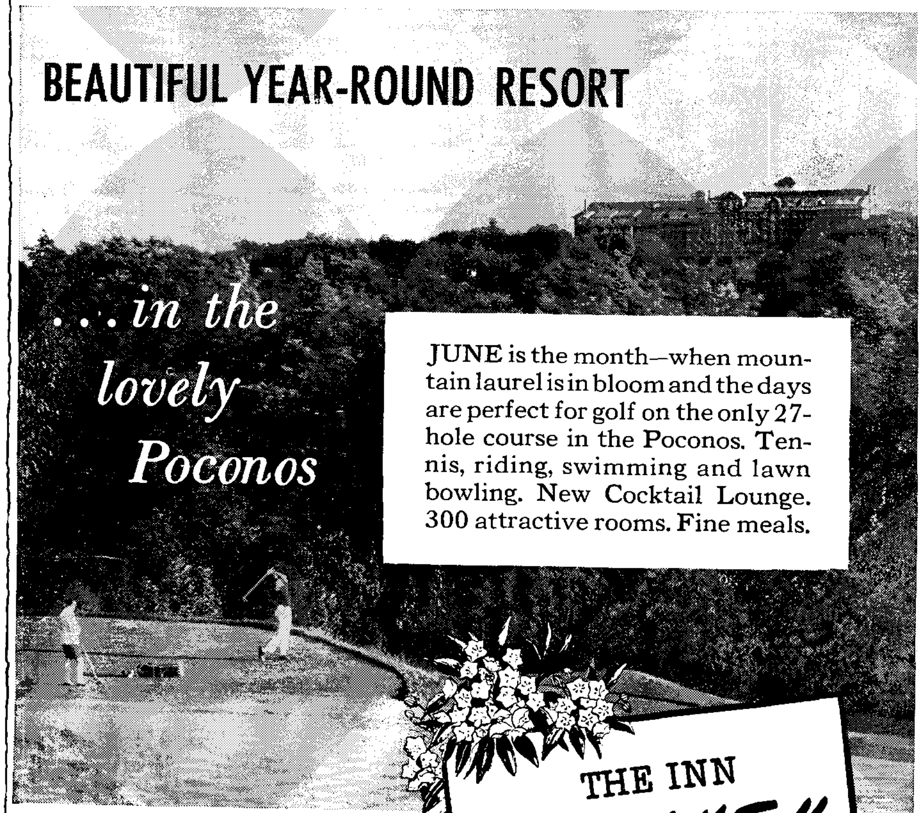
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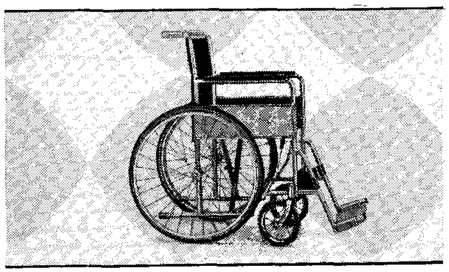

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slipped and fell a furlong from the winning post.

I heard the B.B.C. broadcast of the Derby, and the announcer who read the race, as they say over there, had Larkspur prominent in the running all the way. The colt won handily from Arcor, with Le Cantilien third. Townsend Martin's Sebring was fifth. I like to listen to the B.B.C. announcers telling about the runners and what they look like. For example, "Next is Larkspur, a small but well-made chestnut colt, trained in Ireland by Vincent O'Brien and ridden by Snellwood. . . ." It's a pleasant change from the sort of thing I hear when I catch our own out-of-town races over the air. ("Number Six is Hopscotch, with Jockey Noboy in the irons.") Mr. Guest, who was a high-goal polo player before the war, when the game was in its heyday, bought Larkspur as a yearling (he's by Never Say Die, an American-bred horse, who won the 1954 Derby at Epsom), and had only moderate success with him last season. Whether he will be brought to this country next year hasn't been decided.

ASIDE from the Belmont Stakes, the big event at Belmont last week was the sale of the Brookmeade Stable's horses in training and its yearlings. Indeed, there had never before been such bidding hereabouts as there was that morning; the thirty-six horses in training brought $702,600 and the twenty yearlings $297,700, for a grand—and grand's the word—total of $1,000,300. Top price of the vendue, $75,000, was paid for a yearling filly by Swaps out of Sunny Vale. She went to Forrest E. Mars, a son of Mrs. Ethel Mars, who raced the Milky Way Farm horses with considerable success in the nineteen-thirties. The filly was sold *in absentia*, because she'd been coughing and was still in quarantine, but she'd been looked over by experts, and the competition for her was high, wide, and handsome.

COLONEL MARTINGALE, who's off to Toronto for the Queen's Plate at Woodbine this weekend, says, "If you aren't betting on Choperion, you aren't betting on the race."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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FALL INTO PACIFIC—A.E.C.
TERMS HAZARD SMALL
—*Headline in the Times.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

THE First International Jazz Festival, sponsored by the Music Committee of the President's People-to-People Program, and held in Washington over the first weekend in June, was all potatoes and no meat. One of those paternal-visionary affairs, it was designed, according to the official program, "to provide national recognition of jazz through the creation of a Festival in the nation's capital which will explore the full spectrum of jazz and indicate its influence throughout the world." Well, of the ten main events six were peripheral—a program of symphonic jazz, a jazz liturgical service, a gospel-music program, a jazz ballet, a program of "jazz for a young audience," and a chamber concert showing the supposed influence of jazz on classical music. Three of the rest were, aside from other gross faults, largely inaudible; straight jazz programs, they were held in the Washington Coliseum, a small, barrel-vaulted Madison Square Garden with the acoustics of the Penn Station concourse. And the last, devoted to small groups, was, give or take a few performances, merely dull. Woven throughout these ten were incidental appearances by the remarkable Eureka Brass Band, of New Orleans; a continuous showing of jazz films at the National Gallery (including Gjon Mili's fine "Jammin' the Blues" and Bessie Smith's "St. Louis Blues"); and a display at the Smithsonian of jazz memorabilia—photographs, old records, books, posters, paintings, drawings, one of Lester Young's tenor saxophones, and the prehistoric cornet that Louis Armstrong played in the Colored Waifs' Home, in New Orleans.

What this cornucopia failed to produce was good journeyman jazz, of whatever school. Indeed, the entire festival had a pretentious, marginal, imitation air. Thus, the Dave Brubeck quartet and the Charlie Bell ensemble were present, but the Modern Jazz Quartet was not; George Russell and a Dadaist named John Benson Brooks were there, but Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and Charlie Mingus were not; the jazz ballet, performed by Lee Becker and a group of ten or twelve dancers, with the great Baby Laurence tacked

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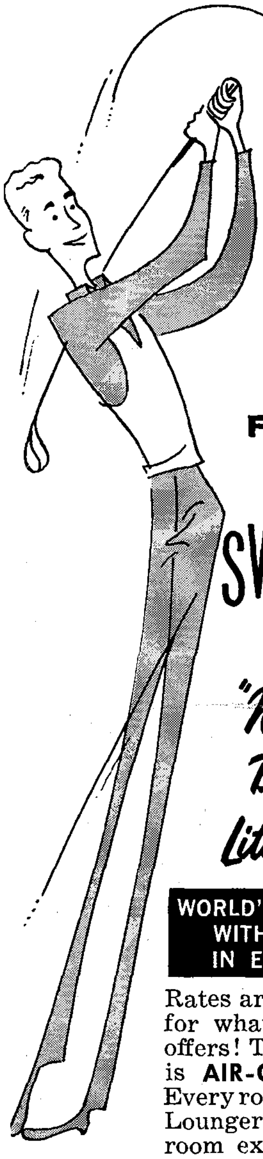
gratuitously on, was chosen in place of Al Minns, Leon James, John Bubbles, Honi Coles, and Pete Nugent; swing was represented by Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, and Johnny Hodges (present as members of the Ellington band), and, in just four numbers, by Ben Webster and Roy Eldridge, but Pee Wee Russell, Red Allen, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Jo Jones, Vic Dickenson, Jack Teagarden, Benny Morton, Buddy Tate, and Doc Cheatham were absent; Dinah Washington and the Clara Ward Singers were on hand, but Jimmy Rushing, Mahalia Jackson, and Joe Turner were not; the international note was struck by Chris Barber (from England) and the Wreckers (from Warsaw), instead of by Martial Solal (from France). In short, almost every performer had superior ghosts peering over his shoulder—ghosts that grew, after a time, to formidable proportions.

Probably the most contrived spectacles were the jazz ballet and the evening of symphonic jazz. The ballet, which consisted largely of decorous bumps-and-grinds, writhing, and push-ups, was accompanied partly by musicians and partly by records, and now and then an Abstract Expressionist painter, Paris Theodore, appeared and whipped off an inspirational work on a huge canvas with black paint and a ten-foot brush. Baby Laurence, in trim condition, thankfully danced by himself to two Charlie Parker records and again, for twenty seconds or so, in the finale. The symphonic-jazz evening was sweltering (Constitution Hall) and often pompous. The National Symphony Orchestra was onstage, and so, at various times, were the Duke Ellington band and such instrumentalists as Don Ellis, Ron Carter, Eddie Costa, Charlie Persip, and J. J. Johnson. Ellington and the N.S.O. played his "Night Creature" (1955), a three-part descriptive piece, notable principally for the marvellous caricatured boogie-woogie bass at the beginning and end of the second movement. Costa, on vibraphone, somehow read his way through a short, metallic concerto for the instrument by André Hodeir, and the program closed with J. J. Johnson's "Scenario for Trombone and Orchestra," a porous jumble of Tchaikovsky effects, Spanish melodies, Gil Evans orchestrations, and brief rhythmic passages. The single worthwhile event during the evening was a shortened version of James P. Johnson's "Yamekraw," written as a piano work in 1927 and newly orchestrated by Gunther Schuller, who also conducted. A charming period piece,



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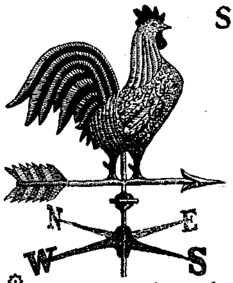

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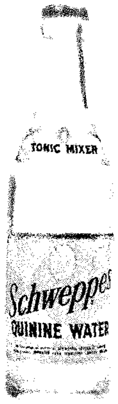

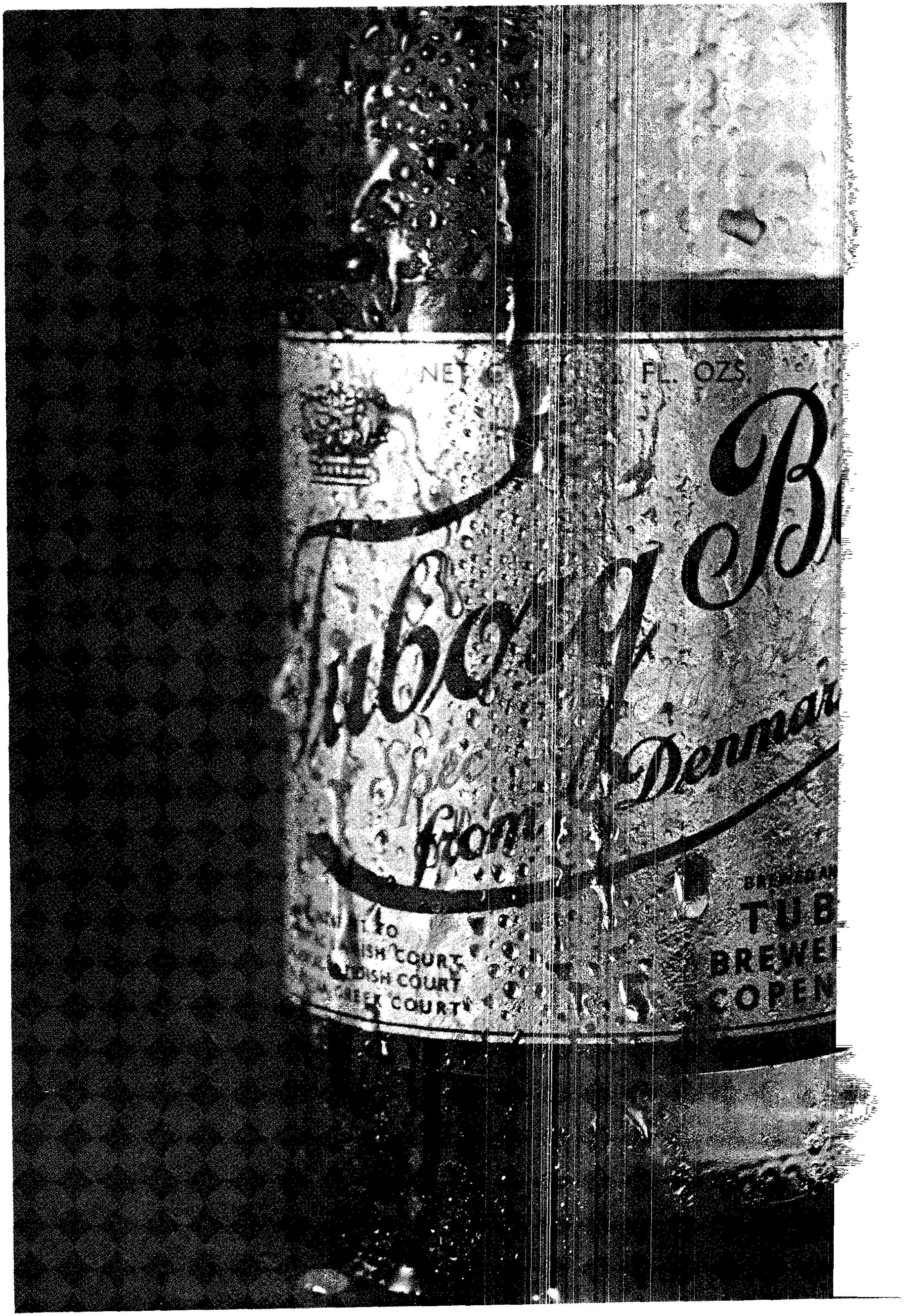
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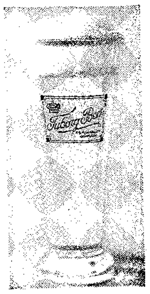

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based largely on the blues and full of lullaby string passages and pleasantly dumpy rhythmic sections, "Yamekraw" in many ways captures what ultimately escaped Gershwin in the "Rhapsody in Blue." Schuller was also on hand, as composer and conductor, during the young folks' jazz program, when the première of his "Journey Into Jazz"—a "Peter and the Wolf" piece, with fragmentary, elusive music and a kind of Golden Book narration written by Nat Hentoff—was presented. (Music cannot be raised or lowered to fit certain ages; the audience itself must fall short of, match, or outgrow what it hears.)

Some of the rare exceptions to this dismal catalogue, or non-spectrum, occurred during the small-ensemble program, where Sonny Rollins, in company with Jim Hall, played two long ballads, in which he soloed brilliantly and at length. Gerry Mulligan, relaxed, if repetitive, offered six creditable numbers with Bob Brookmeyer. And the pianist-composer John Benson Brooks, along with an alto saxophonist and a drummer (equipped only with a snare drum and cymbal), performed a couple of mad atonal pieces in which blurps, moans, and thumps were endlessly exchanged. The remaining exceptions were buried in the roar and Luxor-steam-bath atmosphere of the Coliseum concerts. An excellent Mississippi blues singer, Howlin' Wolf, was completely submerged by the amplification system. (Sonny Rollins, though, battled it beautifully, and won.) The Oscar Peterson trio accompanied Roy Eldridge and Ben Webster, who were nervous but rewarding, and Thelonious Monk, accompanied by Charlie Rouse, Art Davis, and Billy Higgins, played three superb numbers. (Higgins took two exceptional drum solos.) The Ellington band tired after five excited and exciting instrumentals.

On Sunday morning, four groups of gospel singers appeared at the Coliseum and demonstrated that gospel singing is sliding rapidly from an irresistible amateurism down to a glossy professionalism (noisy handclapping, self-conscious growl-singing, dancing, and racing up and down the aisles), where emotion is snapped on and off just like that. Several members of the audience worked hard at hearing the call, but it never quite reached them—a shorting-out in perfect keeping with the rest of the weekend.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THROUGH April and May, I resisted frequent invitations, delivered via radio and television, to come up to the Polo Grounds and see "those amazin' Mets." I even resisted a particularly soft blandishment, extended by one of the Mets' announcers on a Saturday afternoon, to "bring the wife and come on up tomorrow after church and brunch." My non-attendance was not caused by any unwillingness to attach my loyalty to New York's new National League team. The only early amazement generated by the Mets had been their terrifying departure from the runway in a full nose dive—the team lost the first nine games of its regular season—and I had decided it would be wiser, and perhaps kinder, to postpone my initial visit until the novice crew had grasped the first principles of powered flight. By the middle of May, however, the Mets had developed a pleasing habit of coming from behind in late innings, and when they won both ends of a doubleheader in Milwaukee on May 20th, I knew it was time to climb aboard. In the five days from Memorial Day through June 3rd, the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants were scheduled to play seven games at the Polo Grounds, and, impelled by sentiment for the returning exiles, who would be revisiting the city for the first time since 1957, and by guilt over my delayed enthusiasm for the Mets, I impulsively bought seats for all five days. The resulting experience was amazin', all right, but not quite in the manner expected by the Mets or by me or by any of the other 197,428 fans who saw those games.

I took my fourteen-year-old daughter to the opening doubleheader, against the Dodgers, and even before we arrived at the park it was clear that neither the city subway system nor the Mets themselves had really believed we were coming. Hong Kong slum conditions on the infrequent northbound trains disproved my personal theory that it is always possible to jam one more passenger into a subway car, and at the Polo Grounds rattled ushers dropped ticket stubs, argued with each other, and made it plain that they had not previously found it necessary to master the intricacies of the park's seating plan. By game time, there were standees three-deep behind the lower-deck stands, sitting-standees peering through the rafters from the ramps behind the upper deck, and opportunist-standees perched on telephone booths and lining the runways behind the bleachers. The shouts, the cheers, and the deep, steady roar made by 56,000-odd fans in excited conversation were comical and astonishing, and a cause for self-congratulation; just by coming out in such ridiculous numbers (ours was the biggest baseball crowd of the 1962 season, the biggest Polo Grounds crowd since September 6, 1942), we had heightened our own occasion, building a considerable phenomenon out of the attention and passion each of us had brought along for the games and for the players we were to see.

It must have been no more than an hour later when it first occurred to me that the crowds, rather than the baseball, might be the real news of the two series. The Dodgers ran up twelve runs between the second and the sixth innings. I was keeping score, and after I had jotted down the symbols for their seven singles, two doubles, one triple, three home runs, three bases on balls, and two stolen bases in that span, the Dodger half of my score card looked as if a cloud of gnats had settled on it. I was pained for the Mets, and embarrassed as a fan.

"Baseball isn't usually like this," I explained to my daughter.

"Sometimes it is," she said. "This is like the fifth grade against the sixth grade at school."

For a time, the long, low "Oooh!" sound and the accompanying thunderclap of applause that greeted the cannon shots by Ron Fairly, Willie Davis, Frank Howard, and the other visitors convinced me that I was in an audience made up mostly of veteran Dodger loyalists. The Mets' pitchers came and went in silence, and there were derisive cheers when the home team finally got the third out in the top of the fourth and came in to bat trailing 10–0. I didn't change my mind even when I heard the explosive roar for the pop-fly homer by Gil Hodges that led off the home half; Hodges, after all, is an ex-Dodger and perhaps the most popular ballplayer in the major leagues today. Instantly, however, I learned how wrong I had been. Gil's homer pulled the cork, and now there arose from all over the park a full, furious, happy shout of "Let's go, *Mets!* Let's go, *Mets!*" There were wild cries of encouragement before every pitch, boos for every called strike. This was no Dodger crowd, but a huge gathering of sentimental home-towners. Nine runs to the bad, doomed, insanely hopeful, they pleaded raucously for the impossible. When Hickman and Mantilla hit a double and a single for one run, and Christopher singled for another, the Mets fans screeched, yawped, pounded their palms, leaped up and down, and raised such a din that players in both dugouts ducked forward and peered nervously back over the dugout roofs at the vast assemblage that had suddenly gone daft behind them.

The fans' hopes, of course, *were* insane. The Dodgers got two runs back almost instantly in the fifth, and in the top of the ninth their lead was 13–4. Undiscouraged, the spectators staged another screaming fit in the bottom half, and the Mets responded with four singles, good for two more runs, before Sandy Koufax, the Dodger pitcher, grinning with embarrassment and disbelief, got the last man out. It was the ninth successive victory for the Dodgers, the ninth successive defeat for the Mets, and the Mets had never been in the game, yet Koufax looked a little shaken.

The second game was infinitely better baseball, but the fans, either wearied

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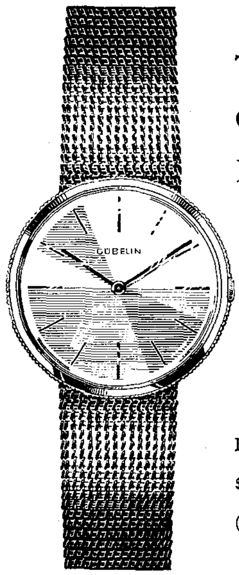
by their own exercise or made fearful by legitimate tension, were noticeably more repressed. A close, sensible game seemed to make them more aware of reality and more afraid of defeat. The Mets spotted the Dodgers three runs in the first on Ron Fairly's second homer of the afternoon, and then tied it in the third on homers by Hodges and Hickman. It was nearly seven o'clock and the lights had been turned on when Hodges, who was having a memorable day, put the Mets in the lead with still another home run. Suddenly convinced that this was the only moment in the day (and perhaps in the entire remainder of the season) when the Mets would find themselves ahead, I took my fellow-fan reluctantly away to home and supper. This was the right decision in one respect (the game, tied at 4–4 and then at 5–5, was won by the Dodgers when Willie Davis hit a homer in the ninth) but the wrong one in another. A few minutes after we left the park, the Mets pulled off a triple play—something I have never seen in more than thirty years of watching big-league baseball. Sandy Koufax and I had learned the same odd lesson: it is safe to assume that the Mets are going to lose, but dangerous to assume that they won't startle you in the process.

IN the following four days, the Mets lost five ball games—one more to the Dodgers and all four to the Giants—to run their losing streak to fifteen. Some of the scores were close, some lopsided. In three of the games, the Mets displayed their perverse, enchanting habit of handing over clusters of runs to the enemy and then, always a little too late, clawing and scratching their way back into contention. Between these rallies, during the long, Gobi stretches of home-team fatuity, I gave myself over to admiration of the visiting stars. Both the Dodgers and the Giants, who are currently running away from the rest of the league, are stocked with large numbers of stimulating, astonishingly good ballplayers, and, along with the rest of their old admirers here, I was grateful for the chance to collect and store away a private visual album of the new West Coast sluggers and pitchers. Now I have them all: Frank Howard, the six-foot-seven Dodger monster, striding the outfield like a farmer stepping through a plowed field; Ron Fairly, a chunky, red-headed first baseman, exultantly carrying his hot bat up to the plate and flattening everything thrown at him; Maury Wills, a skinny, lizard-quick base runner. In the Thursday-night game, Wills stole second base twice in the span of



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three minutes. He was called back after the first clean steal, because Jim Gilliam, the batter, had interfered with the catcher; two pitches later, he took off again, as everyone knew he would, and beat the throw by yards. Willie Davis, the Dodger center fielder, is the first player I have ever been tempted to compare to Willie Mays. Speed, sureness, a fine arm, power, a picture swing—he lacks nothing, and he shares with Mays the knack of shifting directly from lazy, loose-wristed relaxation into top gear with an instantaneous explosion of energy.

I cannot understand how Orlando Cepeda, the Giants' slugger, ever hits a pitch. At the plate, he stands with his hands and the bat twisted back almost behind his right shoulder blade, and his vast riffles look wild and looping. Only remarkable strength can control such a swing. In one game, he hit a line drive that was caught in front of the center-field screen, 425 feet away; in another, he took a checked half swing at an outside pitch and lined it into the upper right-field stands. Harvey Kuenn, by contrast, has the level, controlled, intelligent swing of the self-made hitter. He is all concentration, right down to the clamped wad of tobacco in his left cheek; he runs with heavy, pounding determination, his big head jouncing with every step. Mays, it is a pleasure to say, is just the same—the best ballplayer anywhere. He hit a homer each day at the Polo Grounds, made a simple, hilarious error on a ground single to center, and caught flies in front of his belt buckle like a grocer catching a box of breakfast food pulled from a shelf. All in all, I most enjoy watching him run bases. He runs low to the ground, his shoulders swinging to his huge strides, his spikes digging up great chunks of infield dirt; the cap flies off at second, he cuts the base like a racing car, looking back over his shoulder at the ball, and lopes grandly into third, and everyone who has watched him finds himself laughing with excitement and shared delight.

I cannot pick sensibly between the Dodgers and the Giants. Each is a legitimately great team, each looks unbeatable, and this year's pennant will almost certainly be determined by the outcome of the games they play against each other. I can only pass along my own curious impression that while the Giants are the more exciting team, they seem outnumbered by the Dodgers. I think of the Giants in terms of individuals, the Dodgers as an entire brigade of almost perfect hitters, fielders, and pitchers. The Giants do not have second-line players of the likes of Duke Snider, Wally Moon, and Daryl Spencer, and in the

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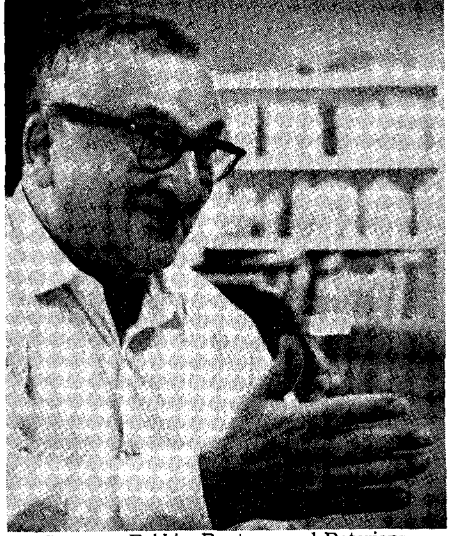

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long, late, exhausting doubleheaders of August this bench strength may bring the Dodgers home on top. It's going to be a lively summer in California.

THE Mets' "Go!" shouters enjoyed their finest hour on Friday night, after the Giants had hit four homers and moved inexorably to a seventh-inning lead of 9–1. At this point, when most sensible baseball fans would be edging toward the exits, a man sitting in Section 14, behind first base, produced a long, battered foghorn and blew mournful, encouraging blasts into the hot night air. Within minutes, the Mets fans were shouting in counterpoint—*Tooot!* "Go!," *Tooot!* "Go!," *Tooooot!* "GO!"—and the team, defeated and relaxed, came up with five hits and five runs that sent Billy Pierce to the showers. It was too late again, even though in the ninth the Mets put two base runners on and had the tying run at the plate. During this exciting foolishness, I scrutinized the screamers around me and tried to puzzle out the cause of their unique affliction. It seemed statistically unlikely that there could be, even in New York, a forty- or fifty-thousand-man audience made up exclusively of born losers—leftover Landon voters, collectors of mongrel puppies, owners of stock in played-out gold mines—who had been waiting years for a suitably hopeless cause. Nor was it conceivable that they were all ex-Dodger or ex-Giant rooters who had been embittered by the callous snatching away of their old teams; *no one can stay that* bitter for five years. And they were not all home-town sentimentalists, for this is a city full of cool cats and good athletic teams.

The answer, or part of the answer, came to me in the lull during the eighth inning, while the Giants were bringing in a relief pitcher. Two men just to my right were talking about the Mets.

"I tell you, there isn't one of 'em—not one—that could make the Yankee club," one of them said. "I never saw such a collection of dogs."

"Well, what about Frank Thomas?" said the other. "What about him? What's he batting now? .315? .320? He's got thirteen homers, don't he?"

"Yeah, and who's he going to push out of the Yankee outfield? Mantle? Maris? Blanchard? You can't call these characters *ball*players. They all belong back in the minors—the *low* minors."

I recognized the tone. It was knowing, cold, full of the contempt that the calculator feels for those who don't play the odds. It was the voice of the Yankee fan. The Yankees have won the Amer-

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ican League pennant twenty times in the past thirty years; they have been the world's champions sixteen times in that period. Over these years, many of their followers have come to watch them with the stolidity, the smugness, and the arrogance of holders of large blocks of blue-chip stocks. These fans expect no less than perfection. They coolly accept the late-inning rally, the winning homer, as only their due. They are apt to take defeat with ill grace, and they treat their stars as though they were executives hired to protect their interests. During a slump or a losing streak, these capitalists are quick and shrill with their complaints: "They ought to damn well do better than *this*, considering what they're being paid!"

Suddenly the Mets fans made sense to me. What we were witnessing was precisely the opposite of the kind of rooting that goes on across the river. This was the losing cheer, the gallant yell for a good try—antimatter to the sounds of Yankee Stadium. This was a new recognition that perfection is admirable but a trifle inhuman, and that a stumbling kind of semi-success can be much more warming. Most of all, perhaps, these exultant yells for the Mets were also yells for ourselves, and came from a wry, half-understood recognition that there is more Met than Yankee in every one of us. I knew for whom that foghorn blew: it blew for me.

THE Mets saved their best effort for the final game of the two series. They led the Giants 1–0 for five innings, gave up the tying run in the sixth, and then fell apart in the seventh and lost 6–1. The crowd, which had been beery and raucous toward the end of Saturday's long doubleheader, was smaller and more subdued—a polite Sunday audience, full of children, enjoying a warm, lovely spring day and too absorbed in the game to indulge in much yelling. The Mets scored their run in the first, on a single, an infield out, and a nubbed, wrong-field looper by Frank Thomas that just eluded Cepeda's glove. After that, the Mets played good ball—for a while—and everyone settled down to watch the first real pitchers' duel of the week. Young Bob Miller, who hadn't won a game this year, was matching the Giants' ace, Juan Marichal, pitch for pitch, and looked almost quicker; he struck out eight Giants in the first six innings. The contrast in their styles was pleasing. Marichal has the exaggerated windup, the deep body-bend, the mighty leg-kick of a scatter-armed twelve-year-old fast-baller; he reminded me of Joe E.

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Brown's old pantomime of a cocky bush-league pitcher. Miller's motion is economical. His pitches are more sidearm than Marichal's, and his deceptive speed comes from a big twist of the torso toward left field just before he delivers the pitch. He was keeping the ball low, which is something the Mets' pitchers haven't been able to do often this spring, and the Giants were swinging late and hitting a lot of soft hoppers to the infield.

In this brief interval, it was possible to look at the Mets as a ball team, rather than as a flock of sacrificial lambs, and to speculate about the causes of the chilly summer they face. Their regular lineup, which Casey Stengel has been tinkering with every day—an Edison working with rusty parts—contains three solid but unexciting day-to-day pros: Felix Mantilla, Charlie Neal, and Frank Thomas. Of these, only Thomas hits with power; he was purchased from the Braves because he pulls the ball consistently and the left-field upper deck of the Polo Grounds is only 279 feet away from home plate. So far, he has delivered handsomely, but his record in the majors does not suggest that he can keep up his current averages. Richie Ashburn and Gil Hodges are receding stars, only occasionally capable of the bursts of light that made them shine so brightly a few years ago. Ashburn, who has slowed down shockingly, has been used mostly as a pinch-hitter this year, and Hodges' legs apparently aren't up to the demands of daily play.

Two attractive youngsters have emerged from the Mets' kiddie corps. (The Mets, like France in the nineteen-twenties, have a missing generation between the too old and the too young.) Rod Kanehl, a lanky all-purpose infielder-outfielder, has been hitting and running bases with an opportunism and an energy that are conspicuous on this team, and the shortstop, Elio Chacon, although he cannot always make the double play, has the knack of getting on base with bunts, scratchy singles, and frequent walks. He is an eager, hilarious base runner, for he runs almost exactly the way Casey Stengel walks—in a fast, bowlegged hobble, head twitching, elbows rotating. Perhaps the saddest news about the Mets' current plummeting descent toward the center of the earth was Stengel's announcement, made just after the Sunday game, that every man on his team was immediately available for trade. This means that any or all of the Mets may be gone by the time this is printed; it means that the club is too sorely beset even to protect comers like Kanehl, Chacon, and Miller, and that Casey must concentrate on trying to

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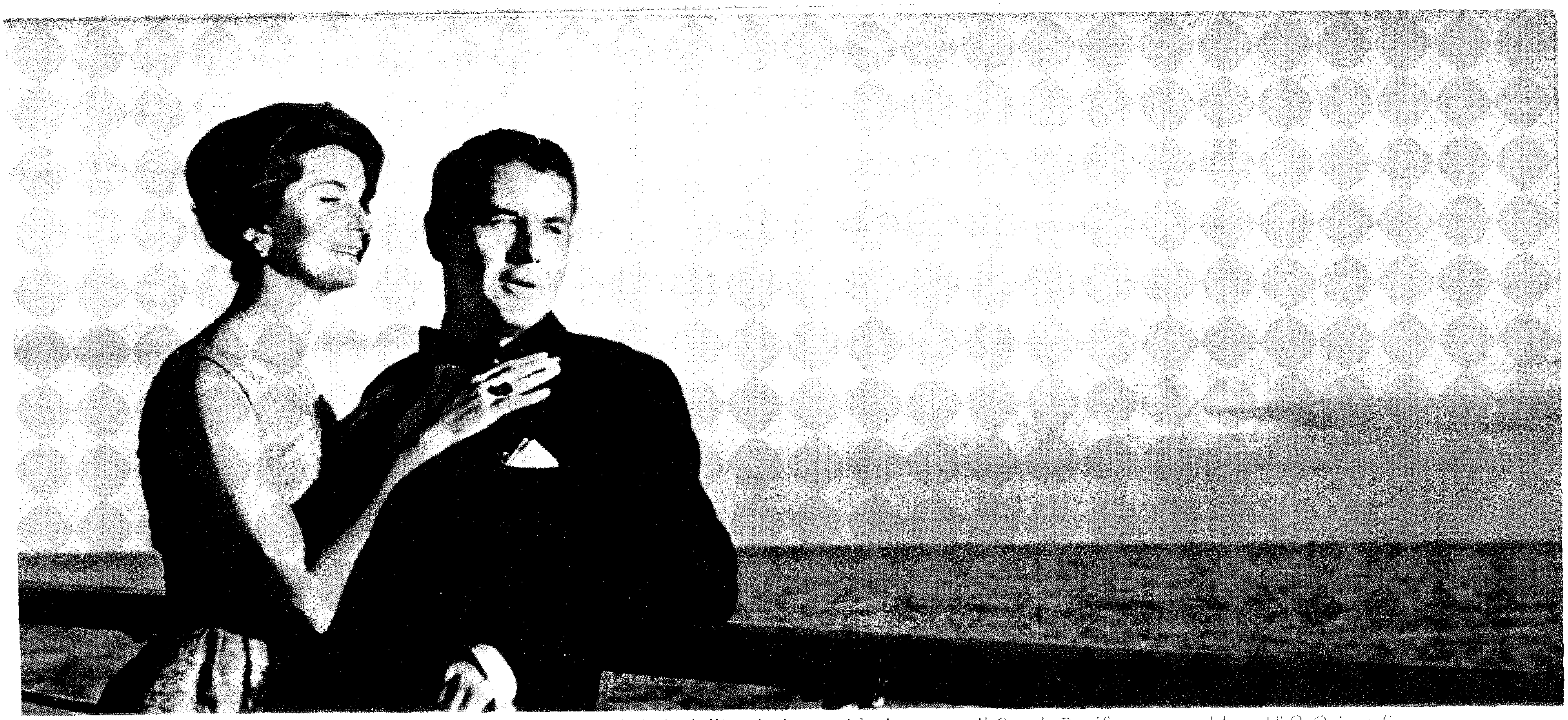

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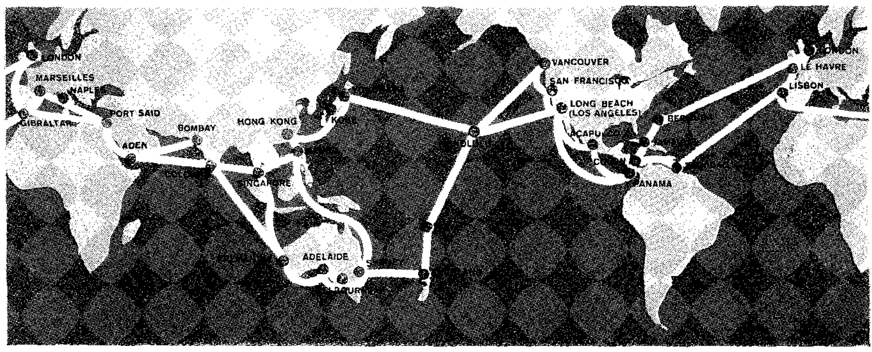

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win some games this year, instead of devoting himself to education and hopeful plans for the future.

In the six innings that the Mets were in the ball game on Sunday, I savored the tautness, the cleanness, the absorption in every detail of play that had been so glaringly absent before. Good pitching in a close game is the cement that makes baseball the marvellous, complicated structure that it is. It raises players to keenness and courage; it forces managers to think about strategy rather than raw power; it nails the fan's attention, so that he remembers every pitch, every throw, every span of inches that separates hits from outs. And in the end, of course, it implacably reveals the true talents of the teams on the field.

In the sixth, Miller, who had fanned Mays in his two previous trips to the plate, tried to blow another fast ball past him on the first pitch. It was his first mistake. Willie hit the ball against the upper façade of the top deck in deep left center, and the game was tied. A little disconsolate, Miller started the seventh by giving up a single and hitting the next batter. Chacon then hesitated a fraction of a second on Pagan's grounder and was too late with his throw, and the bases were loaded. Miller walked in one run, Kuenn singled in two, and after McCovey's out the infield botched a double play, and the Mets were finished. They had wasted the rarest of their current possessions—a good pitching performance.

Bad pitching, in the end, is what keeps the Mets on their knees. The Polo Grounds has become Coogansbad this year—the spa where ailing National League hitters come to get well—and there is no immediate hope that its doors can be closed. Roger Craig, Jay Hook, Al Jackson, Craig Anderson, and Bob Miller have all shown brief flashes of form this spring, but they have been bombed so heavily, or so frequently let down by shabby fielding and inconsistent hitting, that they have become understandably gun-shy. In the top of the eighth, with the Mets down 6–1, and the game down the spout, I saw Stengel standing in the front of the dugout and gesticulating at Jay Hook, his relief pitcher. Casey was swinging his right arm downward, pointing toward his shoes—telling Hook to keep his pitches low. On a few afternoons this summer, this kind of patient kindergarten instruction will begin to take effect, and the earnest, hard-working old and young Mets will undoubtedly win some ball games.

To me, at least, the disappointing performance of the Mets matters far

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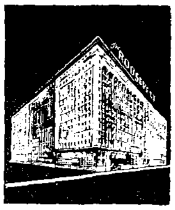

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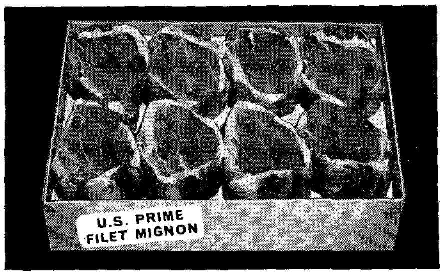

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less than the simple joy of their presence. When my daughter and I left the park on Memorial Day, with the second game of the doubleheader still in progress, we found a taxi on the Harlem Speedway. The cab swung west on 155th Street, and I glanced to my right, along Edgecombe Avenue, and saw a little crowd gathered on a path that runs through a scrap of park and down Coogan's Bluff toward the Polo Grounds. There were perhaps thirty or forty men and women there. Most were Negroes; many were carrying portable radios. Below them, the great banks of lights above the roofed horseshoe illuminated the bones of the absurd, doomed old stadium. The ticketless spectators stood immobile, staring down through the early dusk, although they could see no more of the field than the big scoreboard above the bleachers and a slice of emerald grass in deep center field. It seemed likely that some of them had been there all afternoon, listening to the roars from below, smiling and nudging one another at each momentary bit of good news over their radios—a small standing committee gathered to welcome the new team and the old league to our city.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

Olivia de Havilland is delighted at ending two feuds which had puzzled her. One was with her co-star in "A Gift of Time," Henry Fonda. It started because the rare plant he'd given her on opening night died, despite ministrations from a horticulturist. . . . *Before each performance, when the* stars took their places onstage, Miss de Havilland would recite her explanation aloud within Fonda's hearing. He finally relented, and escorted her to parties.

The second feud was with her sister, Joan Fontaine. Miss de Havilland kept Miss Fontaine in a locked room until they reached a happy understanding. "Three years ago I never could have done this," said Olivia. "Living in Paris has made me an extrovert."—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Could we go back to that first feud?

•

More than 10,000 children participated in an outdoor toothbrushing drill June 1, kicking off Dental Health Week in Japan. The drill, sponsored by the Tokyo Municipal Government, the Lion Dentifrice Company and the Mainichi newspaper, took place in Meiji Stadium in Tokyo. The children followed toothbrushing directions of a man who demonstrated with a large toothbrush and a huge model of human jaws. As they practiced brushing to the sound of a brass band, the children were joined by almost 20,000 of their parents and friends in the stands.—*Journal of the American Dental Association.*

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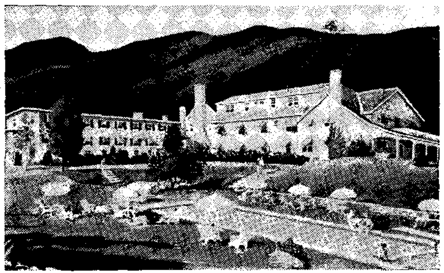

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

London, England,
June 2, 1962

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

LAST autumn, when my wife and I returned from a year in America, we began a search and made some discoveries that gave us particular sympathy with Mrs. Stanley, whose experience is recounted in Ruth Stone's recent piece in your magazine ("The Hedgerows in England," March 17, 1962). One of the first bits of news to greet us when we got out of the train at Waterloo was that our house—a modest enough semi-detached affair whose only distinction lies in its proximity to the newspaper library of the British Museum in Colindale—had been burgled. My mother told us the story in exact chronological detail before reaching the point that nothing of value had been taken. This was reassuring, but, unfortunately, it was wrong. Very soon after reopening our robbed and defiled little house, we discovered that not much of value had been left. The real comfort was that so little had been there in the first place.

Our losses were of the obvious kind. They included all our silver, except a few spoons that had cleverly been left in the kitchen, all our records with the exception of the Stravinsky—an interesting sign of the natural conservatism of the underworld—and a number of other items not missed until they were urgently needed for use. Of course, we were insured. The insurance money took some time, but it arrived in full value and we were faced with the duty of making a new choice of silver. This aroused in Marilyn, my wife, the intelligent interest of a sprightly American girl who was not entirely content with the station in life to which it had pleased God to call a lecturer in the University of London. She discovered that antique silver is not subject to purchase tax. At the same time, she developed, with the intuitive quickness of her sex, a strong taste for eighteenth-century silver.

I found that all I needed to know about silver—more, indeed, than I wanted to know—could be learned in a few minutes. Marilyn, having done some research, briefed me on the basic patterns (the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries offer only four) and made it clear that we as a family had no interest in anything as recent or as obvious as four-pronged forks. The forks in our dinner set were to sprout only three

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prongs each. This fork is very pleasant to look at and to handle, especially to those who know that it went out of production early in the reign of George III.

Exactly why three-prongers excited our enthusiasm it would be difficult to say. They did—and once a decision of this sort is taken, it acquires a life of its own and is very hard to reverse. It was now to carry us through the premises of most of the silver dealers in London. Our first circuit, which took about half a day, taught us that there is no shortage of Georgian spoons; that visit turned up innumerable rattail spoons, fiddle spoons, fiddle-and-thread spoons, King's spoons, Queen's spoons, fiddle-and-shell spoons—spoons Victorian, Regency, or Georgian. Even the brief reign of King William IV offered us spoons. But not one three-pronged fork. "They are very difficult to get," we were told. And, we gathered, at the price we could pay almost impossible. But before we resigned ourselves to considering alternatives, we decided to make a second visit to the City, to make one further call—at an old, large, and much respected silver store. I shall call it Offwhite's.

At Offwhite's, we explained our problem to a handsome young man. We confessed our ignorance of silver, asked some innocent but pertinent questions, and placed our fortunes completely in his hands. He proved extremely encouraging. It was difficult to get what we wanted, he admitted, but he had just collected a set of three-pronged forks for a buyer in South Africa, and he felt sure he could do the same for us. It would take him a week; the price for the set would be forty-two pounds. Meanwhile, we selected eight spoons. Six of the spoons were by Hester Bateman, a woman silversmith who hammered her way through the latter part of the eighteenth century. The price of the spoons was about forty-eight pounds for the eight. Two big serving spoons were thrown in for good measure—a generous gesture, which we still appreciate. We also purchased a set of handsome new knives. (Knives have to be bought new, as few of the old ones survive.)

We drove away highly gratified. Obviously, we told each other, our man had his eye on a particular set of forks coming up for sale at some country house in the following week, which he knew he could get at a moderate price. Then, we were pleased with his frankness. When Marilyn had indicated that she preferred a spoon of one bowl shape to another, he had explained that bowls could be reshaped according to the customer's desire. "I feel I have to mention that," he had added apologetically, mak-

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ing it clear that with other dealers it was an unadmitted routine. He had supplied us with a little book of hieroglyphics, which seemed to give away any secrets the trade might have kept.

"Everybody ought to have a burglary from time to time," I remarked in the car. "It gives you an opportunity for a change of style, and it's good for trade."

The spoons, beautifully polished, arrived next day. But when the forks failed to turn up the following week, we exchanged sardonic smiles. The cache had apparently failed him. Still, we were not anxious; he was committed in writing to supplying eight three-tined forks O/E (Old English), and we could wait.

As the waiting stretched to weeks, then to months, however, Marilyn became impatient. Suspecting that she could do equally well herself, she took me on a visit to Christie's, where silver is sold at auction on Wednesdays. The staff at Christie's were most courteous and informative, and it was from a member of their silver department that we learned something that was to prove of value. We examined a lot of six three-tined forks that was going up for auction. They were old, dating from the late-seventeenth century, well worn, very plain in design, and, to me, not attractive at all. Somewhat tentatively, we asked the price.

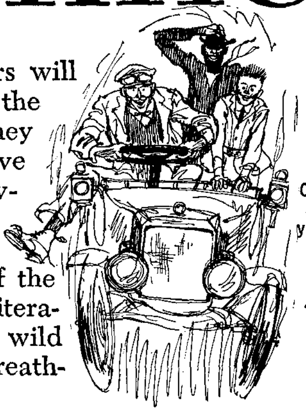
"This set would go for about six hundred pounds," he said.

I rather pride myself on remaining expressionless at moments like this, but I had no difficulty in conveying that we were not in the market for forks of approximately this price, a point that seemed to cause him no surprise.

Another set, of the attractive Old English pattern and a later date, was also on view. At the next week's auction, these forks went for seventy pounds. Marilyn was there to see them go. They were bought by an American dealer, who immediately offered them for sale at eighty-five pounds—not much less than what we had available for a complete dinner set. These prices made us look inquiringly at each other, but neither of us wanted to admit our darker suspicions.

It was shortly after the second visit to Christie's that the young man from Offwhite's telephoned to say that he had got our forks. "It took me a long time," he told Marilyn. "I expect you wondered what had happened."

They arrived two days later—eight beautifully shining three-tined forks, O/E. The hallmarks were not all equally clear, and some were badly rubbed, but the set matched nicely. Too



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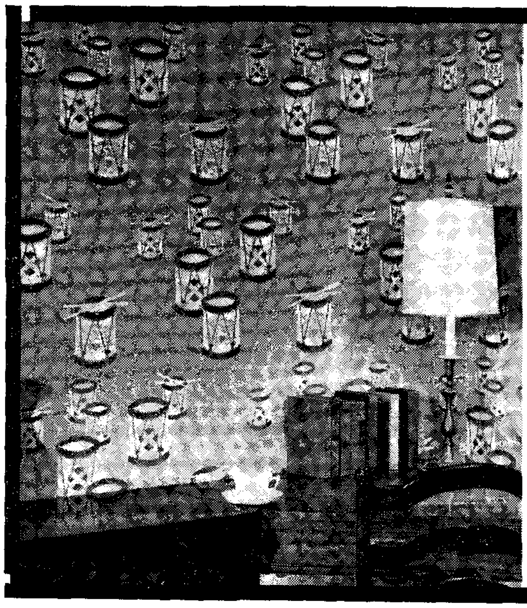

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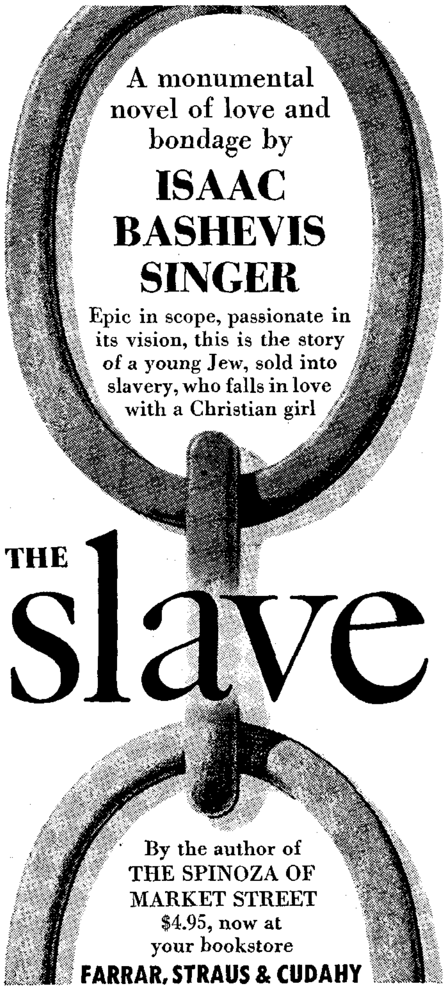
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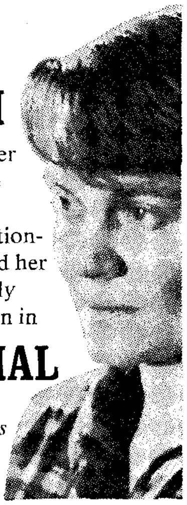

nicely. Checking the hallmarks in the little book of hieroglyphics, we found that the dates of the pieces varied widely. How was it, then, that the bowls and tines of the forks were of such uniform finish? The handles were thinned down with age, but the bowls of the forks were perfectly regular, and the prongs were neatly squared off at the tips, as solid and even as new. Because, of course, they *were* new. What had happened—and it was this that the man at Christie's had warned us to look for—was that genuine Old English spoons had been remolded into three-tined forks.

I retired to my study, preparing to return my thoughts to the very period in which these pieces of silver had been originally fabricated, but Marilyn went to the telephone.

"The forks arrived this morning," she informed our benefactor. Her wonderful air of innocence had not disappeared, but it was injured and rather ominous. "You didn't tell me you were going to make them."

"No," the young man answered, cautiously but with assurance. "They're antiques. Didn't you see the marks?"

"Yes, I see the marks," Marilyn said. "But the fork part is brand-new."

Caution began to take over from the assurance. "Oh," he said hesitantly. "Yes. I had to . . . alter them, because three-pronged forks are not available. A set of six would cost eighty-five pounds, and I didn't think you wanted to spend that much."

On being told that the set he had sent was not worth the forty-two pounds on the invoice, he took a short period for reflection and offered to "adjust" the price to thirty pounds.

The next day, we carefully wrapped up knives, spoons, and forks, returned the whole lot, and requested prompt repayment of our deposit. It reached us a day or two later, with a letter that closed the incident with the reassuring affirmation of which British business firms make use on formal occasions: "Wishing to assure you at all times of our best attention."

Yours sincerely,
JACK POLE

•

A new Western adventure series (just what viewers need), The Law of the Plainsman, premieres on ABC-TV July 2. The half-hour show stars Michael Ansara as an Apache who attended Harvard and works as a Deputy U.S. Marshal. The setting is New Mexico Territory, 1885. He'll lay down the law until Sept. 24 when the Rifleman returns.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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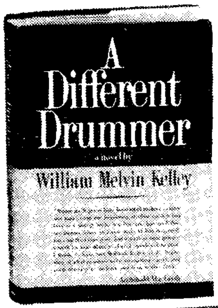

In his first novel, Mr. Kelley tells the story of how the people in a Southern town, both white and Negro, come to a curious crisis. Archibald MacLeish comments: "American Negroes have been myth-makers in tales and tunes from the beginning of their culture, but here is a young Negro novelist who has used that mysterious power in a new way: he has imagined, not a myth of time gone, but a myth of time going – a myth for *now*. Many readers of novels will be glad, I think, to have met William Kelley at the beginning of what promises to be an exciting career, and particularly glad to have met him in this book."

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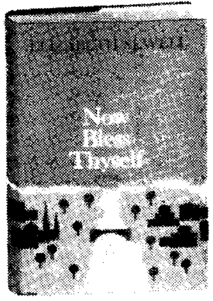

Miss Sewell's novel is about "the rational society into which the irrational keeps breaking in. This is one of the great fictional subjects of our times and her book is a fresh and original handling of it . . . with the practiced perceptiveness of a poet and a certain quietness of reserve which is nonetheless able to flare into wit."–*Carlos Baker*

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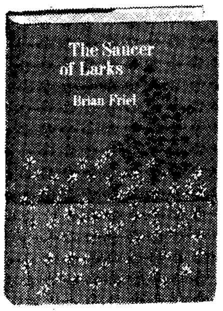

The Saucer of Larks is a collection of short stories by a young Irish writer. The stories are set in Donegal; they are concerned with the universals of childhood, solitude and age; and they are an unforgettable introduction to, in the author's words, "a gallery of real people – their private fears, their public feuds, their Gaelic individuality." Some of these stories appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

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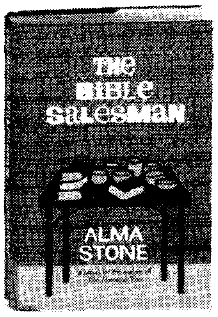

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authors pictured above, from left to right, Elizabeth Sewell (photo Fred Stein), William Melvin Kelley (photo Bill Anderson), Brian Friel, Alma Stone.

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOTES FROM A DARK STREET, by Edward Adler (Knopf). In this bitter and raucous account of life among the wretched on New York's lower East Side, Mr. Adler seems more intent on not sparing the reader, or on shocking the reader, than on communicating any truth about the character of the people he is concerned with, or even on making a coherent arrangement of some of the facts of their existence. What we have here is a sequence of painful, and often agonizing, details that are surrealistically uniform in size and importance, and while these details are all obviously parts of one large picture—or perhaps studies for one large picture—the completed picture never emerges, and at its finish the work stands merely as a passionately chaotic protest against the conditions of life in one city neighborhood. In his anger, Mr. Adler wastes his power and loses his perspective, but nothing can hide his natural, if somewhat awkward, talent, and it is clear that he is a writer with something to say, if he would only quiet down long enough to say it.

THE PRIZE, by Irving Wallace (Simon & Schuster). The peculiar craft of Irving Wallace is displayed once again in this seven-hundred-and-sixty-one-page study of the Nobel Prize—what it really is, what it's really worth, what sort of person gets it, and so on. The work centers on an imaginary American winner—a tormented novelist of thirty-nine named Andrew Craig. In a postscript, Mr. Wallace says, "The gestation period of this novel was fifteen years." He does not add, because he does not need to, that the writing of it was sheer drudgery.

GENERAL

THE PRIME OF LIFE, by Simone de Beauvoir (World). In this chronological sequel to "Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter," Mme. de Beauvoir gives an account of her life from twenty-one to thirty-six—1929 to 1944. These were the years of her self-discovery, of her carrying out to the letter her declaration of independence, of her ever-tightening liaison with Jean-Paul Sartre, and of her explorations in the arts, philosophy, the humanities, and the inhumanities. (The last chapters deal with the Occupation of France.) Like all her other literary works, this one is notable for its honesty, its earnestness, its intelligence, and its total lack of humor. It is also marked by a certain prolixity.

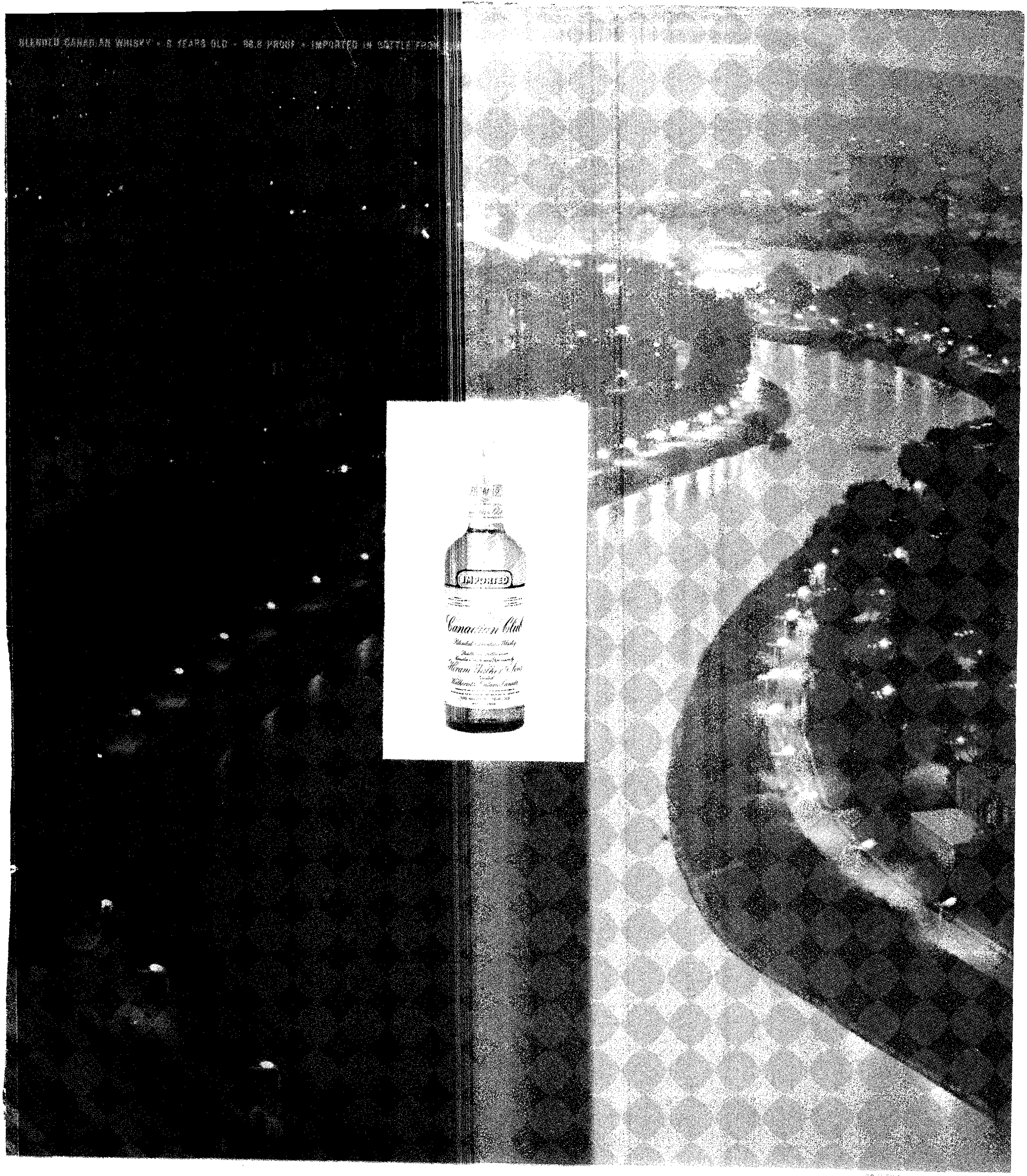
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN PERSPECTIVE, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Harvard). A short book based on five lectures that the author, an economist and the United States Ambassador to India, delivered there. As Mr. Galbraith remarks, everybody has been agreed for years that underdeveloped countries ought to be developed. The trouble is that the discussions about techniques are imprecise; they are too abstract or too grandiose, and seldom fit the needs of any particular nation. Mr. Galbraith doesn't expect to remedy this difficulty with a few published lectures; he simply contributes a number of suggestions, which are both striking and, for a wonder, specific. And he writes simply, like a man who knows what he's talking about.

THE HEART OF BEETHOVEN, by Selden Rodman and James Kearns (Shorewood). An interesting and original study of Beethoven's personality and work—partly a paean, partly a series of shrewd, knowledgeable insights—based on the idea that the Master had to be precisely the sort of gruff, paranoid, disorderly man he was in order to produce the works of genius that came from his pen. Mr. Kearns' charcoal drawings—an integral part of the book—will not suit everybody's taste, being overtheatrical to the point of hysteria.

•

Patrolman Michael Shaughnessy shot and killed a 300-pound turtle on North St. at the open pit there. This was the largest turtle Officer Shaughnessy has ever seen. The turtle had been spotted by Newton Bennett of North St., and reported to police. It was also the largest turtle Mr. Bennett had ever seen.—*Lexington (Mass.) Minute Man.*

We saw one once weighed 600, but it was a female.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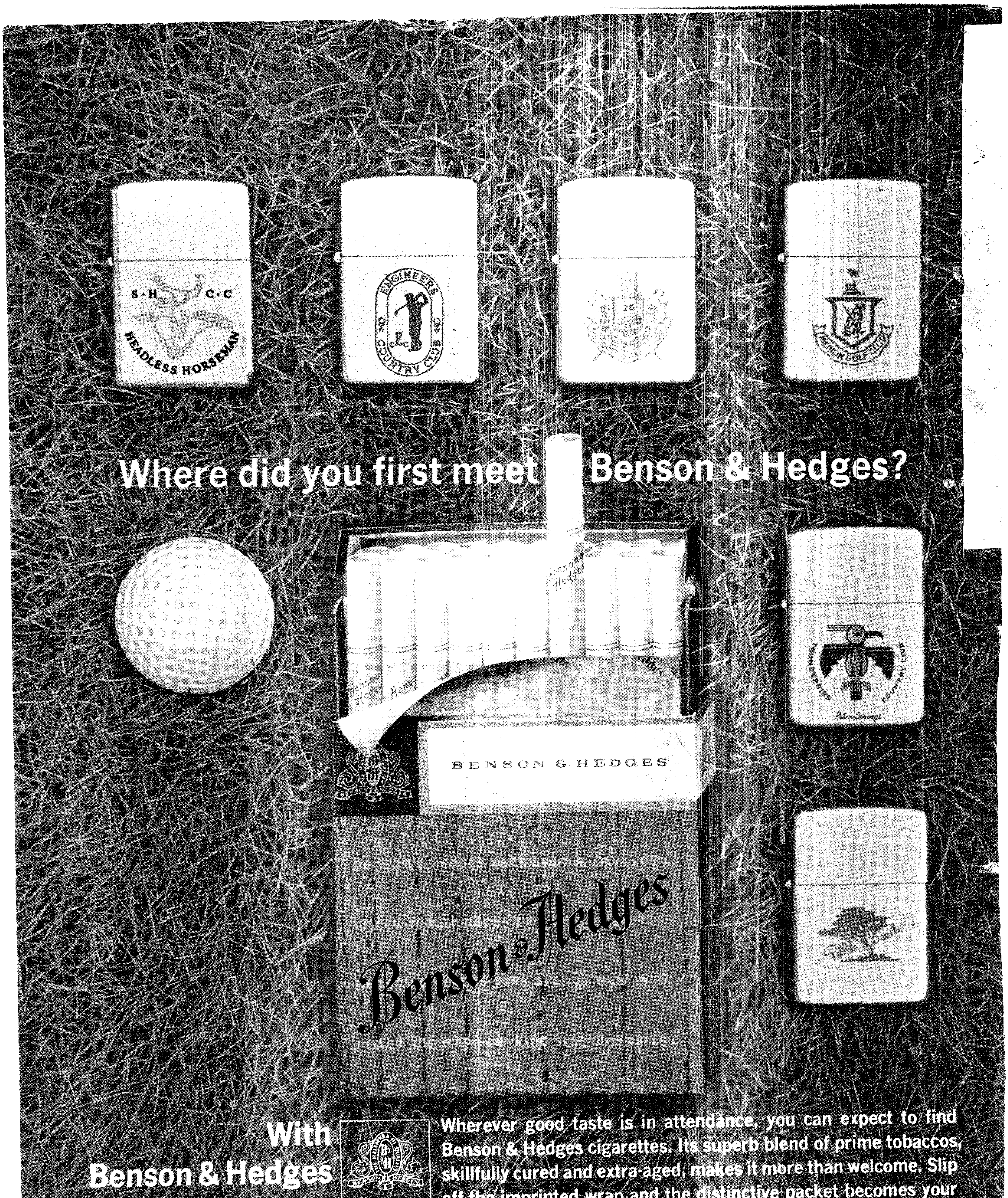
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